THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 10, 1911

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are Time Savers

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THE HANDY NOTCH
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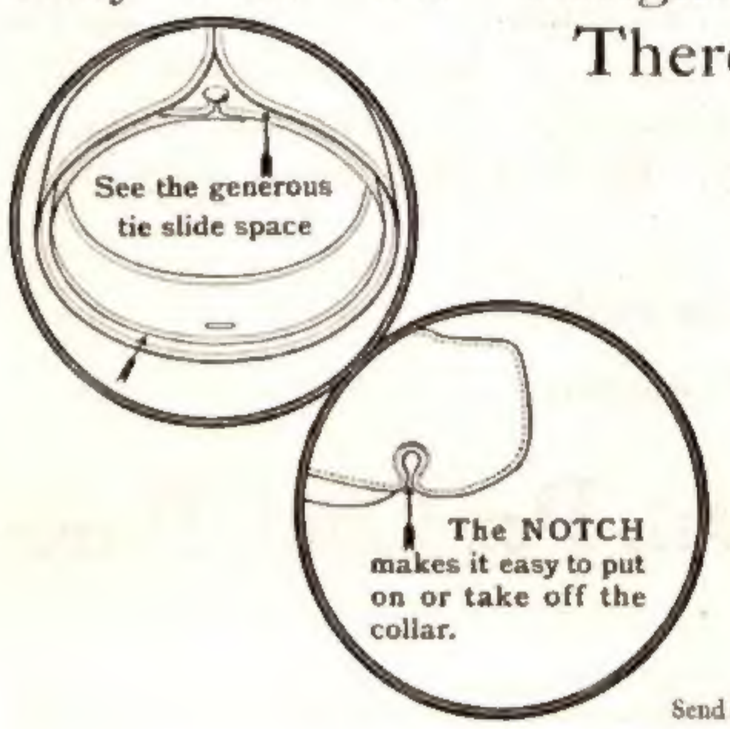

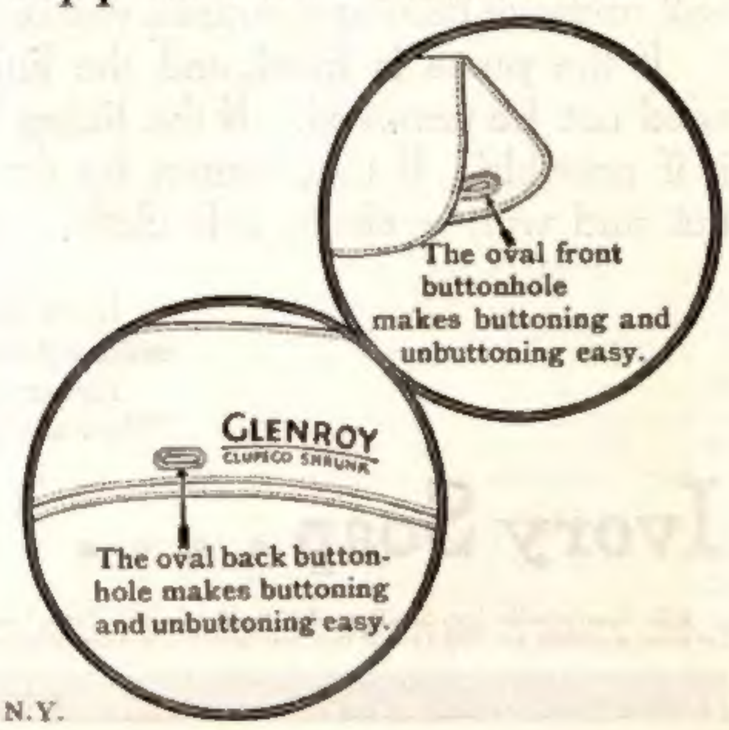
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The Lonely Man of the Senate

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

A Lone Crusader Now a Leader

THEY call La Follette a radical; and the term fits well enough in its intelligent and unbiased application, but not at all in the wild-eyed sense in which it is applied by the regulars, the standpatters, the reactionaries.

They call him a poseur; and that, too, is true in so far as his keen appreciation of the dramatic and his readiness to utilize that appreciation, his elaboration of mannerisms to increase his own effectiveness, his grasp of striking essentials and his methods of their presentation are concerned.

They call him a faker; and that is idiotic, for no man in the United States Senate has a broader, more comprehensive, more exact knowledge of the subjects with which he deals than this man.

They call him an anarchist, a disturber, a self-seeker, a fraud, a gallery-player, a demagogue, an uplifter, a foe to business, a menace to the established order—and some in heat have called him a crook; but all this does not disturb La Follette. Nor need it disturb any other; for man does not squeal before he is hurt—or at least until he thinks he will be hurt—and the regular Republicans, the Old Guard, are especially susceptible to both pokes and premonitions of pokes.

The progress of La Follette has been as remarkable as it has been spectacular and interesting. When he first came to Washington, in 1906, he was a joke—they said. They jeered and japed and gibed at him. He was a butt. Every time the Old Guardsters mentioned his name they mentioned it with a laugh—a foolish, fanatical fellow, come down to the Capitol to try to impress some of his foolish, fanatical notions on the Senate and the country. They did not do him the scant courtesy of saying he was well-meaning—just a visionary; more dangerous, perhaps, than the usual visionary because he was so intense about his visions, so fanatical for what he considered the right, but not much to be feared and soon to be rolled over by the machine and mashed into regularity—haw! haw!

So, in April, five years ago, when he got up to make his speech on the pending railroad rate bill, three months after he had been sworn in as a member of the Senate, the Senators on the Republican side, every one of them attached with more or less firmness to the Aldrich machine—all regulars—couldn't laugh at him on the floor because of the proprieties and conventions, and hurried to the cloakrooms to laugh at him there. They laughed, too, long and heartily, at this short, square, sturdy man, sitting far over on the Democratic side, who had the temerity to address those solons on the subject of railroad rates. They sneered and jeered and remained off the floor until he had finished, thus humiliating him, they thought, and hazing him and harrying him, and showing him how utterly inconsequential he was.

The New Senator's Prophecy About Vacant Seats

IT WAS not an unparalleled scene. Some years before, when Beveridge made his great Philippines speech, they had walked out and laughed in the same way. Now they didn't know and didn't care that La Follette was making the greatest presentation of the railroad rate contention that had ever been made in that Senate, or that was to be made for many years. They did not know or care that La Follette knew more of the railroad question, in all its phases, than all the laughing and jeering regulars combined; in fact, more than the rest of the Senate all together, whether laughers or listeners. What they had in mind was that here was a fanatic, with incendiary—to them—ideas, and he must be put in his proper place. They did not have knowledge enough to combat him in debate; so they cut him—they sent him to Coventry, they disapproved of him by walking out, they emphasized their disapprobation by a physical instead of a mental demonstration.

La Follette is a virile person. He was not insensible to what was happening. He recognized the slight; and pausing in the midst of his argument he pointed to the empty seats on the Republican side and said slowly, without rancor:

"Mr. President, I pause in my remarks to say this: I cannot be wholly indifferent to the fact that Senators by their absence at this time indicate their want of interest in what I have to say upon this subject. The public is interested. Unless this important question is rightly settled, seats now temporarily vacated may be permanently vacated by those who have the right to occupy them at this time."

That was all there was to it. La Follette, the first Republican Progressive in the Senate, stopped in the middle of a speech that is now a textbook on the subject of railroad rates to make a prophecy. The Lonely Man of the Senate said, calmly and without undue emphasis, that it would not be long before he had company and support. Likely as not he could have gone further and designated seats that would be vacant presently by the will of the people, instead of by the whim of the Senators; for he knew what was coming and they did not. He realized conditions and they sneered at them.

That was only five years ago, in April. Not more than half a dozen Republicans would do La Follette the courtesy of listening to him and not one of them had any intention of voting with him. And yet at this moment twelve other Senators, all Republicans, not only are enlisted with La Follette, are insurgent and progressive, but are willing and anxious to let the country know they stand with La Follette, and have gone to the extreme of signing a declaration of principles, of allowing their names to be incorporated in a resolution that has become official and is spread on the minutes—have announced their positions to the entire country. In five years, instead of being the Lonely Man of the Senate, La Follette has banded with him twelve Senators, the thirteen forming one-quarter of the entire Republican strength of that body; and with him, in most instances, five or six more who, though they may disagree as to detail, can be relied upon to vote with him on some occasions.

Intelligent, But Dangerous

It is eleven hundred miles from Madison, Wisconsin, to Washington, District of Columbia, and La Follette news had traveled slowly apparently, so far as the Senate was concerned. What had reached Washington had fallen on prejudiced ears. It made no difference to the Old Guard that La Follette had accomplished vital, important, constructive things in Wisconsin; that he had served six years in the national House of Representatives and served brilliantly—where, for one thing, he had written the agricultural schedule in the McKinley tariff law, which was the strongest point in that law from a Republican viewpoint. The Old Guard had heard that La Follette, in Wisconsin, had not remained a Sawyer-Spooner Republican, which he originally was; but had advanced, had forced the railroads to some commensurate regard for the rights of the people they were supposed to serve, and had in various ways brought the vested interests to a healthy appreciation of their state, civic and popular duties.

The Old Guard Worried by the Insurgent Wing

THE Old Guard, hearing enough to know this was a dangerous man—dangerous to the established order, to the special interests—did not stop to analyze, to inquire, to debate. Instead, they labeled La Follette as a demagogue, as a visionary, as a self-seeker who had nothing else in mind than the holding of public office and the limelight that came with it; and having labeled him thus they sought to make the label stick. They couldn't meet him on the ground of information. So they tried ridicule and impugning of motives, and sneers, and said, on the one hand, that he was crazy; and, on the other, that he was a shrewd, unscrupulous, intelligent, but dangerous—highly dangerous—person.

The result of that campaign is now apparent. Indeed, it has been apparent for two years—ever since the Congress met in special session to frame the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. To date, the opposition of the Old Guard to La Follette has netted La Follette twelve colleagues, who are with him, in accord with him, pledged to the principles he advocates. It has netted the Old Guard a loss of twelve votes—they never had La Follette's—and has reduced their majority in the Senate to a shaky eight. It has vacated some of the seats La Follette said—five years ago—would be vacated, and it will vacate others as soon as the opportunity arises.

La Follette is a strong man. Like every other strong man he cannot occupy a middle ground. His convictions are positive—so positive there can be no paltering. You must believe either with La Follette or against him. There can be no neutral zone—no place where a half-and-half conviction will serve. Thus it falls to La Follette, as it fell to Roosevelt and as it has fallen to every other strong man since time began, to be always either the best or the worst. His friends and supporters consider him the ablest, the wisest, the most important public force of the present day. His enemies say he is a demagogue who has no sincerity of conviction but seeks new issues for his own aggrandizement.

I hold no brief for La Follette. I have known him a little since he came to Washington, have watched him a great deal and have lampooned him oftener than I have praised him—whenever I have written of him at all. I had doubts of his sincerity at the start; but I have seen him grow from an anti-machine and necessarily an anti-railroad governor—the terms were synonymous in Wisconsin—who came to the Senate, to a position of commanding importance; from a state figure to a national figure; from a lone crusader to the leader of a cohesive, militant, fighting force that

comprises one-fourth of the Republican strength of the Senate. I have seen him thrown out of one Republican national convention; have seen his amendments to pending legislation contemptuously defeated or laid on the table; have seen him fight doggedly and determinedly for his principles; have come to understand his character—in a degree, at least—and to admire his courage, his patience, his persistence, his industry, his ability and his sincerity. It is not necessary to agree with La Follette in every particular in order to admire him; but whether one admires or not it is impossible to ignore him as a vital factor in the politics of this country. La Follette is far past the ignoring stage. He is a big, virile reality—even his enemies will admit that, for his accomplishments stare them in the face.

La Follette is a small man, with a long body and short legs. He has a big head, a high forehead, and accentuates the height of that forehead by brushing his hair straight up. He is not a slight man, but is stocky and solidly built. He has a mobile face, attractive when it is lighted with a smile—as it most frequently is—but stern and set and impressive when he is fighting—a real fighter's face. His voice has an agreeable resonance; his gestures are graceful and appropriate; his earnestness is so intense it makes you feel rather ashamed because you do not agree with him—if it so happens you do not.

Examples of the Senator's Courage

LEST there should be any misapprehension about it, let it be said here that La Follette is no impractical theorist but a hard-headed, hard-fisted, practical man. He is a politician as well as a crusader. He plays the game. He is as adroit to make a turn to his political advantage as any other. He fights fire with fire. He has an organization because it needs organization to win. He takes care of his people. He has a machine—not in the offensive sense, but because any man seeking preferment by the voters must have a machine. He uses old as well as new tactics. He had played politics—and skillful politics—in the Senate; and he is playing skillful politics there now. He is ambitious. He is well aware of his ability and the power that ability gives him. He is somewhat intolerant of interference; but, at that, has effaced himself often—notably in the railroad fight in the last Congress when he stood aside and let Cummins assume the leadership—and he has asserted himself often. He is looking for results. He gets them too. In the campaign of 1910, so disastrous to regular Republicans throughout the country, La Follette came through in Wisconsin in better shape and with stronger indorsement from the people than any other Republican Senator, bar none.

He has enthusiastic admirers who claim for him superlative merits and enthusiastic detractors who ascribe to him damning motives. What La Follette is is this: A man convinced that the political party to which he belongs has suffered to grow up national, state and party abuses that infringe on the rights of the people; that have endowed special interests with extraordinary, unjust and criminal powers; a man who believes in the widest extension of popular government; a man who seeks to let the people rule instead of having the people ruled. He has studied conditions and has decided on the abuses he thinks should be remedied. He is working to that end—and working with all the strength, all the ability, all the power he has; and finally is not at all unmindful of the personal equation. He has ambitions and he seeks to gratify them.

Inasmuch as the Old Guardster—who seeks to confound any opponent to the comfortable system that made the Old Guard possible and to the comfortable Old Guard that made the system possible—always uses as his last crushing argument the statement that any man who seeks to regulate the system is not worthy of credence or support because that man has ambitions for himself, this last statement has been frequently used against La Follette. It has been said he wants to be President, and that fact has been held to the disparagement of all his work. Ambition, from the Old Guard viewpoint, is fatal to honesty of purpose. A sterling moralist, your Old Guardster, when pointing out the defects in an opponent; a stern subscriber to the code of unselfishness and subordination of self in politics—for others! Probably La Follette does want to be President. It is quite likely he soon will be a candidate for the nomination. Why not? There is no reason, this being a free country; but you cannot make the Old Guardster think this ambition does not presage deep hypocrisy, rank demagoguery, political dishonesty and much more besides—when a Progressive has it!

La Follette has courage—a persistent, dogged courage that keeps him fighting eternally. Now that he has twelve Republicans with him his courage will undoubtedly bring greater results; but when he was alone he fought with just as much vigor as he is fighting now with a coherent force behind him. His courage isn't the courage of the fanatic. It is a calm, unafraid, enveloping mental attitude that balks at no obstacle and holds him rigid against all opposition. It must be a philosophical courage, too, for La Follette is always steady, always contained, always ready. Back that courage with a persistence that keeps him constantly hammering away, and you have a combination that does much to explain La Follette—his attitude, his accomplishments and his career. It makes no difference to him whether he opposes a whole Senate or a whole national convention. He opposes one or many with that same quiet, impelling fearlessness.

He is no blusterer, seeking a quarrel; in fact, he has that highest courage that keeps him quiet many times when there is an incentive. Once, soon after he came into the Senate, he went up to the White House to see President Roosevelt. The President was in some ways opposed to La Follette. He did not like him much and he took no pains to conceal his attitude at the interview. Mr. Roosevelt has the faculty of letting folks definitely know he is displeased with them. La Follette and the President talked. The conversation threatened to become acrimonious. Then La Follette said: "Now, Mr. President, you cannot force a quarrel with me, because I won't quarrel. I refuse to fight with you. Though I am opposed to some of your policies, I think you are right in others and near right in more. Hence I intend to work with you, whether you want me to or not. Good afternoon."

In the latest session of Congress, after Senator Bailey had forced the yea-and-nay vote on the Lorimer case, La Follette went over and sat down beside Bailey, in Senator Tillman's chair.

"Bailey," he said, "that forcing of the yea-and-nay vote on Lorimer was a piece of sharp practice, and you will regret it more than once in the future."

"What do you mean, sir?" blustered Bailey. "Neither you nor any other man can say that to me!"

"But I do say it," repeated La Follette calmly and evenly. "I do say it—and I say it again: That was a piece of sharp practice that you will regret!"

Added to his courage and his persistence is his industry. It has been years since the Senate has known so great a worker as La Follette. He does prodigies of labor each day. He knows what he is talking about. He never goes into a subject without investigating it from every side. His arguments are based upon exact knowledge. When he took up the railroad question—years ago, in Wisconsin—he went into it in every phase. His speech on railroad rates, in which he argued for the physical valuation of railroads as the only basis on which an adequate solution of the problem could be reached, is in reality a textbook on the subject. It is the fruit of years of work, of years of that unceasing labor to which he gives up his days and nights. When he spoke against the Aldrich currency bill the first part of his speech, which later developed into an eighteen-hour attempt to kill the bill by filibuster, showed an accurate, widespread, comprehensive knowledge of finance that astounded everybody, including Aldrich, the supposed master of that intricate subject. His discussion of the complicated cotton schedule in the tariff debates marked him as a master of wage language. And it is so with everything he takes up. He always knows his subject.

Among the criticisms of La Follette is the oft-repeated one that he goes lecturing about the country. It is said he does this to keep himself before the public. That may be true in part, and it certainly is true that he goes lecturing to help along his cause; but the real reason is not that. If La Follette were a rich man he would not lecture as he does. He is a poor man. Every campaign in which he has engaged in the past ten or twelve years has found him, at its end, from twenty to thirty thousand dollars in debt. La Follette lectures because he has to have the money to pay off these obligations, and that is the best and quickest way for him to get the money. Personally I have never been able to see why it is undignified or unsenatorial for a Senator to lecture and get money for it—if he can lecture and get money for it, which most Senators cannot; but that seems to be the Old Guard view and La Follette has been reprobated severely for this sort of thing. Still, all of his speeches have not been lectures. He has done a lot of political speechmaking. He was largely responsible for the election of several Senators who are now with him in the Senate.

When La Follette first came to the Senate, in 1906, he had accomplished much in Wisconsin, had established many reforms that he hoped to make national in their scope, had been governor of Wisconsin three times and had served six years in the national House of Representatives. He had routed the old Sawyer-Spooner machine in his state; and he found Spooner in the Senate as his colleague. The Senate knew him well enough, but pretended not to. Warnings that he was a radical and an incendiary had been industriously circulated by the Old Guard and he found himself—not entirely to his dissatisfaction, perhaps—a lonely and isolated figure. This position was forced on him. He was a radical—the first real one on the Republican side; and the rest held aloof, being mainly indurated conservatives.

The Fight for Indian Lands

LA FOLLETTE was given a place on the Committee on Indian Affairs, which was the best one of the miscellaneous lot handed him. La Follette was a conservationist. He had started a conservation policy for Wisconsin's forests and water-powers, and he early found an opportunity for his bent in this direction. When the bill to dispose of the affairs of the five civilized tribes was brought before the Indian committee of the Senate, La Follette found in it a provision that would give the railroads crossing the Indian Territory control of the coal lands in the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations. This is a tremendously rich bituminous field. La Follette protested. He was the only one. He voted against the favorable report of the bill. His was the only vote. He reserved the right to carry his protest to the floor of the Senate; the older Senators smiled patronizingly and whispered, one to the other, that this fresh young person would soon learn where he stood.

La Follette did carry the fight to the floor of the Senate. When the coal item was reached he objected and started a discussion that lasted for two days. Many of the older Senators openly jeered at him, and Senator Spooner made a patronizing speech about it. That did not feaze La Follette. He held on and fought; and before the discussion was ended even Spooner had been forced into line. The item was taken out of the bill and the coal lands were saved to the Indians and the public. The railroads haven't grabbed them yet and will not.

His next appearance was when the Hepburn bill was before the Senate. This was the great rate measure that consumed months of time and was considered by President Roosevelt as most important. La Follette spoke on the bill, pointing out its defects and laying down the proposition that physical valuation is the only basis for adequate national regulation. This was the speech during which the Old Guard Senators walked out of the Senate and in which La Follette made his prophecy of the new order that was coming. La Follette contended in this speech, which was based on years of study of the railroad question and was the most important and definite and conclusive pronouncement on the subject made up to that time—or yet made, probably—that the Hepburn bill would not solve the problem.

He offered a series of amendments. The first was to write in the long-and-short-haul clause, which was not done then, but which was done in 1910. His other amendments offered were: To restore the imprisonment penalties for rebating; to continue the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission in force for such time as shall be prescribed by

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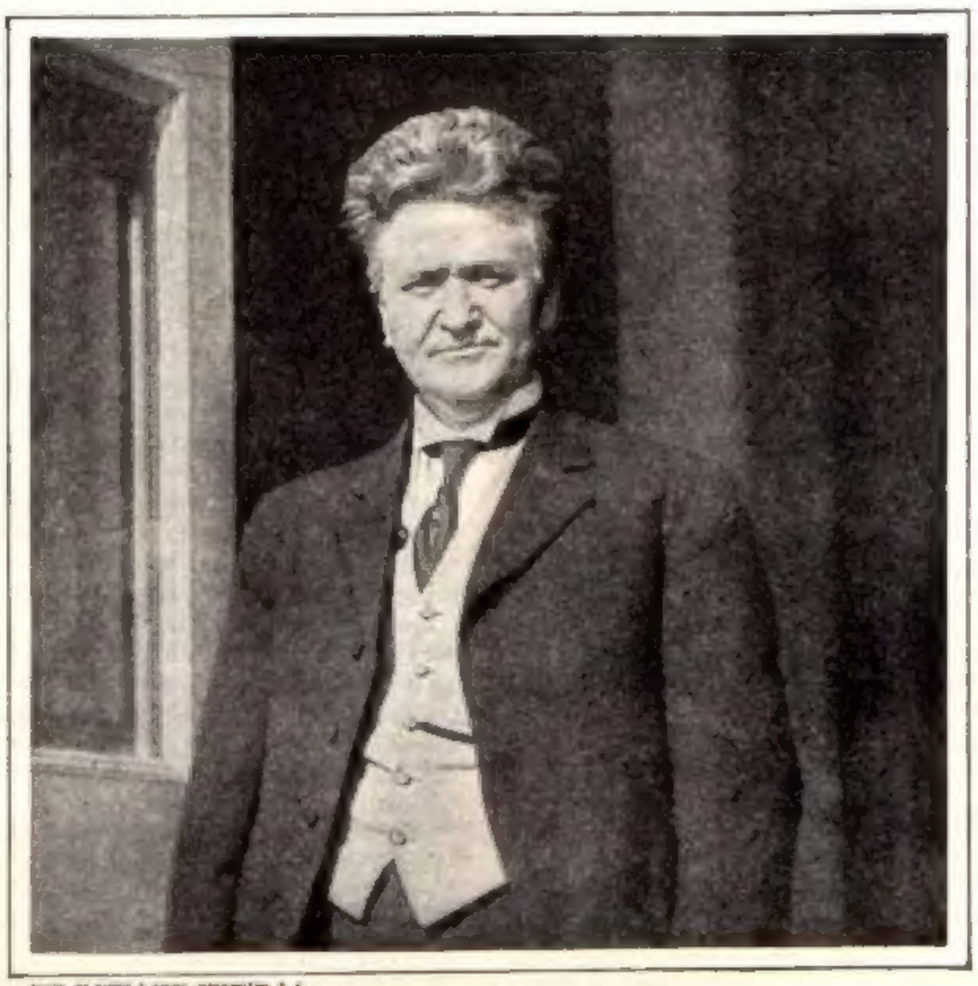


He Has a Real Fighter's Face

Mrs. Swiss Family Robinson

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I Was Thinking," Said Mr. Bassett Slowly, "That Things Must Have Been Pretty Dull for You of Late"

THE apartment was sunny and large. It was, in fact, ample for the plain, unpretentious family of four that lived there on the upper West Side, bourgeois in their harmony and contentment. Mr. Bassett, the husband and father, was secretary and treasurer of a large white-goods house in the jobbing district. In age, he was somewhat over forty; and, having succeeded well in his business, his wife was justly proud of him. In turn, he seemed to be quite as absorbed in Mrs. Bassett. She was a plump, reposeful little woman with round, not uncomely features that shone constantly with homely satisfaction; and she doted on her children. These were Willard Spence, aged fourteen, who had inherited his mother's blue eyes and brown hair; and Susan Harriet, who was eleven, going on twelve. The girl closely favored her father, including spectacles and gray, inquiring eyes; and it was wholly because of Susan and her brother that the Bassetts had taken so large, so sunny an apartment.

Space and light cost money in New York, or the family, perhaps, might have spent far more on their amusements. For example, they might have entertained frequently, or Mrs. Bassett might have joined several clubs and given bridge parties, with handsome prizes of burnt leather and so forth. They might even have kept a motor and chauffeur as the people did who lived in the flat next door.

There were in this family, however, only three—Mr. and Mrs. Jasper and their little Pomeranian. Fifi was the dog's name; and Mrs. Jasper was a slim woman, with large eyes, whose tastes ran to picture hats, skirts cut very skimp and dangling earrings. One often saw her at the Waldorf. At home, however, her living arrangements consisted of a drawing room, first, and, in lesser degree of importance, a dining room, bedroom and kitchenette. There was also a clothes closet in the front hall; but, as Mrs. Jasper's wardrobe was not only striking but extensive, most of it she kept in boxes under the bed and the couch in the drawing-room cozy corner.

At noon quite a little light penetrated into the drawing room, so that she usually dressed there; though of course there was electricity, besides gas, in the bedroom, which also had a ground-glass window, opening on a party airwell. However, unless she had visitors Mrs. Jasper much preferred to make her toilet in the parlor, especially as the bedroom bureau took up too much space to allow a chair. The parlor was in many ways far the more convenient unless there was to be a bridge party, such as she always gave on days when she wasn't playing elsewhere. Naturally, if guests were coming it meant she must rise hurriedly and dress at noon, an hour earlier than usual. Otherwise the janitor's wife, who came in every afternoon to make up the bed, would not have time to arrange the drawing room before the arrival of the ladies. Nor would she be able to help in the kitchenette with the lettuce and olive sandwiches.

One may hardly estimate the great intellectual stimulus that bridge offered to Mrs. Jasper and her friends. Besides, there were the prizes. Added to this, Mrs. Jasper, as well as her friends, motored often in the Avenue and the shopping district, so that in their lives an idle hour was rare. In type, the Jasper machine was a large bottle-green limousine, with a flower vase in the front window and on the dash a horn which played tunes whenever the car turned a corner. Mrs. Jasper took great comfort in her motor. Every afternoon after bridge she drove in it to the fashionable hotel quarter, where she picked up Mr. Jasper at one or another of his favorite resting-places, perhaps stopping on the way down to look at hats or the latest thing in shirtwaists.

The Jaspers were on rather good terms with each other. Mr. Jasper was a fat man, who ran a brokerage office and dressed very well. At night he and Mrs. Jasper dined at some fashionable restaurant.

Of course, there was a wide gulf in the social scale between the Jaspers and their next-door neighbors, even though the Bassetts had never realized it; but though Mrs. Jasper mingled with all the best life of the fashionable cafés and other smart circles she still could be agreeably democratic when she chose. As a result, the Bassetts had not been living there more than a year at the most when Mrs. Jasper showed her neighborly spirit.

"Look a' here, Madge," said her husband one morning; "you don't know the woman next door, do you?—the daub in the Philadelphia clothes?"

Mrs. Jasper, who was absorbed in tying Fifi's baby-blue hair ribbon, negligently shook her head. "Heavens—no!" she murmured.

"But I hear the man has money," returned Mr. Jasper earnestly. As his income largely depended on what trade he brought to the brokerage office, there was a reason for his earnestness. It was partly for the same reason, too, that he and Mrs. Jasper were so active in our best restaurant society, though of late the gay whirl had hardly brought in enough to pay for the cigars and gasoline. "Maybe you'd better nub in there," he suggested hopefully. "I'm told the rube carries a full sample line of the long green."

"Money?—he! Ah, McCarty!" retorted Mrs. Jasper—the name McCarty being merely a figure suggesting irony and disdain. "Why, his wife has only a general housework girl and they never dine out!"

"But you don't understand, Madge," protested Mr. Jasper. "They're saving theirs."

Naturally it was difficult for Mrs. Jasper to conceive how any one should have money and still conceal it. "Fudge! Why, they haven't even a motor—not even a plain touring car!" she murmured.

"Neither will we unless something turns up soon," rejoined Mr. Jasper. "You know there's two installments due already."

His wife, however, only shrugged herself. "Then why don't you give 'em a note?" she asked idly as she drew her tortoise-shell back comb through Fifi's hair.

"I tried to," answered Mr. Jasper, and as thoughtfully added: "Besides, the landlord's been asking me where his is." However, this didn't seem to concern Mrs. Jasper much more than his other statement.

"Never mind about the landlord," she interposed. "How about Mulligan?"

Mulligan was the Jaspers' *deus ex* limousine—and therefore important. "Him? Oh, he thinks his is invested. . . . Say, now, Madge," persisted Mr. Jasper, "I'm right about that next-door rig; I got it straight. You remember Bozeman, don't you?—the fellow with sideburns that does the intermezzo with his soup?"

She could never forget him, inasmuch as he had once dined with them at the St. Regis; but aside from this, Mr. Bozeman, as she recalled, was prominent in the white-goods trade. Consequently, the news about their next-door neighbors came from an authoritative source. "Oh, all right," sighed Mrs. Jasper indolently. "What do you want me to do?"

Having finally persuaded her, Mr. Jasper was disposed to make no excessive demands. "Oh, I dunno—just the usual thing, I suppose," he suavely suggested. "Dinner at Sherry's, say; then the theater. Rector's or the Knickerbocker afterward. What else is there?"

"Sherry's!—with those people? Thanks!" retorted Mrs. Jasper. "Why, before you knew it, that woman would be asking the head waiter for a souvenir menu on a postcard!"

"Oh, well," returned Mr. Jasper carelessly: "then make it whatever place you like. Only you get me next to the man, Madge—no matter how it hurts."

Meanwhile the innocent subject of this colloquy busied herself with her usual domestic affairs. From nine until ten she dusted; from ten until twelve she assiduously made and fried a large, crisp batch of crullers, saving each of the holes for which Willard Spence had a special penchant. The hour remaining before luncheon she devoted to herself, by polishing the bathroom mirror and setting her bureau in order. After luncheon—or from one forty-five until three—she reposed in an easy chair while she hemstitched six huckabacks, darned three socks and a table napkin, and sewed buttons on two pairs of Willard Spence's and one of Susan Harriet's. After she had sufficiently rested herself by this, she arose and went into the kitchen.

The day being Friday, it was accordingly consecrated in Mrs. Bassett's domestic calendar to the making of cinnamon buns. Mr. Bassett was especially fond of these. Before starting the buns, however, Mrs. Bassett lightly passed half an hour or so in making pie, in teaching the girl to mix noodles and in tossing up a bowlful of mayonnaise for the evening's salad. Afterward she put the pie in to bake; and, having helped to truss and stuff a pair of roasting fowls, Mrs. Bassett then applied herself to the really serious labor of the buns.

Even in the most complete cookbooks, no directions occur as to doorbells. At four, just as the first buns were ready for the oven, the Bassetts' doorbell rang—and, what is more, it may be said that it rang imperiously. Presently it rang again; in fact, the person who had rung the bell rang as if determined to get in.

Naturally, since it was Mrs. Jasper!

"Is your mistress at home?" she asked now, in the refined voice used by Miss Billie Burke during most of her best tea scenes.

"I am Mrs. Bassett," was the answer, at which Mrs. Jasper, once she had caught her breath, apologized quite prettily. "Mercy! How stupid! Only I didn't recognize you with your apron on—your sleeves up too," she explained tactfully. Then she announced both her name and that she had come to call.

"Oh, step right in. Pleased to meet you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett, violently wrenching her mind from her buns. "You see, I was cooking."

"Fawncy! But I thought you kept a cook?" remarked the visitor interestedly.

Apparently, in the effort to rid herself of the apron and the remainder of her disguise, Mrs. Bassett missed the pleasant observation. So, on the way down the long hall, Mrs. Jasper looked about for another appropriate lead to the conversation. At the parlor, inspiration came. "What elegant wallpaper for the home!" she began enthusiastically, when it dawned on her she was alone. Down the passage, Mrs. Bassett had her head inside a doorway and was saying anxiously: "Now thirty minutes—just! And you're sure your oven's only medium?" Presently, however, she rejoined her guest. "Pleasant weather we're having," she observed, and instantly lunged across the room. "Oh, no; not that one!" she objected. "Do take a rocker and be comfortable!"

In the exchange of chairs Mrs. Jasper seemed to have lost her first inspiration, the wallpaper. However, there at once came to her another equally eloquent. "As we are such near neighbors," she began again; when once more Mrs. Bassett figuratively swept the ground from under her. "Yes, aren't we?—and the walls so thin, besides," agreed Mrs. Bassett cordially. "Still," she added; "I shouldn't think you'd mind nearly so much as the family

underneath. On rainy days, I mean—that is, in the hallway. When they roller-skate, of course—the children, you know!" said Mrs. Bassett, and beamed.

Somehow, Mrs. Jasper managed to digest it. "Oh, I see now what you mean. Fawncy!" It was by way of a revelation, the Jaspers more than once having inferred that a road-roller was being secretly operated on the premises—either that or a clandestine steam laundry—though now Mrs. Jasper fibbed politely. "Hear them? Mercy, no!" Afterward, she as politely agreed with Mrs. Bassett that the city was not a place for children. "It's so hard in town to amuse the little dears," intelligently added Mrs. Jasper, who, had Nature supplied her with offspring, no doubt would have solved the problem of a rainy day by checking them at the Waldorf coatroom, or giving them to the house porter, as the management required with other pets. "Now, if you only had a machine," she suggested—in this ingenious way leading up to the limousine, which naturally was her favorite topic. "But you don't keep a machine, do you?" said Mrs. Jasper idly, as she fluttered her eyelids and negligently felt of her back hair.

"Oh, yes; ours is an Ideal!" at once answered Mrs. Bassett. Queer, but Mrs. Jasper had never heard of the make, even among the runabout classes. She was, in fact, about to say so when Mrs. Bassett arose delightedly. "Oh, now, wouldn't you like to hear it?" she proposed. "We've got two new Carusos and the last Lew Fields. Only, you know," added Mrs. Bassett, "I much prefer the Little Glow Worm."

After Mrs. Jasper had in a measure recovered, she, too, arose.

"Thanks," she murmured; "but unfortunately I have a pressing engagement." It was no fib. In Mrs. Jasper's drawing room three ladies awaited her return, their hostess having seized the opportunity when it was her dummy hand to make the call next door. As she said, she had just dropped in to ask whether Mrs. Bassett wouldn't like some afternoon to cut in on a rubber. "Tomorrow, say," she suggested. "Just a little party—three or four tables only," she added, again fluttering her eyelids as she gracefully patted her back hair.

"Bridge? Oh, yes, that newfangled card game," rejoined Mrs. Bassett brightly; and she added: "Is it anything like casino?—or euchre, maybe? I'm real fond of them."

"What! Do you mean you've never played bridge?" exclaimed Mrs. Jasper, her voice climbing in wonder. "Where in the world have you been living?"

"I? Oh, just at home," answered Mrs. Bassett blandly. However, the invitation had opened a new vista in her mind. Bridge savored of a phase in city life she had only read about—society!—the Four Hundred! Then she sighed. The morrow, being Saturday, was therefore hallowed to Sunday's Bostons and brown bread. "You see, Mr. Bassett and the children are so particular," she explained, at which Mrs. Jasper gave vent to still another exclamation.

"Mercy! You don't mean you cook 'em yourself?" One may, in fact, hardly estimate Mrs. Jasper's relief that the invitation had been declined. "Fawncy" the situation had Mrs. Bassett regaled the other guests with a dissertation on beans and brown bread! Mrs. Jasper gasped as she pictured their startled amazement, their chill and haughty wonder at a woman fond of cooking—at one, worse still, vulgar enough to confess it. Into her mind's eye there came a visual image of Mrs. Slicer, the exclusive wife of the real-estate promoter, who not only had a chef but a lady's maid, as she idly though frequently made known. Or there was Mrs. Archbold, the well-known hop-broker's lady, who not only maintained a footman as well as the usual chauffeur, but was served by a butler warranted pure English. Imagine talking brown bread and beans to an imported "Jeems" in livery!

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Jasper, and gasped again.

Why prolong it? Ere the visitor withdrew, there had been revealed to Mrs. Bassett many matters heretofore undreamed of in her philosophy. Not only was cooking found to be taboo among the elect but so was all else that in any way pertained to domestic science; in fact, one was made clearly to understand that, in our best *à la carte* restaurant circles, the cultured limit themselves to such topics as bridge, gasoline, Elsie Janis and the weather.

There were at least three of these subjects of which Mrs. Bassett knew nothing. However, on the way out she revived sufficiently to insist on showing each of the bedrooms, as well as the bathroom and the linen closet. Nor was the kitchen omitted, though, indeed, it merged close upon the taboo. Besides, she thought it only graceful to offer a plate of the cinnamons. Mrs. Jasper, however, declined positively. "Thanks; but I'm having five-o'clock at the Ritz-Carlton. Ever drop in there?" she asked, as she walked or rather galloped toward the front door. No; Mrs. Bassett never dropped in at the Ritz-Carlton. "Aw—prefer the Plaza, I fawncy," suggested Mrs. Jasper, baldly evading a request to inspect the broom closet and its appurtenances. As she was now convinced, she ought never to have left her guests. Unquestionably all of them would be peevish; besides, her partner, Mrs. Slicer, would be sure to play out of the wrong hand and so lose tricks unless she were there to cough warningly.

"The Plaza? Oh, you mean the hotel?" responded Mrs. Bassett. A little awkwardly now she confessed she'd never seen the inside of either the Plaza or the other place. "What!" exclaimed Mrs. Jasper. It was undoubtedly true.

"Heavens! Never been in the Plaza? Well, I never! Why, my dear Mrs. Bassett!" cried Mrs. Jasper, scandalized. "You must let me take you in hand. Yes, you rully must!" As she crossed the landing, hobbling in her haste, she said it again: "You must, rully! Fawncy! how stupid!"

Silently, not to say pensively, Mrs. Bassett closed her door. Then a little breath escaped her, an exhalation suspiciously like a sigh. After it, she turned to the hat-rack mirror and long and anxiously regarded herself. It made her sigh again. Possibly the beginnings of a new wrinkle may have disquieted her—or perhaps a new gray hair or so.

One often sighs at forty. One especially sighs, however, if at the critical meridian of middle age it dawns suddenly on one how much one is missing in life. Never to have played bridge! Never to have heard the significant message that there are man milliners!—man dressmakers!—manicures and masseuses! Never to have been inside the Plaza!—or even to have known that the Waldorf has a palm room!

There was a reason why Mrs. Bassett should sigh. Besides, she had been married for fifteen years and her figure was growing decidedly round and dumpy.

"Mercy! How Stupid! Only I Didn't Recognize You With Your Apron On—Your Sleeves Up Too"

There was hope, however. Mrs. Jasper was to take her in hand. So, ere long, Mrs. Bassett, too, was to taste the Elysian joys of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. She, too, was soon to sign for the tea and toast—to know the Ritz, the Waldorf, the Plaza! Mrs. Jasper, in fact, had promised it!

At six o'clock, or thereabout—after the Ritz-Carlton—that kind lady paged her husband at the Waldorf. In due time the fat one emerged and hoisted himself into the limousine. "Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Jasper—"that's never cinnamon you're chewing!"

"Hey? Why, what's biting you?" elegantly rejoined Mr. Jasper.

His wife let fall a little sigh. "Oh, nothing. Only this afternoon I dropped in next door on Mrs. Swiss Family Robinson. Fawncy, what a life! She was making buns in the kitchen; and when I mentioned the Ritz-Carlton I don't know whether she thought it a drug store or a breakfast food. . . . All the same," added Mrs. Jasper; "you're right about their money. There was a real Wilton on the floor and the lace curtains never cost a cent less than nineteen-fifty the pair."

Instantly the fat one evinced a quick and pleasant interest. "Eh? Then you've signed 'em for Sherry's?—what?—or Rector's or the Martin?"

For a moment Mrs. Jasper laughed amusedly. "Fawncy! Why, of course not. . . . Now don't get a grouch on," she begged prettily as the fat one began to glower. "Imagine dining on the Avenue with a woman in a hat and dress like mother used to make! You see," Mrs. Jasper continued lucidly, "first of all, I've got to trim her up a bit. My! You've no idea what a little dowd she is! But don't you worry now. In about two weeks I think it'll be safe to try her on a chophouse and a vaudeville show—say, the Sagamore. No; I've got it! We'll make it Drevet's and the Hippodrome!"

"Oh, all right," grumbled Mr. Jasper; "only you hurry up about it. The furniture people sent around today; and if I don't give 'em something soon they say they'll put a van under your piano and the cozy corner."

Mrs. Jasper idly nodded. "Fawncy liking to cook!—to do housework and sewing!" Then she added reflectively: "Still, there's hope for her! Before I left I had her looking rully ashamed!"

. . . . . .

For reasons best known to herself, Mrs. Bassett refrained from speaking to her husband of the new era in her life. Perhaps, for the same reason, she neglected also to tell him of the new friend she had made. No doubt she wished to surprise him. At any rate, if she so intended, it may be said she succeeded admirably.

It was just a fortnight after Mrs. Jasper's kind visit when the revelation came. Buns were a direct cause of it, the day being a Friday. After his soup Mr. Bassett helped himself to one, buttered it fastidiously and, with a sigh of contentment, bit it to the heart. Almost instantly, however, his jaw ceased to work; and, holding the bun's other half before him, he closely and at the same time suspiciously inspected it.

"Why, what's wrong with your bun?" faltered Mrs. Bassett.

There was in Mr. Bassett's eye when he looked up at her a gleam as dull and accusing as the dying glance of a victim of Lucrezia Borgia. "That's exactly what I was wondering," he answered hollowly. At this, Willard Spence raised his voice. "Mine too!" he exclaimed; and, laying down what he had bitten off, with an air of obvious distrust, he slowly backed away from it. "Tastes like the cinnamon was sawdust," he pronounced, and inquired of his sister: "How's yours, Susie?"

After a convulsive swallow, Susan Harriet readjusted her spectacles and pushed the bun away from her. "I've never eaten sawdust," she said judicially; "but if it tastes like this I guess that's what it is."

All in a flutter, Mrs. Bassett protested that surely they must have made a mistake. "Why!" she exclaimed, "they came right from the baker's. One of the most expensive in town too!" she added; at which her husband looked up sharply. Then came the revelation. "Yes," said Mrs. Bassett; "I didn't have time to bake them. Besides," she announced, "the manicure says that cooking spoils my hands."

There was a pause. After a slight start, Mr. Bassett went on carving the fowl before him. He said nothing, but it was indeed news to him that his wife had taken to manicures. Until now he had imagined that somehow she managed unaided.

If Mr. Bassett reserved his thoughts Willard Spence was by no means so reticent. "Yeh; only that's nothing," divulged Willard Spence. "Ma's got a lady teaching her Injun clubs. One-two-three! One-two-three!" said Willard; and with his knife and fork he gave an excellent imitation of calisthenics.

"Indian clubs!" echoed Mr. Bassett.

"Yes, dear. I was growing so dumpy, you know!"

However, the physical-culture lady held out hopes. If Mrs. Bassett applied herself to the full course, which comprised only forty-eight treatments in all, she was promised a great reduction in tissue. At the same time, though, she must also eschew sugar, omit all farinaceous foods and fat meats, and drink water sparingly. "And no little Bronxes or Martinis now! Oh, I know you ladies!" had tittered the lady culturist as she vibrated Mrs. Bassett's supermaxillary region. "No little sips on the sly now!" she further warned. In short, not only was Mrs. Bassett told to deny herself all her usual intoxicants but she was adjured to go light on the Egyptians as well—on no account to consume more than one after each meal and another before

A Slim Woman Whose Tastes Ran to Picture Hats and Dangling Earrings

retiring. "But I—I—don't either smoke or drink," she had faltered, to which the massage lady had rejoined sympathetically: "Oh, on the wagon, eh?"

Even this did not comprise all of the evening's revelations.

"Well, Tillie," observed Mr. Bassett, after he had somewhat digested the news, "how soon do you expect to be thin enough to bake another batch of buns?"

"Yeh," interjected Willard Spence; "and all the waist buttons on my pants! It ain't very comfortable with only hairpins and a curtain hook."

At his speech a sharp exclamation fell from Mrs. Bassett's lips. "Why, Willard! You must never use 'pants'—never!" Both the word and the blush that followed it were evidences of the new thought, the new influence, otherwise already at work in Mrs. Bassett's life. Only that afternoon it had been impressed on her how distressingly such solecisms fall on cultured ears. "Oh, my dear! What an expression!" Mrs. Jasper had exclaimed. Besides, as she instructed, one should either send them to a tailor's or let the maid sew on the buttons. "And just a moment ago, too," she deplored, "you used 'lunch'—just fawncy! I think you must mean 'luncheon' and 'trousers,' don't you?" she suggested, and murmured: "I make it no trumps."

"Now remember, Willard," said Mrs. Bassett, "you must never again use 'pants.' Never!"

"Not use 'em?" echoed Willard Spence. "Why, I'd get pinched if I didn't—or do you want me to stay in bed?"

After she had explained herself Mrs. Bassett changed the subject. Somehow her husband's dull and abstracted silence had begun to make itself felt; so, rather consciously, she glanced across at him with still another announcement hovering on her lips. "Theodore," said Mrs. Bassett, a little consciously, perhaps, "have you anything on for tomorrow evening?"

"Eh?—What's that?—On, did you say?" By the way Mr. Bassett expressed it, one inferred that her "on" had conveyed a mental suggestion of, say, trousers, a coat or dressing jacket. Usually, in Mr. Bassett's case, these were complemented at night with large, easy carpet slippers.

"I mean an engagement, Theodore," explained Mrs. Bassett, and added that they had been invited to dine out.

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Bassett; and then, with the same enthusiasm: "Well, all right. Where've I got to go?"

There was in Mrs. Bassett's voice when she answered a something impressively akin to the note of portentous revelation. "Theodore, it is our next-door neighbors, the Jaspers!" said Mrs. Bassett, and beamed as he started amazedly. "Yes, Theodore! And you must put on your full-dress swallowtail—evening clothes, I mean," she remarked, choicely correcting herself, "because we're going both to dinner and to the play."

"Dinner and the play!—with them?" he exclaimed, plainly in astonishment.

Mrs. Bassett was pleased that he so clearly realized the honor. "Yes, dear; and as they're taking us in their limousine, you must buy yourself a silk hat. They will call at seven, dear; and Mrs. Jasper asked me not to keep her husband waiting. He is very particular about his dinner, she said."

"Yes; he looks it!" remarked Mr. Bassett.

"And Theodore!" cried Mrs. Bassett delightedly, "you can never guess where they're taking us—never! never!"

On Mr. Bassett's face there was somewhat the same look that had dawned on it when he bit into his bun. "Oh, I dunno. A restaurant, I suppose. Burns', maybe—or the Waldorf—Sherry's. Some place like that," he murmured.

"Theodore," said Mrs. Bassett, "it's—it's—yes!—Drevet's!—*Drevet's*, Theodore!—and afterward a box party at the Hippodrome!"

As Mr. Bassett only gasped—so complete was his emotion—Willard Spence excitedly raised his voice. "I've been to Drevet's, ma!" he piped. "Dad took me when I went down to get your new towels—yeh! And a lot of fellows in full-dress suits waited on you too. Ours was named Emil; and they had more'n eight kinds of pie, and ——"

"Willard, be still!" reproved his mother. "The idea! They don't have pie at Drevet's. You've never been there."

"Oh, but yes, he has!" sighed Mr. Bassett, and added that every day for years he himself had lunched there.

"You?—Theodore!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett. "But Mrs. Jasper says," she protested, "that Drevet's is filled with interesting people—actors, poets, all that sort. Once there was an opera singer, too, right at the next table!"

It was quite possible. As Mr. Bassett observed, there was no telling whom one wouldn't see at a restaurant. "Anyway," said Mrs. Bassett, "it's very flattering to have such nice people take an interest in us. Mrs. Jasper says, too, that her husband is quite anxious to meet you!"

"Yes, I'm sure of that," responded Mr. Bassett. "He runs a brokerage office, doesn't he?"

Mrs. Bassett wasn't sure. However, she recalled that he held some important place in Wall Street. Mrs. Jasper had told her so, in fact. "Why, Theodore?" she asked.

"Oh, I dunno," Mr. Bassett answered vaguely. "If they're running a brokerage shop they nearly always first ask you out to dinner. Only what stumps me," he added, "is that we're asked to *Drevet's*."

"I know why," said Mrs. Bassett delightedly; "Mr. Jasper not only wishes to meet you but I think, from what Mrs. Jasper says, he may let you in on some of his large Wall Street deals."

"Sure—he'd let me in!" rejoined Mr. Bassett heartily. "Only, as I say, what puzzles me is that it's Drevet's. Usually they make it Sherry's or the Waldorf."

At once Mrs. Bassett perceptibly brightened. "Sherry's! Why, she's promised to take me there in about ten days." Then casually she mentioned that she had ordered a new dress, which was another revelation, inasmuch as only the month before she had bought her usual spring gown.

Mr. Bassett was quite absorbed now in what she had to tell him. "You see," said Mrs. Bassett, "the other's all out of style. It's as Mrs. Jasper says, you know—all these uptown dressmakers only cater to a lot of dowds."

Mr. Bassett gave another little start. "Ah!" he observed curiously. "Introduced you to her own dressmaker, I suppose!"

Mrs. Bassett beamed enthusiastically. "Wasn't it nice of her?"

Yes, indeed. It was kind of queer, though, he added, as curiously as before, that Mrs. Jasper hadn't introduced his wife to a milliner as well. "You know, usually they do," he announced queerly.

"Oh, but she has!" rejoiced Mrs. Bassett unsuspectingly. It also appeared that Mrs. Jasper's graciousness had gone even further. Not only had she revealed the source of both her gowns and hats but had suggested—nay, insisted!—on convoying her in person to an exclusive lingerie shop, to an equally particular bootmaker, and to a glovemaker who was at once so formal and select that he would sell nothing to any one unprovided with the proper credentials and introduction—or so one might have inferred from what Mrs. Jasper said.

"Well! well!" exclaimed Mr. Bassett, as if amazed. "Why, I supposed that nowadays all the Mrs. Jaspers had learned to play bridge instead."

"Bridge!" Mrs. Bassett stared at him, now thoroughly mystified. "Why, what do you mean? Of course she plays bridge!"

"Oh, then, that's different," rejoined Mr. Bassett. "I wondered if she wasted time just touting for milliners and dressmakers. . . . And so she is teaching you bridge, is she?" he added.

Naturally. Early in their acquaintance Mrs. Jasper not only had suggested it but—nay! again—had insisted on it. As she explained, ordinary teachers usually charged two dollars an hour for this instruction—though, of course, she herself couldn't think of asking anything. Instead, she and Mrs. Bassett could just play double dummy at—say, a nickel the point; though, indeed, she somewhat coldly suggested there was "nothing in playing for less," when Mrs. Bassett demurred. "Mercy!" Mrs. Jasper had exclaimed, using the same tone in which she'd said "lunch" and "pants." "You don't think a nickel's much, do you?" Blushing a little, Mrs. Bassett had said "No." All she had meant was that playing for a stake smacked of gambling. "Fawncy! Well, make it three dollars an hour, then," Mrs. Jasper idly had returned.

Mr. Bassett carefully folded his napkin, as deliberately slipped it into his ring and then pushed back his chair. Behind his large, thick-lensed spectacles his eyes were lowered reflectively. "Tillie," he said, rising abruptly after the children had left the table, "I'd like to ask you something."

"Well?" inquired Mrs. Bassett, perhaps a little uneasily.

"Why, I was thinking," said Mr. Bassett slowly, "that things must have been pretty dull for you of late."

Dull?—the contrary rather! Of late, things had been looking up for Mrs. Bassett. There was, for example, the morrow's dinner and the theater. Besides, in the morning, she would have the relaxing society of both the manicure and the physical-culture lady. Afterward she was engaged for an afternoon at bridge, Mrs. Jasper having courageously decided, at last, to risk the new friend in the select, exclusive company of her intimates. "But mind, now!" Mrs. Jasper had warned, "when I cough you mustn't finish what you're saying." Mrs. Bassett, however, had protested at this, as it was in a measure confusing. "Yes; you know you said a cough meant I was playing out of the wrong hand." In view of this, Mrs. Jasper had agreed

(Continued on Page 45)

Mr. Jasper Was a Fat Man, Who Ran a Brokerage Office and So Dressed Very Well

FIRST MONDAY—By George Pattullo

Shaping Them Up for Buyers

IT WAS First Monday. The square bulged with wagons. Horsemen rode up and down among them, casting a professional eye on strings of led animals. Two thousand farmers were in town and they were gathered in the space around the courthouse. Nobody could see the courthouse fence at all, because every iron railing was serving as a hitching-post. A mule team was doing its cussedest to start a general stampede, and the day bade fair.

Uncle Braz Schoonover was sitting on the edge of the north sidewalk, under a wooden awning, observing the scene. He whittled thoughtfully at a telephone post. There came a man who shoved a slip of paper under Uncle Braz's nose.

"I won't pay it," said the latter without heat.

"You've got to pay it," the agent declared. "You done owed for this a year now. We'll sue you—that's what we'll do."

"Sue away," was the tranquil retort. "You and your blame company is only a gang of rascals anyhow. I won't pay it."

The agent said a few words along the line of thought suggested by Mr. Schoonover's last remark and then, as a crowd began to collect, strode away to his office. This matter of an account was an old sore, which the official persisted in reopening despite all Uncle Braz's assurances that he would never pay a cent.

It came about in this fashion. Uncle Braz made it a practice to sit out the hot hours of the day—say from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.—on the sidewalk in front of the city drug-store; and, of course, when a man is disengaged he must whittle. The most suitable thing that offered happened to be a telephone post, and in the course of months Uncle Braz had whittled clear through it. But now comes the unbelievable part—the company made a rough demand for compensation. The sympathy of the community was plainly with Uncle Braz.

He stepped down from the curb, now, and sauntered across the square to where a crowd of men and boys were congregated about a bunch of horses. It was very warm and very dusty, and Uncle Braz wore his hat well down on his nose, exposing a gleaming inch of bald spot under the back rim. He had espied a horse among the sorry nags exposed for barter—a gray horse with a barrel-like body and exceptional width between the eyes. Braz took up position in front of this animal and gazed at him with a sad, composed countenance.

"That's a good hoss," the owner observed, singling him out by instinct from the mass of the idly curious.

"It's like he was a good horse in his day," Uncle Braz admitted.

"In his day? In his day?" the other echoed. "Man alive, that hoss ain't a minute more'n five years old."

Mr. Schoonover smiled indulgently and told a neighbor that the wind was shaping right for rain. Followed a conversation on the outlook for corn and cotton. Then he took the gray listlessly by the muzzle and examined his teeth. Although he made no comment, it was evident from his manner that Uncle Braz's worst fears had been confirmed. Next he walked all about the horse and solemnly pulled its tail. The gray promptly clamped that member and kicked at Uncle Braz, who missed flight to the Promised Land by less than half an inch. Mr. Schoonover's purpose in this move was not what surface indications might lead one to expect. He did not do it to test the gray's temper, but to sample him. One might suppose the idea to be that if the horse kick the daylights out of the puller he establishes his mettle; but such is not the fact, although that consideration doubtless forces itself on one's notice. No; if the tail holds rigid and tight the horse is sound; whereas, if it gives readily and inertly to the hand he is a very fit candidate for the boneyard, irrespective of present appearance. That is the theory, and it is probably as sound as many others.

Uncle Braz drew off a couple of yards and grunted. With his back half turned to the dealer he waited while that gentleman discussed the merits of his various steeds with divers of the group. Nobody but a seasoned trader could have told that the dealer was taking stock of Uncle Braz all the time out of the corner of his eye. Mr. Schoonover started to walk away as if he had lost all interest in the matter.

"Say," said the dealer, following close, "what do you think of that hoss?"

"Oh, I dunno. That left ankle is swelled consid'able." Uncle Braz shook his head dubiously.

"Pshaw! He done burned hisself with a rope in camp yesterday."

"Uh-huh," said Uncle Braz. He made to depart.

"Say," the dealer spoke again, detaining him, "what'll you give me for that hoss?"

"I don't reckon as I want him."

"Well, make me an offer anyhow. You cain't always sometimes tell, you know."

"Well," Uncle Braz returned, as though making a concession, "I might give forty dollars for him if I had any use for him."

The trader stared a moment and then laughed harshly.

"Well, I swan! You couldn't touch that horse under two hundred dollars." He rapped out the words and jerked the gray about for another man's inspection. Horses are high this year, and he was exasperated.

"Is that so?" Uncle Braz said in a tired voice, and went back to his chair on the sidewalk.

The big square echoed to an auctioneer's babble. Everybody was talking horses and cattle, and the crowd moved up and down from one bunch to another. Nine out of ten had no intention of buying, no motive but curiosity. On the sidewalk that lined all four sides of the square—practically the entire business of the town centered in this area—their womenfolk promenaded, staring into shop windows and at the citizens. Newcomers swelled their numbers every minute. They arrived in rickety carts and buckboards and wagons, drawn by horses and mules. A jack pulled a delivery wagon, the colored driver nodding on the seat. A team of oxen swayed down the street, reminder of another generation, the canvas-topped schooner shrieking dry protests. For this was First Monday, the gala day of the month in a hundred county towns of Texas.

Texas is proud of her First Monday. Indeed, of what of her possessions and characteristics is she not proud? She happens to be almost self-sustaining; there is no people more self-sufficient, perhaps because of that. Texans are, in fact, a separate, distinct race among Americans, with strongly marked differences in speech—a strong, virile breed, with the faults of confident strength and a consequent contempt for other methods and modes of life. Their loyalty to state far transcends their loyalty to the Republic; and yet they have quite sufficient of the latter to entitle them to a front rank. This aggressive pride may be a survival of the sentiment that had its birth in the heroic wars by which their forefathers wrung the land from Mexico. It should never be forgotten, too, that Texas has been an independent republic.

First Monday is typical of the people. It is a unique institution. There are 249 counties in the Lone Star state and about 100 of their seats swarm on this day of barter, like ant-hills under the prodding of a lusty boy. Various other portions of the South and Southwest have set dates for market purposes that possess certain of the features of the Texan institution—Virginia has its "court day"—but their observance is not statewide, and they lack much of the holiday spirit that animates Texans when they take to swapping horses amid crush of wagons and jostlings of humanity.

In what did First Monday have its origin? Long ago—for you must remember that Texan history dates from the Alamo, which is within the memory of some living men—the custom was instituted of selling all stray horses and cattle from the courthouse steps in the county seat on the first Monday in each month. They called it "stray day." Strays were numerous in those times. Their recovery by county officials was duly advertised in newspapers or by placard, and an auction was held, as aforesaid. If the owners ever established claim the proceeds were turned over to them. So wide was this traffic in strayed stock that a profession grew therefrom—horse-hunting—in which men made their living by tracking down animals that had wandered off either of their own will or at the propulsion of thieves. A few of this class survive, principally in outlying parts of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. So did custom establish First Monday, and law followed with its sanction.

Before the Texan towns went dry and ere a hundred-dollar fine confronted the man who would carry a gun, some "pleasant times were had" on First Monday. I saw today a sign on the outskirts of a town, reared by a once enterprising drygoods merchant who is now a private banker and landlord of five thousand acres of farmland—landlordism, by the way, is a serious peril in parts of the state. The sign was riddled with bullets. That was not an exception. There is not a sign on a country road within thirty miles, unless put up within the past three years, that has not been pierced by some exuberant marksman.

Usually a community of two thousand inhabitants would support ten saloons. What they served is between the owners' consciences and their Maker. One drink would make a bashful man bold; two would turn him into a fighter; and if he were still alive after six he would tackle a grizzly bare-handed or murder a fellow-citizen without misgiving. Scores of men sleep on every local Boot Hill because of the awful stuff—Boot Hill signifies the resting-place of gentlemen who have gone to their account fully clothed.

After entertainment in these early saloons it became a fad with the visitors to a locality to issue forth and mount their horses. Then they would gallop down the sidewalks at full speed, scattering the population and shooting into the air and through windows. Nimbleness of foot promoted longevity among pioneer merchants, but, to give them their due, some were quite as ready with a gun as with their heels.

Naturally there were persons who grew ill-disposed and prejudiced against this merrymaking. I know a town that closed its shops and put up shutters regularly every First Monday, owing to the calls of a man whose name was Bill. He really carried his personal whims too far. Whenever Bill did not like an individual he made it a point to ride to the county seat on First Monday and run him out of town publicly, thereby heaping shame and ridicule on the recreant. Also he spurred his horse into bars; let dogs loose with cans tied to their tails, successfully stampeding every farm horse within a mile; shot out signs and street

lamps; and behaved "mean" generally. His disposition was by no means above reproach, and after some years of this, Bill's popularity began to wane. They elected a sheriff who neither feared Bill nor was friendly to him. The sheriff sent word broadcast that the next First Monday would be observed in orderly fashion, he being ready for all comers.

"Tell him I'll be there," Bill said cheerfully.

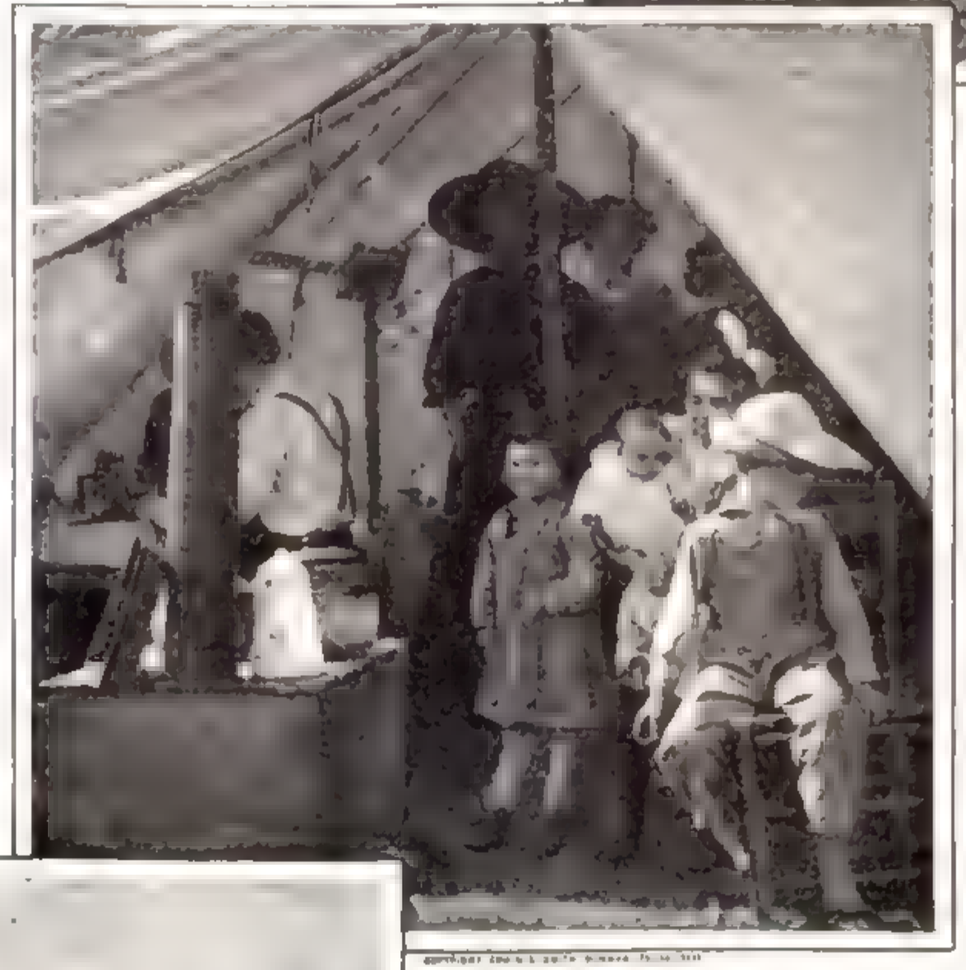
They met in the square, and Bill was borne to a friend's house with two bullet-holes through his chest. He died as he had lived, undaunted and hard. The sheriff escaped, a telegraph pole having contributed to his immunity. That was eleven years ago.

Sometimes a shooting occurs even today, but such happenings are rare. The saloons unquestionably contributed to the gun play that tarnished early Texan history; and though fights still break out and will continue to break out, the worst effects are produced not by guns but by a handy slab of wood or slashings with a pocket knife. The rougher element in Texas is far too ready and proficient with the knife for so courageous a race of men.

One might infer from the attendance that First Monday is the great trading day for town merchants. Such is not the case. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that a large number of the country folk go to town that day for the same reason that they drive leagues over agonizing roads to see a circus. Curiosity impels them, or they hope to foregather with friends. Circuses are irresistible to a rural Texan or any festival, for that matter, from a traveling medicine show to a barbecue. Instances are on record where farmers have hocked their stoves that they and theirs might occupy seats at the ringside when the band started up in the big tent. There is, then, little shopping, considering the hordes of visitors; but there is much trading in horses and cattle. Sometimes a few head of hogs will be marketed, and prices of cotton are threshed out. In the main, the farmers do their purchasing on other days. Their principal buying on First Mondays consists of cheese and crackers, canned foods and soft drinks. If it rains they will get slickers; if it be cold they will buy gloves.

Any kind of a horse, from a Percheron to a perambulating boneheap, can be picked up in any county town on First Monday. Bands of traders trail up and down the state in caravan wagons, dragging bunches of horses after them. They buy and sell and swap. First Monday is their best gleaning-time, and it becomes a contest of skill between them and local horsemen. In the North and East of America these nomads would be called gipsies, but that is a misnomer. They traverse the Southwest, from southern California across eastern New Mexico and all over Texas up into Oklahoma and parts of Arkansas, and

They Carry Their Young With Them



Interior of a Nomad Horse-Trader's Home

Best Type of Trader, and an Exceptional Horse

they are generally intelligent. Their sagacity in horseflesh is appalling. I cannot bring myself to mention it unprofanely. Although these people lead an Ishmaelite existence, pitching camp on the outskirts of town and having no dealings but those of business with stay-at-home folk, their standard of living compares favorably with that of the agricultural population. Tom McBride, a fair type of horsetrader, can talk well on politics, and gets hot under the collar over tariff problems, and he is a regular and discerning reader of newspapers and periodicals. I have met with others who were quite as well informed on everyday happenings. In fact, a roaming trader has to be bright and in touch with events.

They have permanent headquarters to which they retire during certain months of the year—Texarkana and Fort Worth are the most popular among the Texan traders. A few travel the year round, but the majority prefer to stay comfortably at home from the end of September to the first of March, when the road calls them again. Any time you cannot find a dozen or more of these men, with their wives and children, at a county seat on First Monday, it is because the country is impassable from floods. Easterners scare their children into being good by threats that the gipsies will get them if they don't watch out. There exists no such active prejudice against such pilgrims in this country, because Texans and Southwesterners generally are no strangers to the nomad existence and are tolerant of it. What were their forefathers? And what of the steady stream of nesters forever flowing westward? But there does exist a very pronounced antipathy to sundry methods of their trading and horse-doctoring, and to the animals they sell. It finds expression in the appellation "skin traders."

Let us get back to Uncle Braz, who has been sitting all this time on the north side of the square, contemplating the activities of the mob. He had attempted to do business with a "skin trader" and knew it; but then he had dealt with them for years and was unshaken of soul. If there was any disparity in odds, the trader was the man who had the right to worry. When Braz departed the vicinity of the gray, he returned to his chair and tilted back, with his hat over his eyes and a knife in his hand. The hours passed and the square seethed and hummed. On the stroke of noon—the clock in the courthouse tower always announced it with seventeen clangs—Uncle Braz went home to dinner. The farmers surged into the "short order" restaurants, which would perish miserably without this occasion. There one can obtain all one wants to eat—and much that one does not—for two bits. Many fed in their wagons on cheese and biscuits. And never for a moment did the throngs of calico-clad, sunbonneted women and girls on the sidewalks diminish.

Shortly before two o'clock a small urchin rode a black mare into the square. He bestrode her bareback, and her sleek coat shone silky in the sun. Uncle Braz spoke a few words to this youth, who was his nephew. Then he sat down again and waited. Still the trader did not come near him. There was a knot of men surrounding the gray and Mr. Schoonover stirred anxiously. He approached. It appeared that a doctor thought of buying.

"Yes," Uncle Braz remarked to the man next him, "they look right pretty, them grays. But they come out whiter every year. They cain't carry age; no, sir, they peter out."

The trader glanced at him.

"Is that so?" the doctor spoke up. He edged off in doubt, nor could he be enticed to further appraisal.

Mr. Schoonover hovered near, gazing part of the time at the wagons and shop signs, for the rest giving ear to the opinions of acquaintances. He showed no symptoms of interest in the transactions in progress, but always arrived casually on the spot when any one tested the gray. Yes, it was a good horse; but, for himself, he did not fancy one so heavy in the shoulders—it was like to be clumsy on its feet. Uncle Braz also felt carefully of the gray's forelegs, running a hand down them very knowingly. He returned to do this again and again, so that others took notice. The dealer waxed impatient.

"What's the matter with them there laigs? Ain't they all right?"

"I was just studying," responded Mr. Schoonover. "Sometimes a spavin starts like that."

"Like what?" the dealer flared.

Uncle Braz did not tell him, but shook his head. A moment later he felt of the withers and muttered in an aside to Cicero Maden that a swelling there was a right hard thing to cure.

"That there hoss," the dealer said in a grating voice—"that hoss ain't got a blemish. What'll you bid for him now, friend?"

"Who? Me?" said Uncle Braz in vast surprise. "I ain't in the market for horses. I'm selling 'em."

"What've you got to sell?" the other snapped.

"That li'l' black mare."

Like a stock-actor taking his cue, the nephew led her forward. She had beautiful conformation. The nomad's eyes glistened, yet he scoffed.

"Is she gentle?" he asked.

"Is she gentle! A child kin ride her—J. B. there," Uncle Braz replied. "J. B., git on."

Now, Uncle Braz was a deacon, so he would not lie; but he did not mention that J. B. was the only child or other human in two hemispheres who could do so. The boy crawled up, the mare standing patiently, and showed off her gait. She might make a fine saddler for a lady, with skillful handling, Mr. Schoonover said.

Then began a haggling, professional in terms, which a lingering sense of decency deters me from setting down. The mare's ears must have tingled. As for the gray, it is inconceivable how he could hold up his head at all before

(Concluded on Page 52)

A TRYST ON SPONGECAKE

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

The Stranger Was Not a Woman, But a Perturbed Young Man

A BLONDE woman!" said Pindar to himself. It being dusk, a calm had settled on the water among the Keys; the southeast wind had brought up volcanic dust all the way from Martinique; and because of this the sun was setting in the Gulf with all the mad colors of a painter gone crazy with the heat. Pindar Rowe sat in the stern of his drifting sloop, with his foot on the tiller, pulling with the regularity of a steam exhaust on a black corncob pipe and gazing at his lonesome little wharf and his hut. The latter stood among the inverted feather-dusters of the cocoanut palms on the higher land and beyond the white limestone and coral sands.

He looked up at the drooping sail, down into the depths of the transparent water, at the stores, the cracker boxes, the vinegar jugs, the jacketed hams, the packing cases, which testified to his monthly restocking trip to Key West; and finally he tipped back the fuzzy derby hat, which he always wore, winter and summer, let his spectacles slide down into their red notch on his nose, and for the first time looked frankly and fully toward the black shark-fin that cut the oily wake that the sloop left trailing behind.

The fin cut the water viciously in a swerve to the right.

"Umph!" said old gray-haired Pindar to himself. "The beast is sticking to it. Sure sign a man's going to meet a blonde woman. Never failed me in the old days."

The "old days" were those before Rowe had acquired the title of "The Hermit of Spongecake Key"; they had been days of a rough and double devotion—to adventure, of which he talked as if it were now dead, and to his wife, whom even now he seemed to regard as still alive. They had been days of filibustering in Cuba and Venezuela; of carrying rifles packed in flour barrels southward and returning northward with cargoes of market fish, each of whose stomachs contained a smuggled bottle of Havana rum. They had been days of pirating salvage from wrecks on Florida reefs and piloting war correspondents to Matanzas' shore; of fights for the joy of youth and health and the supremacy of the white race in the streets of Vera Cruz; of belaying-pins and contests with the angry sea; of search for Guatemalan gold mines and for sunken treasure pricked off on salt-stained charts of the Nassau Reef.

The old days were gone. The fall of life was lapsing into winter. Pindar's sloop just now was sailing back to his lonely abode on Spongecake Key, where at night one can hear the fish jump on the sandspits and by day may be startled by the whirring warning of a diamond-back rattlesnake among the prickly cacti.

Suddenly he looked up as if his eye had a watch-dog intelligence of its own. The unusual had happened; a strange sloop had tied up to Rowe's little wharf. A light moved about under the palms!

Pindar, when the time for excitement arrived—as those who have known him will testify—never failed to do one of two things: he either fell into a profound and sullen meditation, out of which he suddenly would shoot some decisive activity; or else, through his drooping gray mustache, he whistled The Last Rose of Summer, with a change of key every few bars. On this occasion, when an invader had taken his island, he blew out into the still air his favorite melody.

"It's the woman with yellow hair," he finally said, as if he did not believe it himself. The shark had turned away from his boat, but, crossing the tide streaks in the gathering gloom, its fin was still visible.

Pindar, however, was wrong. This he realized when he had tied up his craft at the pier and had turned to speak to the individual who came down the shore to meet him. The stranger was not a woman, but a perturbed young man, not over thirty, with an eager, boyish face, frightened eyes and nervous, quick-moving limbs.

Before the old man could speak, this intruder on Spongecake Key began a series of questions in a voice that was filled with badly concealed excitement. He sounded somewhat like a runaway talking machine.

"How long has this island been inhabited, sir? Who owns it?" he said. "Do you? You've been away, have you? You've come back? You are alone? You don't mean to stay here over night? It's rather lonesome here, isn't it? So you own the island? That is your camp? There won't be anybody else but you, will there? There aren't many of these islands that have anybody on them, are there?"

Rowe, while these inquiries were addressed to him, looked at the young man above his spectacles, rolled some tobacco between his salt-bleached palms and hummed The Last Rose of Summer. When the unknown had—if the expression may be used—finally run down, the old fellow cleared his throat and wiped his spectacles on a corner of his coat.

"Son," he said, "take yer hand away from that pocket where yer revolver is. I ain't goin' to hurt you nowise."

Standing close together, they looked at each other. Then both laughed nervously.

"This is Spongecake Key," Pindar began.

"It was on the map," said the other.

"And you recognized it by the limestone rock at the point?"

"Yes," said the young man as if startled by the suggestion.

"Umph!" exclaimed Rowe. "You did! Well, I own this island, son. It's lonesome. I'm alone on it. It has deep water in the channel there, which you can't say fer most of these Keys; an' not so many mosquitoes; an' I get my fresh water from a concrete cistern I built; an' I guess my clock has run down while I was away; an' today is hot even fer a Thursday; an' if you're goin' to spend the night I can give you a bunk. What's yer name?"

The stranger hesitated; he smoothed down the front of his flannel coat. "My name is Gerald Wharton," said he.

"Sure Sign a Man's Going to Meet a Blonde Woman. Never Failed Me in the Old Days"

"Umph!" replied the old man. "All right. Mine's Pindar Rowe. In 1879 I was sheriff of Mathieson County—but that was before you was born an' you never heard of me. Come up to the camp." They went. The old man made a second trip for another box of his newly purchased stores. The guest made no offer to help. He sat plucking at his own fingers.

"I see you hired yer sailing vessel," said Pindar as he lit the fire in the stove. "You like eggs boiled or fried?"

"Fried," groaned the other.

"Umph!" said Rowe.

He cooked the meal without any assistance; served and ate his share at the covered doorway without conversation. He was thinking. Since that active night, he has confessed that he came to the conclusion that he was dining with a fleeing bank clerk—a species he had met before—or a treasure hunter; or a man who was insane enough to sail alone in the hurricane season into the unfamiliar channels and passes of the Florida Keys, and give a name the initials of which did not correspond with that gilt A. Y. K. pasted into his straw hat, which was so indiscreetly and forgetfully exhibited.

Pindar, however, knew the torture that silence may apply to a burdened soul. Having finished eating, he sat back in his rickety old chair, carefully adjusted his spectacles; and then, as if to indicate that, after all, the world itself was only a speck in the universe, he smiled peacefully up into the tropical-night sky.

The other, shifting about uneasily in his chair, watched him for several minutes.

"I'll get my bag," he said finally, as if with effort. "I hid it in the brush." In a moment he returned and put it down carefully beside his chair. The wind had risen with the moon; the stranger reached for his flannel coat. He felt of its pockets and suddenly sat up straight in dismay.

"You took my gun!" he cried accusingly.

Pindar apparently had not changed his position; he was still leaning back, smiling up at the stars. The moonlight was reflected on his glasses.

After a moment the young man, with eager, widespread fingers among the plates, leaned forward over the table.

"I'll tell you why I'm here," he growled, "if you must be told." Then there was a lift in his voice. "Tonight I'm going to meet the cleverest woman in the world!"

"The cleverest woman in the world!" repeated Pindar, beating one of his calloused hands against the other. "Has she got light hair?"

"That was a guess?" exclaimed Wharton anxiously.

"Yes," replied Pindar. "Just so."

"Well, that is right. She is beautiful. Now you know why I'm here. Everything is disclosed. I expect her before midnight."

"You don't say!" said Pindar. "Well, you have given her some calm, unprejudiced, disinterested praise, son. How's she going to get here—fly?"

"No; she's coming up from Cuba in a forty-foot launch, but she's not a Cuban. She's a German."

"Seems as if you'd fixed up almost a secret meeting, son," suggested Pindar.

"What of it?" stammered the stranger. "Well, I'll tell you. It's a secret, because her father wants to stop our being married."

"That's why you didn't take the steamer from Knight's Dock and come the easiest way?" asked Pindar. "You was afraid private detectives was watching you and maybe the ship's officers might arrest you?"

"Yes; that was it."

"You don't say!" remarked Pindar carelessly. "What would they arrest you for?"

"What do you mean?" gasped Wharton. "What do you mean by that?"

"Nothin'. It's all as plain as an elephant's nose, son. I know your story. I thought you was crazy at first. You're in love!"

"I am," said the other, with sincere relief and enthusiasm. "There is no one like her. She is wonderful. I tell you she is beautiful—been everywhere, knows the world, graceful, beautiful, perfect!—oh, you wouldn't understand!—you —— And she's the cleverest woman in the whole world."

"Umph!" said Pindar. "She must have told you. But, just as you suspect, I'm a rough old ticket. That's all. I don't doubt all you say is so. I'm the kind of man them women can wind round their finger. I'm a plain, common American, son—one of them simple characters."

"Look here," growled the stranger; "I want to convince you. I'll show you her picture."

"Go ahead," said Pindar. "I can stand it." He lit a ship's lantern.

"There she is!" said Wharton, opening the back of his watch. "Look at her!"

Old Rowe took the timepiece in his knotted fingers, stood up under the swinging light and gazed for a long time at the small pictured head of mature and flowering continental womanhood. As he gazed, however, his lips, beneath the thin, gray mustache, pursed slowly. At first softly and afterward faster and louder, with rapid variations from the key, The Last Rose of Summer was blown forth into the night. He stopped. He whispered his choicest oath:

"Dead men's fingers! So that's her!"

Wharton did not interpret Pindar's exclamation.

"Isn't she beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Oh, she has little use for Americans, though. She thinks they are vulgar. She thinks they are dull."

"You don't say!"

"She'll be here—do you understand?—tonight. We're going to Havana. She and I—we're going together."

"A romance!" remarked Pindar, looking away from the little portrait. He searched with his squinted eyes the stretches of black water between the Keys and beyond the path of the moonlight. "Umph!" he grunted and, with the lantern, went into the shanty.

The young man reached down to be sure that his bag was still beside his chair. "An old fossil!" he said, listening to Rowe's step on the creaking boards within. Somewhere from among the little Keys southward, that thrust their dark lumps out of the tropic waters, a flock of pelicans were squawking alarmingly, as if a nightmare had galloped into their midst.

The wind rustled the fronds of the palms. "A lonesome place!" said the young man nervously. He looked behind him at the fine lines of yellow light where cracks in the wall-boards of the old man's sleeping quarters had spread with dry rot. "Mr. Rowe!" he called.

"Yes," said the old man. The door opened. Pindar appeared. He held the lantern up to his own face. His mustache was gone!

"You shaved?" cried Wharton.

"It's a good disguise," answered Pindar, beating a burlap bag against the doorjamb. "Ain't it?"

The young man jumped to his feet. "I don't understand this," he said angrily. "A disguise! For what purpose? You took my gun away too! A joke's a joke; but I don't understand you."

"You don't say!" grunted Rowe. "You'd see better if you looked over there at that white sandbar."

"Where?"

"There!"

The stranger turned. Immediately the burlap bag was thrust by Pindar over his guest. The latter fought, with imprisoned elbows and fists, cursed, kicked and roared threats. In the midst of this struggle, Rowe, reaching for a plate, tapped it against the knob on the bag which showed where the young man's head was exposed. The dish, split by the blow, fell in pieces to the planks under foot. Within the sack violence ceased.

"Be a good fellow now," coaxed Pindar. "You ain't the first mutineer that's been shown the bag trick. Sit right down in this chair and let me make you fast. That's right. That's better."

"Let me loose!" panted the other. "Let me loose! Let me alone! It's worth a thousand dollars to you. She'll pay you. Let me loose!"

"No," said Pindar, stretching his bent old frame. "I ain't goin' to do it."

"You're one of 'em!" Wharton gasped.

"Wrong again. They're probably layin' fer you at Knight's Dock, son. When'd you come down from Washington?"

"I didn't come from there."

Pindar sat down. "What department was it?" he inquired—"State or War?"

An exclamation burst forth from the folds of the sack and the trunk within strained and squirmed as if from an unreasoning spasm.

"How did you know?" the trembling voice asked in a whisper.

"Umph!" said the old man. "I once seen this 'cleverest woman in the world' before. She was in the German secret service then, in South America, and called herself Miss Freytag—if I ain't forgotten. I reckon she still has the same job. You ain't the first young feller I've been acquainted with that she has been willin' to marry fer a set of maps or copies of letters or codes."

"You lie!" the prisoner sputtered. "She is a good and beautiful woman."

"Half of what you say—the last half—is true," Pindar assented judicially. Then his voice rose hoarsely: "You fool! Because a woman runs her fingers through yer hair, you wouldn't sell out yer own country, would you?"

"They were only letters—copies of messages about the Cuban concessions."

"Umph!" grunted Pindar, gazing up at the stars. "Let's see," he said finally. "I ain't a diplomat or a plenipotent', or nothin' of that kind or shape or description; but Cuban politics was once my business. I ain't exactly brushed up on it; but I suppose the United States, after the evacuation, was afraid the Germans would go in with corruption funds, as we call 'em, and steal everything on the island. Am I right, son?"

The top of the sack nodded.

"I reckon a lot of the Conservatives would like to have more trouble, but the Liberals was on deck and liked their watch and the grub of their mess; and they was willin' to meet the demands of Uncle Sam about keepin' out them hungry German syndicates. And I suppose the Germans would like to catch Uncle Sam in just that kind of meddling with spigotty politics, son. I suppose they might guess till the Gulf froze over—but they wanted to know!"

"Yes."

"So they sent her," said Pindar. "And she probably hung around Washington near a year before she got you. Does that seem as clear to you as it does to me, son? Well; you tell the rest."

"Yes," said the stranger sullenly. "What's the use? I'll tell. The letters were in a sealed package. They hadn't been filed and the code translations were with 'em. I was a special stenographer. It took a month to get 'em, but I did it. She is going with me to Japan when this is over—do you see? She wanted the package with the seals on it. She wanted to send 'em to Berlin that way—unbroken. I took it. It's in my bag now."

"That's good!" said the old man. "I hate to search a guest's baggage, son. It ain't polite. And so now we're all here on Spongecake—you and I and the papers—and the cleverest woman in the world is comin'. Tell some more."

"I was to meet her in Havana; but the package was missed and she telegraphed me in New York not to take the steamer. I came down to Jacksonville and there I found that a fellow was on my trail. He was waiting to see who I was going to meet. I couldn't shake him. It's a nasty feeling. Finally there was two of 'em. I cabled to her in our code. Oh, she is resourceful! She told me not to try to take a steamer. She told me she would meet me here. She described the limestone rock. She said to slip away from the mainland in a sail boat. 'I love you!' she said in that message."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Pindar.

"Dead Men's Fingers! So That's Her!"

There was another struggle in the sack. "Don't talk like that!" roared Wharton angrily. "I'd bet my life on her!"

"Umph!" Rowe grunted. "You'd stand a better chance playin' *bolito*."

For several minutes the two sat in the bath of moonlight silently. The old man's pipe wheezed, gurgled and whistled as he drew upon the first of a new moist supply of tobacco. The air was still again; they could hear the lapping of the tide on the piles of the wharf. Pindar arose finally. The time had slid by. It was after ten. He washed the dishes, opened the stranger's bag, took out the precious package and went into the house with it. From time to time he poked his head out the door to take observations.

"What are you going to do with me?" said the captive.

"I'm goin' to see about you," replied the old man. "If the cleverest woman in the world comes we're goin' to play some little amateur theatricals—as they call 'em—right here on Spongecake."

He came out of the shanty, wiped his spectacles and then stared up at the moon as though he had never before seen it creeping across the sky. The man with the sack over his head could not see that Pindar's bronzed and corded neck was bent, as if he were listening with his best ear.

"Engine is runnin' smooth," said the old man finally.

"What engine?"

"Engine on some boat."

"Olga!" cried the prisoner. "She is coming. Do you see her?"

"Umph! I see a launch without lights. They've just headed up from Hawk Channel." He reached up, took down the lantern and blew it out.

The approaching craft was worming its way among the moonlit sandstreaks. Pindar, going into the shanty, returned with the sealed package. "It's a nice night," he said; "and she's got two men for a crew."

He watched the craft as she came in. The engine stopped suddenly and the launch slid in to the little pier. The woman was there. She sprang up gracefully. Old Rowe could see her fine figure as she stood there, hesitating.

"She's ashore," said he. "Call to her."

"You're going to catch her too!" gasped Wharton, as if he had suddenly discovered a hidden motive.

"No, I ain't. Don't be a fool. Call her."

"Olga!" cried the young man.

"Ah, my Albert!" her silvery voice answered. "Come to me, boy. Come!" She ran up the incline. "You are in the shadow. See! I am running to meet you. You are hiding, bad boy."

Suddenly, when she was twelve feet away, Pindar struck a match.

"Who are you?" she screamed.

"Look a little closer," said the old man. "I shaved so's you wouldn't fail to recognize me. Seven years ago you sailed with me from Tampa to the South Coast with a cargo of guns."

"Pindar Rowe!" cried the woman. "How you frightened me!"

"And to save your own game you gave information to the customs officer which nearly put me into the worst box I ever didn't expect."

"Ah!" said she and shrank back.

"Don't be afeered. Bygones is bygones. I just remember you as the cleverest woman I ever saw—and one of the prettiest, ma'am."

"Olga!" the young man cried.

(Concluded on Page 31)

"We Will Settle This Little Question of Cleverness; You've Sneered at Me Enough"

A REPUBLIC OF CONSUMERS

How Coöperation is Revolutionizing British Industry

By WALTER E. WEYL

THERE are two coöperative wholesale societies in Great Britain—the English wholesale and the Scottish wholesale. These two wholesales bring together some fourteen hundred retail cooperative societies and cater to the wants of their two and a half million members. In all, eight million people—men, women and children are united through these wholesale coöperative stores in one great republic of consumers.

These eight million people eat and drink and wear things that are bought at retail from the retail coöperative stores and at wholesale from the wholesale coöperative stores. All the profit, or gain, or saving from all this retail and wholesale selling returns to the eight million consumers who eat and drink and wear.

This great coöperative system is almost incomprehensible in its immensity. In the whole world of buying and selling it stands unique and incomparable. Wholesale and retail, the annual business aggregates over five hundred million dollars. Wholesale and retail, the sales of the last forty years have totaled over ten thousand million dollars.

Psychologically the system is even more wonderful. These organized consumers of Britain—and it is the poor, not the rich, who are coöperators—have had the intelligence, integrity and solidarity to carry on among themselves and for themselves, without the aid of merchant princes, a business of ten thousand millions. Without the aid of financiers or promoters these millions of ordinary men and women have shrewdly invested in their own enterprise two hundred million dollars of their own savings. Without the aid of captains of industry or of business engineers they have engaged and paid each week an industrial army of over one hundred thousand employees. Without strikes, without bankruptcies, without serious losses, these two and a half million cooperators have conducted their business.

The Employees of Longsight Works, Manchester, in 1908

In studying the coöperative stores of Great Britain and Ireland I began at the bottom—with the retail society. The retail is the base of the cooperative pyramid. The wholesale is the apex. The principle of the retail store is important but simple. A number of consumers living in the same city or neighborhood unite to make their daily purchases. They buy their sugar, tea, bread and other commodities wholesale. They retail these commodities to themselves individually at ordinary retail prices. They may buy ten thousand pounds of tea at thirty cents a pound and sell it to themselves in quarter-pound packages at the regular retail price of thirty-six cents a pound. The store being run economically, there arises a surplus. This surplus of the retail store is distributed among members in dividends in proportion to the purchases of each. It is a method that insures that all profits go to the consumer. It is the primary principle of the cooperative store.

What an Army of Coöperators Can Accomplish

THE secondary principle is that the store's capital is furnished by the consumers. The capital of the store consists of five-dollar shares upon which a fixed rate of interest is paid. No member may buy more than two hundred shares, and no member has more than one vote or less than one vote, for each member must acquire one share. The store employees are usually members and customers, so that the man with the white apron who sells you a pound of potatoes—in England they sell potatoes by the pound—receives not only his wages but also a dividend on his share or shares, as well as a dividend upon the goods that he and his wife buy at the store. All members are customers and most all customers are members. The principle of the store is that the consumer rules.

Wherever I went in England I found these retails flourishing. Some are very small. A few have less than fifty members and one or two less than twenty members. Many societies have thousands of members. A retail in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich has twenty thousand and another at Leeds has almost fifty thousand. Almost all retails, moreover—the small as well as the large—are making progress. The majority of them declare dividends of from ten to fifteen per cent; a few declare eighteen per cent and even twenty per cent. And these dividends are declared not on capital but on purchases. All over England I found people making money by buying first-class goods at ordinary prices.

I understood the retail society easily enough. I could see the people coming into the store and buying their goods. I could see them take a receipt for their purchases, and at the end of the quarter I could see them again coming to the store, receipts in hand, to obtain their quarterly dividend. Once the principle was grasped the methods of the retail were obvious.

The wholesale, on the other hand, was at first puzzling. It was too big to be seen. I had spent a long afternoon in the vast London warehouses of the English coöperative wholesale society. I had been impressed—even somewhat oppressed—by the hugeness of those smoke-stained buildings, towering like a brick-and-mortar mountain over the low, sullen dwellings of the East End. I had been conducted through interminable board rooms, conference rooms, kitchens, dining rooms and general offices. I had wandered through a vast furnishing department and through the ironmongery, carpet, millinery, stationery, boot and shoe, and a score of other departments, each bursting with a bewildering variety of goods which I vainly sought to remember.

I had clambered up a monumental stone staircase to a weary sixth or seventh floor, and had descended to earth through the courtesy of a deliberate and truly British "lift."

Then I had been led into another gigantic building in which thousands of cases of tea from India and Ceylon, dumped into huge hoppers, were mixed and sorted. I had seen wonderful machines weigh this tea and pack it into little cartons which were simultaneously made and packed and labeled by the same machine. I had followed the tea, of which thousands of tons were received, from the room in which the tasters delicately sampled it in miniature cups to the basement, in which stalwart shipping clerks nailed up the boxes.

I had been told of the coöperative clothing factory in London and of the bacon department, in which thousands of sides of bacon were perpetually roasting. Even then, overweighted as I was with the sheer immensity of it all, I was informed that London was but a fraction of a fraction of the plant of the society; that there were other factories and other warehouses in Manchester, in Bristol, in Cardiff, in Newcastle. It was difficult to grasp the full magnitude of this Coöperative Wholesale Society, Limited.

If you wish fully to grasp the size of the English coöperative wholesale you must possess a statistical mind and have the time and the willingness to make many journeys. The bigness of the huge blocks of coöperative buildings in London is littleness compared to the vast, complex offices, warehouses, halls, factories and wharves in Manchester. When you have seen Manchester you have not seen all. You have not seen all when you have visited Newcastle and viewed its factories and its great warehouses on the quay. In a dozen cities there are other towering warehouses and salesrooms.

In other towns there are boot and shoe works, weaving sheds, flannel factories, woolen-cloth factories, preserve and marmalade works, pickle and sauce factories, soap-works, candle and glycerin works, oil and tallow factories, brush and mat works, clothing factories, bacon factories, flour mills, hosiery factories, hide and skin factories, corset factories, lard refineries, ironworks, tinplate works, tobacco factories, and so on.

After you have seen these you have not grasped the whole. You must visit the wholesale's buyers in the United States, in Canada, in Spain, in Denmark, in Sweden. You must go with the millinery buyer to Paris and with the fruit buyer to Greece. You must visit the Irish depots in Limerick and Armagh, the Danish depot at Esbjerg and the Spanish depot at Denia. You must board the little steamers of the coöperative society. You must go out to Ceylon where, at Weliganga, the coolies are at work on the tea estate of the coöperative wholesale. When that is done you have still to make the acquaintance of the Scottish wholesale. It is a vast plant, owned and operated by two wholesale societies, representing fourteen hundred and thirty-nine retail societies, representing, in turn, two and a half million British subjects, united as consumers. No wonder the Coöperative Wholesale Society, Limited, is somewhat artlessly pretentious in its title. Here, among other things, is what it officially claims to be:

"Wholesale general dealers; manufacturers; bankers; millers; printers; bookbinders; boxmakers; lithographers, shipowners; butter factors; lard refiners; bacon curers; fruit growers; dry-salters; spice grinders; saddlers; curriers; iron founders and tinplate workers; tea growers; blenders; packers and importers; dealers in groceries and provisions, drapery, woolens, ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, brushes, crockery, carpets, furniture, coal," and so forth. Also "Manufacturers of flour, butter, biscuits, sweets, preserves, pickles, candied peel, cocoa, chocolate, tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, snuff, soap, candles, glycerin, starch, boots and shoes, saddlery, woolens, clothing, flannels, shirts, mantles, underclothing, corsets, millinery, hosiery, silesias, pants, ladies' underwear, cardigans, furniture, brushes, general hardware, bedsteads, wire mattresses, mats," and so forth.

The Owners of the Wholesale

TO THE anatomist the elephant is as simple as the ant; and, once you become accustomed to the mere size of the wholesale, you find that it is not difficult to analyze. The wholesale store is the coöperative arch of which the retails are individual stones. It is a federation of which the retails are the federated units. The wholesale coöperative society is a device for carrying coöperative purchase one step forward.

At bottom the principle of the wholesale is the principle of the retail, except that members of the retail are men and women, while members of the wholesale are the retails. It is a union of retails. Eleven hundred and sixty-three retails are federated in the English wholesale and two hundred and seventy-six retails are federated in the Scottish wholesale. As the retail saves the consumer the profits of retailing, so the wholesale saves the retails the profits of wholesaling. In the retail each consumer buys with thousands of other consumers back of him. In the wholesale each consumer buys with millions of consumers behind him.

The retail societies own the wholesale. Each retail, in proportion to its own members, contributes to the share capital of the wholesale and receives a fixed dividend upon that capital. The Bolton retail, with thirty-six thousand members, will take more shares in the wholesale than will Macclesfield, with five thousand members, and will receive a larger dividend on this capital. The chief dividend, however, as in the case of the retail society, goes to the purchaser. If the wholesale sells ten times as much to the Huddersfield retail as to the Scarborough retail, then its dividend to Huddersfield will be ten times as large as its dividend to Scarborough.

As I lounged through the great furnishing departments of the English wholesale in London I saw a superlatively

newly-wed couple in deep converse with one of the clerks. The groom was pricing a highly varnished furniture set and the red-cheeked and very self-conscious bride was visibly transferring in her mind all this embarrassment of furniture to a newly rented cottage in a little manufacturing town on the Thames. I soon discovered that, though the groom and bride might pick out their special furniture and have it shipped directly to their very door, still the order had to come from their retail society, which, in turn, sold the goods to the bride and groom. John Doe and Jane Roe, though coöperators in good standing, may not buy directly from the wholesale, because the wholesale sells only to retails.

Nevertheless, all profits, of wholesale and retail alike, filter down eventually to the great silent army of two and a half million coöperators. Last year the English wholesale made a profit of two and a half per cent on its business. If, during the year, John Doe's retail bought a million dollars' worth of goods from the wholesale, then its dividend of two and a half per cent would amount to twenty-five thousand dollars. When the retail declared its dividend to its own members this sum of twenty-five thousand dollars would be included in its own profits, and would be divided up among John Doe and Jane Roe and the other members of John Doe's retail in proportion to the purchases of each. Thus the profits of the wholesale come ultimately to the ultimate consumer.

How the Retails are Bound Together

The net profits of the two coöperative wholesales now amount to about four and a half million dollars. It is only a small part of the fifty-four millions that the retails annually distribute among members. The margin on wholesale trading is much smaller than in retail business.

The importance of the wholesale, however, is not to be measured by a mere four-and-a-half-million-dollar dividend, even though that is not to be despised. What the wholesale has done has been to create a feeling of common fellowship among all retail societies, large and small. It has given to each retail a sense of the power that comes from union.

Almost from the first it was recognized that some form of wholesale coöperative store was necessary. Some of the retails found it difficult to buy supplies. Jobbers and wholesalers were often threatened with the loss of their regular business unless they refused to sell to the obnoxious coöperators. Many of the retail managers—who were workmen fresh from the bench—knew little or nothing of the art of buying; and the wholesale, by bringing the retails together, was as much a school as a market. The managers of retail stores, meeting periodically for the government of the wholesale society, began to get a view of a wider situation. Moreover, the formation of a wholesale was a logical step in the direction of cooperative development. If consumers saved money by buying coöperatively why could not the retails—the associations of consumers—save money by buying at wholesale coöperatively?

The early attempts to start a wholesale coöperative department failed. At one time the Rochdale society opened up a wholesale department to supply its own needs and the needs of neighboring stores, but the sole result was suspicion and dissatisfaction. The coöperative stores did not wish to accord to Rochdale or to any other society a practical guardianship of the movement; and it was not until the year 1862 that English law made it possible to organize an independent society to unite all the retail coöperative stores.

It was in 1863, almost twenty years after the first retail coöperative store was opened at Rochdale, that the English wholesale society—then under a different name—was established. The beginnings were small. Forty-five societies made themselves responsible for thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of capital stock. The sales during the first year amounted to only nine thousand dollars a week.

The progress of the society was rapid. By 1868 the English wholesale did a business of two million dollars; by 1882 of twenty millions; by 1909 of one hundred and twenty-five millions. During the forty years ending December, 1910, the English wholesale did a business of over two thousand millions; while the Scottish wholesale, since it opened its doors in 1868, has done a business of six hundred and twenty-five million dollars.

The wholesales have been successful because they have been ably and democratically managed. They have sold first-class goods—made, on the whole, under fair conditions. Moreover, they have benefited by the loyalty and interested adherence of both managers and members of retail societies.

When a man who has always been poor is raised to the position of manager of a large retail, buying, let us say, half a million a year, he is immediately beset by temptation. It may not be the temptation of a direct bribe or even of a favor conferred upon himself or upon some relative. It may be the nod of a great man, the flattery of a facile salesman.

It may be even subtler; and yet the interests of the whole democracy of the store may be threatened. Now, however, that the retail manager buys from the C. W. S.—the cooperative wholesale society—everybody knows that he gets nothing. He is above suspicion. He is true to the coöperative principle. Even in his buying he earns a dividend for his members.

The tremendous success of the wholesale society, like the success of the retail coöperatives, has had the effect of demolishing a good many business superstitions. It has made us change our opinion with regard to the ability of consumers—and especially of working-men consumers—to unite, to agree, to stick, to elect proper leaders, to trust their leaders when elected, to take a large view and to abide by success or defeat.

When the first coöperative retail was opened it was freely predicted that the shop would soon close its doors. A hundred men could not run a store. What was everybody's business would be nobody's business. You could not change human nature.

It was not necessary to change human nature. It was found that, with a good working principle, each coöperator could be made interested in all. It was found that under coöperation every successful retail manager was not only willing but anxious to teach other managers the methods of his success. Instead of the secrecy and lack of coordination of small, competing British tradesmen, the coöperators opened their books to every one, both within and without the movement.

When the coöperative wholesales were started the same pessimistic predictions were heard. Workmen, it was now conceded, could run little shops—for, even before the advent of coöperation, the ex-mechanic or former servant was likely to become a greengrocer or tobacconist—but, it was contended, no working man or committee of working men could run huge wholesale stores doing a business of millions of dollars a year. It could not be done.

It was done. Capital was forthcoming. Patronage was forthcoming. Leadership was forthcoming. The wholesale cooperators, it is true, have produced no business geniuses no Stewart, Wanamaker or Marshall Field. For big business men they are too cautious. Perhaps they are not sufficiently speculative. Nevertheless, the wholesale managers, who are constantly under the fire of a searching criticism, have developed the qualities as well as the defects of the conservative banker or of the guardian of trust funds. They are content with a gain which, if moderate, is at least permanent; they are willing to build slowly toward a solid, steady success.

The success of coöperative wholesale trading having been established, the cooperative stores began to dream of new worlds to conquer. The original idea of the consumer was that he could not only sell to himself but produce for himself at his own risk and for his own profit. The coöperative stores, therefore, began to push out into the field of productive coöperation.

Productive cooperation is of two types: it may be carried on for the benefit either of the producer or of the consumer. Workmen may unite, borrow capital, sell their product at market prices and divide profits—or losses—among themselves. On the other hand, consumers may start a flour mill or a boot factory, pay the current rates for capital and labor, and distribute the profits either in lower prices or in dividends in proportion to sales. Both the wholesale and the retail societies have gone into the business of coöperative production. It is a new profit to the consumer. The consumer, having absorbed the profits of the retail and wholesale trader, reaches out for those of the manufacturer.

Let us take the shoe business. John Doe goes to his retail coöperative and buys his wife a pair of shoes, manufactured at the English wholesale boot and shoe works, at Leicester. In the first instance, John Doe pays the regular retail price; but at the end of the quarter, when he receives his dividend, he shares in three savings, all made on this pair of shoes. The ordinary retailer's profit, the wholesaler's profit and the manufacturer's profit all go to the coöperative society—and through it to John Doe. On a two-dollar pair of shoes there may be a profit of perhaps four cents in manufacturing, five cents in wholesaling and twenty cents in retailing—or of about twenty-nine cents altogether.

Production by coöperative stores is rapidly expanding. Already the coöperative wholesales are annually producing goods to the value of some forty million dollars; and the coöperative retails are producing an equal amount. Much of this production is in the preparation of food, especially the baking of bread, the milling of wheat and the slaughtering of cattle. The coöperative wholesales are also engaged in the textile industry—in tailoring, shirtmaking, dressmaking, millinery, boot-and-shoe manufacturing, in woodworking, in soap, candle and starch making, in printing and allied trades, in the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes, and in innumerable other productive enterprises.

Business for the Sake of Consumption

The coöperative store societies are lending money to their members to help them to buy houses; and they are even going into the business of building houses themselves. More and more the organized consumers are producing for themselves as well as selling to themselves.

It is because they have their own known demand to begin with that the great cooperative societies have been successful in production and so astoundingly successful in distribution. Almost without knowing it, the cooperative distributive society—the store—has reversed all the ordinary processes of trade.

In ordinary business, a manufacturer produces goods on a gamble. He makes a shrewd estimate of the probable demand and his profit or loss depends upon whether he has guessed well or badly. The wholesaler, in buying from the manufacturer, has to guess at the probable demand of the retailer; the retailer, in buying from the wholesaler, has to guess at the probable demand of the consumer. The guessing, on the whole, is well done; but it remains guessing. Our many business failures, our vast stocks of almost useless misfits, our frequent production of things for which there is no real demand, commonly result from a failure to guess correctly at some point.

The coöperators do not have to guess. They start with their own known demand and they organize their own stores to meet this known demand. When they are selling to themselves a few tens of millions annually they organize great wholesale coöperatives to meet the known demand of their own retail stores. If they start a boot factory it is to supply themselves. They know exactly how many thousands of shoes they can use each week before even the plans of the factory are put on paper. The tremendous advantage of the coöperative over the competitive store lies in this known demand. It is business for the sake of consumption. It is a business in which there is no serious risk of being overstocked or of losing your custom. The coöperator has his customers before he has his goods. He starts with a demand; whereas the private business man has to start with a supply.

The Wrapping Room of the Jam Works, Middletown

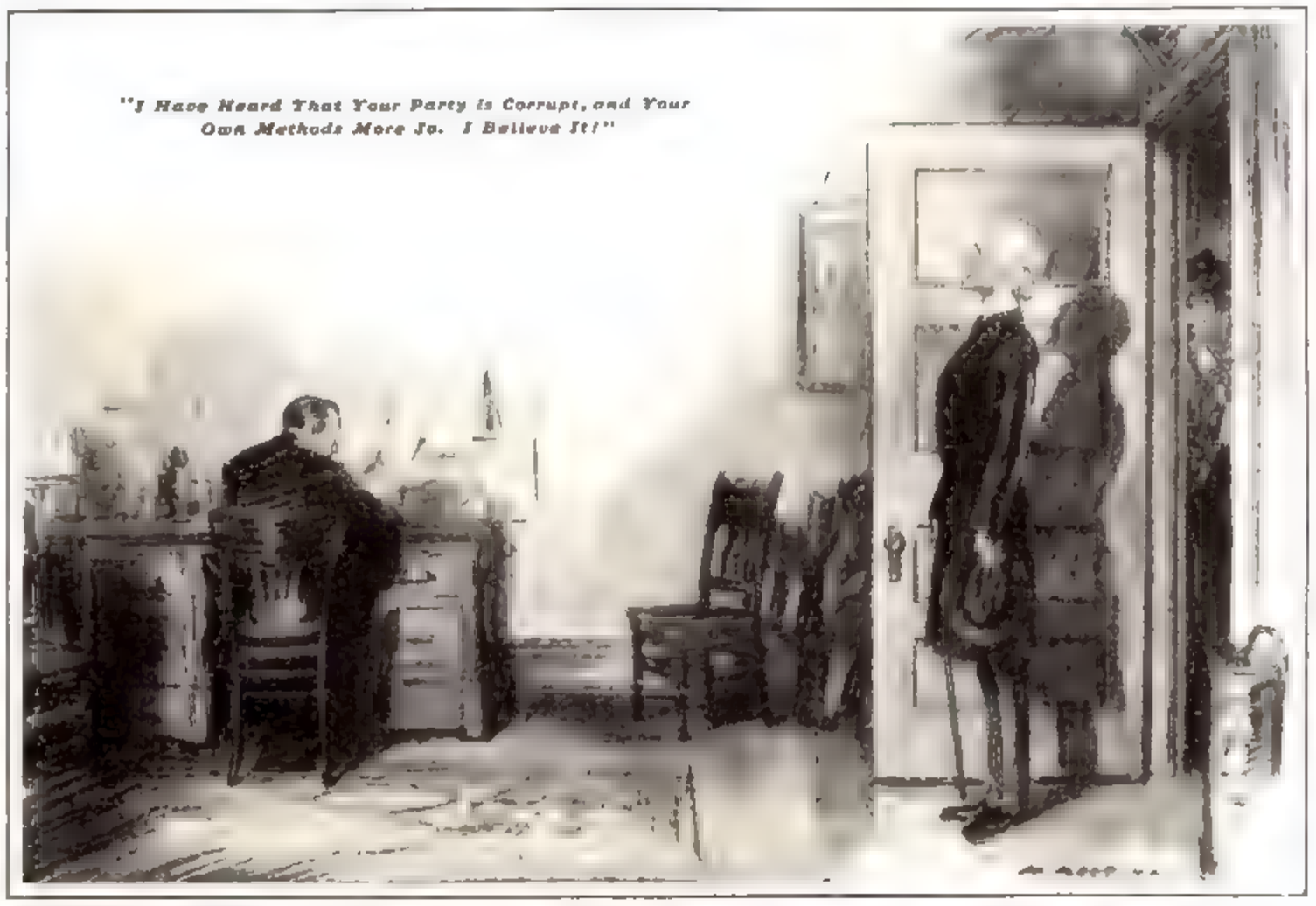
(Concluded on Page 42)

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

VI

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"I Have Heard That Your Party Is Corrupt, and Your Own Methods More So. I Believe It!"

PROMPTLY at eleven-thirty the next morning the Colonel introduced the charming Mrs. Blossom to the boss of the city, and immediately resumed his voluntary place in oblivion.

Mrs. Blossom began by gazing at the boss studiously, she continued by smiling bewitchingly upon him, and she ended by secretly worrying beneath that smile. Her errand was over before she began it!

"Have you heard about the City Beautiful movement?" she inquired, feeling that somehow she was not so engaging as usual, but beginning her campaign bravely, nevertheless, and with an assault.

"I read the papers," he informed her, smiling as pleasantly as that heavy jaw would permit.

"Then you know all about it," she admitted, in a tone suggestive, somehow, of the most subtle flattery. "The papers have explained everything very fully, and are most enthusiastic supporters of the cause. They were even splendidly nice to Mr. Quillery, although one of the papers had a tremendously funny misprint and called him Lucy. His name is really Lucian, so one can easily see how the mistake came about; but wasn't it absurd?"

She laughed with childlike glee, her high notes as clear and sweet as those of a silver flute, and Mr. Fleecer answered her with a grin that she had scarcely hoped to win from him with so infantile an absurdity. She felt that they were getting on a bit better.

"I am so glad," she resumed, "that the newspapers all favor making the city pretty, because they mould public opinion, or voice it, or something like that, and have a great deal of influence, politically and otherwise; don't they?"

Mr. Fleecer glanced at her a trifle more searchingly than he had heretofore done. She was so very charming that he had not expected to find a serious intent in her. She probably did not know what she was saying, however.

"They think that they run things," he acknowledged dryly, "but their main hold is in telling about things afterward."

"I see," she mused, her round eyes resting quietly upon him.

They annoyed him. He could usually look into a man's eyes and tell what that man thought or was about to think; but these, while they seemed full enough of expression, told him positively nothing. The only hypothesis fitting within his experience was that she was not thinking at all, and he contented himself with that idea.

"One could be successful in politics or—or anything in the very face of newspaper opinion, I guess; couldn't they? Isn't that what you mean?"

"That's the only way they ever do it," he assured her, smiling at the Colonel for sympathetic understanding.

The Colonel smiled courteously; he even bowed; but his eyes remained totally unresponsive.

"I guess success comes just to people who go right ahead and do things that they want to do, whether anybody else wants them to do them or not," she concluded with apparent vagueness; but again Mr. Fleecer gave her that quick, frowning glance. She was unusually irritating for an attractive woman. "Are you in favor of the City Beautiful movement?"

"By all means," he heartily responded. "It's a great idea and it would do more to make the city talked about than anything I can think of. If you'll give me your list I'll put my name down as a member."

"Isn't that perfectly splendid of him, Colonel!" Mrs. Blossom delightedly exclaimed, opening her handbag with alacrity, but keeping her round eyes disconcertingly upon the gentleman, nevertheless. "I was afraid that I might have to argue and even plead with you, Mr. Fleecer, to join the City Beautiful Association, and it was so nice of you to volunteer. Wasn't it, Colonel?"

"Quite natural, I think, my dear," said the Colonel, bowing and smiling to Mr. Fleecer to make him a party to the compliment.

"The national membership will be ten dollars and the local membership five," Mrs. Blossom briskly informed him, placing the membership application before him. "I have been out securing the merchants yesterday and today. Nearly all of them are very fond of the movement. All the exclusive shops came in immediately, and I was surprised to find that they already do not care for billboards at all; in fact, very few of them use them; but I think it such an advantage to have the exclusive shops heading the mercantile list. Their names are so influential, don't you think?"

"No doubt of it," he easily agreed, laying fifteen dollars upon the signed application list. "I guess they'd take a fifteen-dollar membership in anything you suggested. I know I would."

"Very few people, either gentlemen or ladies, can resist Mrs. Blossom," interpolated the Colonel proudly.

"You are both of you so nice to me," cooed Mrs. Blossom. "It will be quite a feather in my cap to have secured your name, Mr. Fleecer. The ladies will be so proud of me, because they know that you can help us so much."

"I'll do everything I can for you," promised Mr. Fleecer promptly.

"I might just as well have written you a letter," prettily pouted Mrs. Blossom, resting her round eyes successively upon every muscle of his face. "You are making everything so easy for me that I can't pride myself much upon personal achievement. You don't know what you are promising, though. The ladies of the association will expect a great deal from you. They want you to pass at least three city laws: one for the beautifying of vacant property, one for turning the curbstrips into park spaces, and one ordering the removal of all the billboards in the city. There may be others, but these three are the most important; and the billboard one ought to be passed now."

"You'll have to see the members of the City Council about that," returned Mr. Fleecer with no hesitation whatsoever. "I hold no office, you see, and have no more voice in an aldermen's meeting than you have."

"Oh, I thought you had," declared Mrs. Blossom, still unperturbed. "You can go and tell somebody to do it, though, can't you?"

He laughed very light-heartedly indeed.

"That's all newspaper talk," he said. "I couldn't influence the ordinances you suggest. The only way for you to do is to go to the aldermen yourself, as I said at first, or to send some one to them for you."

"That's what I wanted you to do," immediately returned Mrs. Blossom.

"I couldn't possibly do it, Mrs. Blossom," stated Mr. Fleecer gently but firmly. "I should be jeopardizing party interests by such an action, and I have no right to do that. The party comes first, as Mr. Blossom will readily understand."

"That's quite true," agreed the Colonel, though with some reluctance. "I have voted the same ticket all my life, and I always shall. If I am to understand that this movement is to be made a party issue, however, I shall, if necessary, enter politics myself."

Mr. Fleecer gave that proposition serious consideration.

"You'd make splendid material, Colonel," he admiringly admitted. "If you were in my party, with your clean record, I could do a lot with you. I'd never stop until I had you at the head of a ticket, either city or state; but you wouldn't like it."

"I should not consider my personal feelings," replied the Colonel with Spartan determination. "Mrs. Blossom wants the billboards of this city removed, and if your party will not do it, and if my party will pledge itself to do so, I shall drop all my other interests and aid my party. The billboards must be removed."

Mrs. Blossom had now turned her round-eyed survey from Mr. Fleecer to her husband.

"When is the next election?" she asked.

"Ten weeks from today," Mr. Fleecer answered, also surveying the Colonel thoughtfully.

"How interesting politics must be," pronounced Mrs. Blossom. "I suppose all these little things, such as this billboard law, must be taken into account, like deciding whom not to invite to a dinner and why? I suppose Mr. Renly Roberts is of great value to your party?"

Whatever hesitation Mr. Fleecer may have felt he did not display.

"Mr. Roberts has been a very active worker," he noncommittally admitted.

"I judged so from what he said when I saw him the other day."

Mr. Fleecer stared at her for a moment, and then he chuckled. The woman had no brains after all. He was pleased to make sure of it.

"You didn't go to Roberts to interest him in this movement?" he demanded incredulously.

"Naturally I did," she assured him; and he could feel the toss of the head that he could not see. "I understood him to be the most public-spirited citizen we have, and a man who liked to see his name at the head of every city improvement; but he would not join the City Beautiful movement."

"He wouldn't!" exclaimed Mr. Fleecer in well simulated surprise, and now he understood why Roberts had been trying to see him for the past two or three days. "What did he say?"

Mrs. Blossom very readily obliged.

"He called the City Beautiful movement a function, and he said that his affairs were under your protection," she sweetly stated; and she confined her report to that one sentence, feeling well repaid by the infinitesimal trace of a contraction in Mr. Fleecer's brow.

"I own stock in Mr. Roberts' companies," he confessed; "but I would not allow that to interfere."

"What would you allow to interfere?" she asked him.

"Party welfare," he gravely told her, taking refuge in that most serviceable excuse.

"Then you really refuse," said Mrs. Blossom, rising. "Do you know, Mr. Fleecer, I was sure that you would not help us when I first came in?" and she laughed cheerfully to show him that she bore no malice. Her round eyes rested upon him in friendly regard, her round cheeks were enticingly dimpled, her round mouth bore not even a trace of a pout; and yet Mr. Fleecer had an impression that if he hung over the flaming abyss by a single thread he would much rather she had no shears.

"I'm sure you'll be able to carry through your purposes even without my active coöperation," he consoled her.

"Yes, I think I shall," she agreed. "I must. Would you mind giving me the names of your aldermen?"

"Not at all," he politely returned, and provided her with a city letterhead containing the names of the City Council.

"Thank you," she acknowledged in her softest intonations. "I can't tell you what a treat this visit has been to me. It has taught me so much that I did not know about politics. I never had anything to do, before, with politics; but it seems so fascinating that I am sure I should like it."

"There's room for all of us," Mr. Fleecer told her. "If there's anything else you ever want, Mrs. Blossom, do not hesitate to come to me merely because I could not find a way to help you this time."

"Thank you so much. Good day"; and Mrs. Blossom left as graciously as she had come.

"I bid you good day, sir," said the Colonel stiffly, and followed her. Just outside the door he paused. "Pardon me a moment, my dear," he begged. "I wish to say a word to Mr. Fleecer," and he returned to the room. "Sir," he declared, standing rigidly erect, "I have heard that your party is corrupt, and your own methods more so. I believe it!"

"All right," consented Fleecer cheerfully. "Go as far as you like."

VII

JIM FLEECER found a lot of business awaiting him when he returned to his real-estate office. The bare, dingy room was infested by several men who sat in a patient row, along the wall nearest to the door and farthest from the desk, on paintless, splintered and whittled old park benches which were screwed to the floor. Fleecer, who had risen to his present position of eminence by a rare combination of both brain and brawn, looked over his collection of callers as one might catalogue a set of specimens too familiar for detailed examination; then he promptly proceeded to cull them out.

"Hello, boys!" he said cordially. "McGrath, there's nothing doing in your case. I won't interfere."

A red-headed Irishman, with a riot of orange freckles and a curious expression of despondent weariness, arose and approached the boss diffidently.

"I don't believe you've heard my Danny's side of the story, sir," he urged, holding his shapeless soft hat in both hands. There was dried gray mud upon his hat and his coat and his trousers and his shoes, and his big red hands seemed to be all knuckles.

"I Seldom Try to Influence Mr. Fleecer," She Answered With a Smile

"I heard both sides," returned Fleecer. "Your boy got just what he deserved, sixty days, and he'll have to serve it out. More than that, your ward captain wouldn't interfere in the case and I won't go over Deming's head. I only promised to look into it in the first place because you were a good worker when I was running that ward myself."

"I don't know what we'll do," despaired McGrath in a lower tone. "My leg won't heal up so I can work, and Danny was a good boy about his wages."

Fleecer frowned and looked out of the window a moment.

"Oh, well," he said with a sigh, "go to Tom McManus and tell him that I said for him to give you a job where you can sit down. Brown, I'll have good news for you on that County Building appointment next week. Come in and see me on Monday morning."

A dapper young man got up from the bench with a smile and thanked him, and followed McGrath out of the door.

"Mr. Duncan, I am sorry that young Raleigh seems a better man for your place. He's a younger and a better hustler, and he's shown in three elections that he can swing a whole precinct."

Mr. Duncan, a tall and slender old man with a stoop in his shoulders and a face as colorless as his hair, took that blow standing and smiling.

"All right, Chief," he replied, with a pitiable attempt at jauntiness. "I guess I'm due for the discard anyhow." He stepped forward and held out his hand. "No hard feelings," he went on, still with that careless air. "We all have to go sooner or later."

"I've another job for you," offered Fleecer gruffly. "A third less money, but it's shorter hours and easier work. Do you want it?"

"Does a duck love water?" inquired the old man, setting his hat rakishly to one side. "I'm much obliged, Chief," and he tried to go out of the door with his old-time nonchalance; but suddenly a sob burst from him. He tottered and sank to a chair, and cried his thankfulness.

Fleecer looked at him and frowned; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he turned and walked over to the bench in the corner, where he steadfastly regarded a brawny, well-dressed chap who looked to be all iron-hard bones and iron-hard muscles. "Well, Sayers, you've come back again," he finally observed.

Sayers arose and, though he stood slouchily and with limply hanging arms, was fully half a head taller than Fleecer.

"Sure; I said I would," he sullenly answered.

That enormous jaw of Fleecer's protruded, and his eyes took on a wicked look.

"Come over here a minute," he invited, and stepped nearer the front of the room.

The big fellow lumbered over toward him with an ugly grin upon his face and, as soon as he came near enough, Fleecer, without a word of warning, knocked him down. The fellow's chief expression was one of incredulous surprise as he sat up on the floor and surveyed his assailant.

"What'd you do that for?" he wanted to know, with the pained wonder of a child.

"Because I want you to tell that bunch down at Kennedy's that I mean it when I say not to bother me any more," replied Fleecer with a grim smile. "If you come up here again I'll beat your head off. Do you think I mean it?"

Sayers grinned.

"Uh -huh," he acknowledged. "I won't come any more," and he left the room.

Fleecer foregathered with the three gentlemen who yet remained—very well-dressed gentlemen who looked like men of affairs and the little group chatted amiably for a few minutes. Then Fleecer took one of the trio, a stubby gray man with a stubby gray mustache, over to his desk, and they talked in low tones for five minutes. In that five minutes Fleecer arranged for a city paving contract that was to net him and his followers half a million dollars.

He talked with another man for five minutes in low tones, and arranged for a successor to State Senator Sommers, dictating the citizens' choice as if they had but one voice, and that voice his.

"Now, Renly, what can I do for you?" he asked of his sole remaining caller.

Mr. Roberts smiled at him with every wrinkle in his countenance.

"To begin with, you may arrange a loan for the Union Billboard Company over at the Esplanade National."

"How much?" inquired Fleecer, frowning.

"Five thousand."

Fleecer considered that matter motionlessly for what seemed to Roberts an age.

"Why is the Billboard Company always needing loans?" he wanted to know.

"Extension of the business," replied Roberts. "The purchase of the two concerns in Millville and in Littleford last winter cramped us. We paid off some loans and we're building a number of new boards."

"It's my impression that no business should extend itself faster than its earnings will permit," advised Fleecer quietly. "You must arrange to finance the company better, and must also arrange not to ask for any further loans until this City Beautiful movement has flattened out."

Roberts smiled.

"I've had a pleasant day 'over that City Beautiful movement," he declared. "I'm not afraid of it."

"The banks that hold your paper are," insisted Fleecer. "Bankers are the first people in the world to get scared about anything, and the last to come out of the cyclone cellar."

"Then the fool proposition has already hurt me," commented Roberts impatiently. "I had a grand laugh when Mrs. Blossom had the nerve to ask me to give up my

"If You Come Up Here Again I'll Beat Your Head Off"

business to help along her high art scheme, but I wish I had that laugh back. Depreciating a man's commercial paper is hitting him where he lives. Why couldn't the Colonel keep his wife at home?"

"You're not married, are you, Roberts?" remarked Fleecer dryly. "By the way, why did you tell Mrs. Blossom that your personal affairs were under my protection?"

"Did she come to see you?" asked Roberts. "Of course she did, though. She's the limit!" and he laughed again as he remembered her naïve demands upon him.

"I asked you why you told her that your personal affairs were under my protection?" repeated Fleecer.

Roberts turned grave in an instant.

"I thought that was the best way to scare her out of the fad," he said in defense.

"No man at your age is a competent judge of human affairs unless he has been married," Fleecer soberly informed him. "If you had been, you would know that the timid, shrinking creatures we call women can't be scared out of anything. They're like the panthers I hunted in the Rockies. You shoot a gun, and they jump twenty feet and run a mile; then they come back to see what scared them, and if you go to sleep they'll get you. I don't like to have my name used in that way."

Mr. Roberts permitted himself the indulgence of offended dignity.

"I am sorry," he stated solemnly; "but I had thought, after all the services I had rendered you and the party and the city, and after all the close political intimacy which there had been between us, that I had a right to claim your protection in an emergency."

"You get your badge," promised Fleecer wearily. "You have joined the inner circle of the uniformed rank of the Society of Fleecer Makers. The badge of that order, Roberts, is a broad-soled toe, and the password is 'Goodby.'"

VIII

OF THE twelve City Fathers whom a wise and cautious majority of voters had selected to handle, disperse and apportion the public funds, and to become responsible for the city's physical and moral welfare, one was a coaldealer who enjoyed the city's coal contracts; one was a hay, grain and feed dealer who fed the city's livestock; one was a silent partner in the firm that built the city's handsome edifices; one was an extensive proprietor of brothels and dancehalls; three, being regular politicians, had no visible means of support, and the balance were saloonkeepers.

Since the coaldealer was the same one who supplied the Blossom establishment, the Colonel and his wife, in the pursuance of what the former felt to be a forlorn hope, drove to the office of the coaldealing councilman. He was a broad-shouldered man in a wide-brimmed hat, and he wore a yellow cigar, which wobbled downward when he talked and angled stiffly upward when he was silent. He slouched comfortably out to the curb as soon as the carriage stopped, smiled when he recognized his steady customer, and disturbed his hat when he saw the lady.

"I'll have the balance of your coal up in a couple of weeks, Colonel," he immediately announced, his entire business existence at this period consisting of explanations as to why the coal supply for the winter could not be brought to the house in one blackening delivery.

"That's gratifying news," returned the Colonel forgivingly. "Have you heard of the City Beautiful movement, Mr. Burns?"

The face of Mr. Burns, which had worn the pleasant expression due to a prompt and liberal customer, underwent an immediate change.

"I read the papers," he guardedly replied.

"Then you must be very favorably impressed with the purposes of the City Beautiful Association," the Colonel decisively concluded.

"Everybody thinks so," hastily interposed Mrs. Blossom with pretty enthusiasm. "Mr. Fleecer has just become a member"; and she triumphantly displayed the magic name.

"It looks like a mighty good thing," Mr. Burns quickly admitted. "Did he promise to do anything?"

"Nothing except join the Association," confessed Mrs. Blossom cheerfully. "He can't afford, you know, for diplomatic reasons, publicly to influence the laws we want; but he was kind enough to direct me to see the aldermen in person, so I came immediately to you, first of all."

Mr. Burns put his hand reflectively upon the back of his neck.

"I'm glad you did," he returned with a sudden happy thought. "I'd like to become a member myself."

"That's fine!" approved Mrs. Blossom with heart-sinking delight. "The national membership costs you ten dollars and the local membership five. You may sign your name right there. Then the ladies expect you to help pass laws to sow grass seed and plant flowers in vacant property and upon the curbing strips, and tear down all the billboards. I have a beautiful idea for the vacant property. The local association will buy an enormous quantity of seed and furnish it to the property owners, and all these ugly vacant lots will be flaming with bright red field poppies all through the summer. Won't that be gorgeous?"

"It certainly will," Mr. Burns agreed, signing his name deliberately and handing her fifteen dollars. "Will two weeks Wednesday suit you for the coal, Mrs. Blossom?"

"Perfectly," she assured him. "You'll help us pass these laws, won't you, Mr. Burns?" and she seemed happily confident that he would.

"I will if I can," he evasively promised her.

"You can if you want to, can't you?" she persisted.

"I can tell better about that when the ordinances are introduced," he returned, looking up the street, and down the street, and at the Colonel, but never into the round eyes of Mrs. Blossom, pleasing as she undoubtedly was to look upon.

"How funny I didn't think of that!" she pondered. "Somebody does have to introduce these resolutions before the Council, don't they? Whom would you suggest?"

Mr. Burns received that question with much the same shock as that with which Renly Roberts had received her invitation to join the Association; but Mr. Burns was a better statesman than Mr. Roberts.

"You might see Mike McFarlan," he suggested, naming the only rabid anti-Fleecer saloonkeeper in the Council, and enjoying a huge mental grin. McFarlan, if he were given a contract to erect the Pearly Gates, would have left the party if he were not also awarded the job of repairing the Golden Streets. Moreover, any ordinance that McFarlan introduced was certain to have one vociferous vote. "I am quite sure that Mr. McFarlan would introduce the ordinances for you."

"I thank you so much," Mrs. Blossom said quite nicely. "And when he does introduce the laws—the ordinances, I mean—will you vote for them?"

The appeal in her voice was so effective that a positive promise almost popped off the end of Burns' tongue before he could stop it. Confound the meddlesome woman—why was she so magnetic!

"I'd have to hear the wording of the ordinances before I could promise," he informed her. "So much depends upon the wording of these things, you know."

"I can quite understand that," she replied. "I think the best way would be to get Mr. McFarlan to submit the wording to you before he introduces the ordinances. Don't you think so?"

When she had driven away, Burns congratulated himself upon having been most diplomatic, but at the time he was doing this Mrs. Blossom was saying to the Colonel:

"He's going right to Mr. Fleecer to find out what to do. I don't like that man."

"They're both alike," the Colonel told her, out of the depths of his authoritative knowledge.

"Oh my, no!" she objected. "There is no resemblance at all between the two men. I rather like Mr. Fleecer."

The Colonel stared at her.

"Why, the man was so coldly courteous to you that I came near to reprimanding him for it," he declared. "I went back specifically to tell him that I thought he and his party were as entirely corrupt as I had heard them to be."

She laughed and patted his hand.

"And what did Mr. Fleecer say to that?" she wanted to know. "I'll wager he told you that he didn't care what you thought."

"He did, practically," acknowledged the Colonel with rising indignation.

"What else could he say?" she inquired.

"Cordelia, it grieves me to hear you say that you like such a man," he stated, sitting so erectly that she winced in sympathy for his spinal column. "Are you aware that the man did positively nothing that you wished him to do?"

"Yes; but I like him anyhow. Isn't that funny?" and she gave herself very just credit for honesty.

"Very," admitted the Colonel dryly, and gave up the problem of Cordelia for the thousandth time.

She slipped her arm beneath his, and patted him softly upon the wrist until he felt better.

"I think we're upon the wrong track entirely," she observed after five minutes of thoughtful silence. "We'll go to see this Mr. McFarlan, but if he does not promise to accomplish all that the Association wants I'm going to quit."

"It may be just as well," agreed the Colonel, secretly pleased. "I have no actual wish to enter politics."

"Oh, I don't mean that I'm going to give up the movement," she hastily corrected him. "There's always some way to get anything you want. I only mean that I'll quit this way of trying to do it."

She relapsed into silence, and, though her smooth countenance showed no trace of it, was deeply thoughtful, until the Colonel left her in the parlors of a conveniently located hotel while he went out to fetch the proprietor of McFarlan's Buffet.

Mr. McFarlan was a maroon-faced gentleman with a fat neck, who bowed and bowed and smiled and smiled when he met Mrs. Blossom, and held her hand too long, and never removed his eyes from her; but he was most enthusiastic about the City Beautiful movement.

"It's the greatest blessing that ever came to the town," he emphatically announced, admiring Mrs. Blossom's dimpled chin. "You just leave it to me, Madam, and I'll see that you get everything you want."

"Thank you," returned Mrs. Blossom uncomfortably, resenting his pleased gaze.

"Your husband has been telling me about the ordinances you need," went on Mr. McFarlan, without a glance in the Colonel's direction, "and I'll have every one of them before the Council Tuesday night."

"Do you think that you can induce the rest of the aldermen to vote for them?" inquired the Colonel, moving so that he could be as nearly as possible within the range of McFarlan's eyes.

"Sure," asserted McFarlan, glancing at the interrupting party for the twentieth of a second. "If Mrs. Blossom will just drive around and see all the aldermen, she can have a majority for any measure she wants."

He smiled widely to emphasize this compliment. The Colonel waited for Mr. McFarlan to smile at him also, for approval of this flattering opinion, but Mr. McFarlan did nothing of the sort. His eyes were too agreeably engaged otherwise.

(Continued on Page 38)

"I Thought Politics Was a Smooth Game, But You Women Make it Look Like Tiddledywinks"

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

"By Jove! You Look Stunning!"

VII

QUIXTUS received his guests in the museum—a long room mainly furnished with specimen cases—the glass tops of which formed a double inclined plane, diagrams of geological formations and bookcases full of paleontological literature—a cold, inhuman, inhospitable place. The three looked more dilapidated than ever. Huckaby's straggling whiskers had grown deeper into his cheeks; Vandermeer's face had become foxier—Billiter's more pallid and puffy. No overcoats hung on the accustomed pegs, for the cessation of the eleemosynary deposits had led, among other misfortunes, to the pawning of these once indispensable articles of attire. They wore, therefore, the dismally apologetic appearance of the man who had no wedding garment. The only one of them who put on a simulated heartiness of address was Billiter. He thrust out a shaky hand:

"My dear Quixtus, how ——"

But the sight of his host's unwelcoming face chilled his enthusiasm. Quixtus bowed slightly and motioned them, with his grave courtesy, to comfortless seats. He commanded the situation. So might a scholar prince of the school of Machiavelli have received his chief poisoner, strangler and confidential abductor. They went down to dinner. It was not an hilarious meal. The conversation which used to flow now fell in spattering drops amid a dead silence.

"It's a fine day," said Quixtus.

"Very," said Huckaby.

"Finer than yesterday," said Vandermeer.

"It promises well for tomorrow," said Billiter.

"It always breaks its promise," said Quixtus.

"H'm!" said Huckaby.

They made up for the lacking feast of reason by material voracity. A microscopic uplifting of Spriggs the butler's eyebrows betokened wonder at their Gargantuan helpings. Vandermeer, sitting at the foot of the table opposite to Quixtus, bent his foxy face downward till the circumference of the plate became the horizon of his universe. Billiter ate with stolid cynicism; Huckaby, with a faint air of bravado. Once he said:

"I'm afraid, Quixtus, we got a bit merry the last time."

"It's to the memory of that," replied Quixtus, "that I owe the pleasure of your company tonight."

"I'm beastly sorry ——" began Billiter.

"Pray don't mention it," Quixtus interrupted blandly. "I hope the quails are to your liking."

"Fine!" said Vandermeer, without raising his eyes from his plate.

Once more reigned the spell of silence that oppressed even the three outcast men; but Quixtus, hardened by his fixed idea, felt curiously at his ease. He sat in his chair with the same sense of security and confidence that he had had before delivering his presidential address at the meeting of the Anthropological Society while the secretary went through the preliminary formal business. The preliminary business here was the meal. As soon, however, as the port had been sent round and Spriggs had retired, Quixtus addressed his guests.

"Gentlemen," said he, and met in turn the three pairs of questioning eyes, "you may wonder, perhaps, why I have invited you to dinner tonight; and why, you being thus invited, the meal has not been warmed by its accustomed glow of geniality. It is my duty and my pleasure now to tell you. Hitherto at these dinners we have—let us say—worn the comic mask. Beneath its rosy and smiling exterior we have dissimulated our own individual sentiments. We have been actors, without realizing it, in an oft-repeated comedy. Only on the occasion of our last meeting did we put aside the mask and show to each other what we were."

"I've already apologized," murmured Billiter, wincing at the memory.

"My dear fellow," said Quixtus, raising his long, thin hand, "that's the last thing I want you to do. In this world of fraud and deceit no man ought to regret having bared his soul honestly to the world. Now, gentlemen, I have not asked you here to insult you at my own table. I have gathered you around me because I need your counsel and your services, for which I hope adequately to remunerate you."

A quiver of animation passed over the three faces. "Remunerate" was a magic word—the master word of an incantation. It meant money; and money meant food and drink—especially alcoholic drink.

"I know I am speaking for my two friends," said Huckaby, "when I say that our hearts are always at your service."

"The heart," replied Quixtus, "is a physiological organ and a sentimental delusion. There are no hearts in that sense. You know as well as I do, my dear fellow, that there are no such things as love, affection, honor and loyalty in the world. Self-interest and self-indulgence are the guiding principles of conduct. Governed by a morbid and futile tradition, we refuse to regard the world in the malevolent light of day, but see it artificially through the hypocritical colored glasses of benevolence."

Huckaby and Vandermeer, who retained the rudiments of an intellect, looked at their once simple-minded and tender-hearted host in blank bewilderment. They hardly knew whether to wince under a highly educated gentleman's cutting irony or to accept these remarkable propositions as honest statements of opinion. But the ironical note was not perceptible. Quixtus spoke in the same gentle tone of assurance that he would have used when entering on a dissertation upon the dolichocephalic skulls in his collection, which had been found in a long barrow in Yorkshire. He was the master of a subject laying down incontrovertible facts. So Huckaby and Vandermeer, marveling greatly, stared at him out of speculative eyes.

Billiter, before whom the incautious decanter of port had halted, lost the drift of his host's philosophic utterances.

"The time has now come," continued Quixtus, relighting—unsophisticated soul!—the cigar that he had allowed to go out—"The time has now come for us four to be honest with one another. Up to a recent date I was a slave to this optical delusion of tradition; but things have happened to clear my eyes and to make me frankly confess myself no better than yourselves—an entirely unscrupulous man."

"Pray remember that I'm a sometime fellow ——" began Huckaby.

"I'm a gentleman of good family——" began Billiter, who had understood the last sentence.

"Yes, yes," replied Quixtus, interrupting them; "I know. That's why your assistance will be valuable. I need the counsels of men of breeding and education. I find from my reading that the vulgar criminal would be useless for my purpose. Now you all have trusted men who have failed you. So have I. You have felt the cowardly blows of fortune. So have I. You have no vestige of faith in your fellowman—you even believed me to be a party to my late partner's frauds—you can have, I say, no faith left in humanity. Neither have I. You are Ishmaels—your hand against every man. So am I. You would like to be revenged upon your fellow creatures. So should I. You have passed your lives in pursuing evil rather than good. You, in a word, are entirely unscrupulous. If you will acknowledge this we can proceed to business. If not we will part finally as soon as this agreeable evening is at an end. Gentlemen, what do you say?"

Billiter, looking upon the wine while it was red—there was not much left to show the color—laughed wheezily.

"I suppose we're wrong 'uns," said he. "At least, I am. I own up."

Vandermeer said bitterly: "When a man is hunted by poverty he can't run straight, for at the end of the straight path is death."

"And you, Huckaby?"

"I also have bolted into a drain or two in my time."

"Good," said Quixtus. "Now we understand one another."

"You may understand us," said Huckaby, tugging at his untidy beard; "but I'm hanged, drawn and quartered if we understand you!"

"I thought I had made myself particularly clear," said Quixtus.

"For my part," said Billiter, "I can't make out what you're getting at except to make us confess that we're wrong 'uns."

"Dear, dear!" said Quixtus.

"I can't understand it," said Vandermeer, looking intently at him across the table out of his little, sharp eyes. "I can't understand it, unless it is that you have some big scoop on and want us to come into it, so as to do the dirty work. If that's so I'm on—so long as it's safe; but I've steered clear of the law up to now and have no desire to run the risk of penal servitude."

"Oh, Lord, no!" cried Billiter, with a shiver.

Quixtus pressed the burning stump of his cigar against his plate and looked up with a smile.

"Please make your minds easy on that score. I have been reading criminology lately with considerable interest and I have gone through a volume or two of the Newgate Calendar; and the result of my reading is the conviction that crime is folly. It is a disease. It is also vulgar. Now, I have no desire to increase my personal possessions in any way; neither do I contemplate the commission of acts of violence against any person or the destruction of property. Anything, therefore, that comes within the category of crime may be dismissed from our consideration."

"Then, in the name of Gehenna," exclaimed Huckaby, "what is it that you want us to do?"

"It is very simple," said Quixtus. "I may plot out an attractive scheme of wickedness, but the circumstances of my early training have left me without the power to

"You Would Like to be Revenged Upon Your Fellow Creatures. So Should I"

execute it. I should like to be able to call on any one of you for guidance—perhaps practical assistance. I may want to see and hear of wickedness going on around me. I would count on you to gratify my curiosity. Lastly, not having an inventive mind—it being analytic rather than synthetic—I should welcome any suggestions that you might bring me."

"It's a rum go," said Billiter; "but I'm on, so long as there's money in it."

"There will be money in it," said Quixtus.

"Then I'm on too," said Vandermeer.

"You will find us, my dear Quixtus," said Huckaby, "your very devoted familiars—your Oliviers le Daim, your Eminences Grises, your *âmes damnées*. We'll be your ministering evil spirits, your genii from Eblis. It's a new occupation for a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, but it's not unalluring. And now, as Billiter has finished the decanter, may I take the liberty of asking for another bottle, so that Vandermeer and I can drink to the health of our chief?"

"With all the pleasure in life," said Quixtus.

. . . . . .

As soon as the three newly constituted evil genii were out of earshot of the house, they stopped on the pavement with one accord and burst into unseemly laughter.

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" cried Billiter.

"He's as mad as Bedlam!" said Vandermeer.

"A sort of inverted Knight of the Round Table," said Huckaby. "He yearns to ride abroad, committing human wrongs."

"Are we to call for orders every day like the butcher, the baker and the greengrocer?" said Billiter.

"He was so sane at first," said Vandermeer, "that I really thought he had some definite scoop in view. But it all turns out to be utter moonshine."

"If he doesn't want to thieve or murder or paint the town red," said Billiter, "what the blazes in the way of wickedness is left for him to do?"

"It's moonshine," repeated Vandermeer.

"If it wasn't," said Huckaby, "none of us would touch it. We can't take the matter seriously. We're just lending ourselves to a farce, that's all."

"Naturally," Billiter agreed. "We must humor him."

They walked on slowly, discussing the unprecedented situation. They were unanimous in the opinion that the poor gentleman had gone distraught. They had all noticed signs of his affliction on the last occasion of their dining at his table. If he had been in his right senses then he would surely not have behaved with such discourtesy. They agreed to forgive him for turning them out-of-doors.

"It's lucky for him," said Huckaby, "that he has three old friends like ourselves. He might have got into other hands; and then—Heaven help him! My only reason for falling in with his mood was in order to protect him from himself—and from sharks and bloodsuckers."

Billiter and Vandermeer declared that they, too, had acted only out of a sense of loyalty to their old and distracted friend. They protested so hard that their tongues clave to the roofs of their mouths and each acknowledged his thirst. They turned into the bar parlor of the first public house, where they called for whisky; and, each man having found a hat as good a substitute for the sacks of Joseph's brethren as an overcoat, they continued to call for whisky and to drink it until the tavern closed for the night. By that time they glowed with conscious virtue. Huckaby swore that he would permit no ruddy lobsters to dig their claws into "Quishtus'" sacred person.

"Here's poor, dear old chap's health, drunk in very last drop," cried Billiter, enthusiastically draining his last glass.

The tragedy of Quixtus' loss of reason reduced Vandermeer to tears. He was sorrowful in his cups. He, Vandermeer, had no one to love him; but Quixtus should never find himself in that desolate predicament, as he, Vandermeer, would love him like a friend, a brother—like a silver-haired maiden aunt.

"I've had a silver-haired maiden aunt myself," he wailed.

While Billiter comforted him Huckaby again warned them against ruddy lobsters. If they would swear to join him in a league to defend their patron and benefactor he would accept their comradeship. If they preferred to be ruddy lobsters he would wash his hands of them. They repudiated the crustacean suggestion. They were more Quixtus' friends than he. A quarrel nearly broke out, each claiming to be the most loyal and disinterested friend Quixtus ever had in his life. Finally they were reconciled and wrung each other warmly by the hand. The barman called closing time and pushed them gently into the street. They staggered deviously to their several garrets and went to bed, each certain that he had convinced the two others of his beauty and nobility of soul.

. . . . . .

Vandermeer was the first of the evil genii to be summoned. Quixtus laid before him the case of Tommy and the failure of his diabolical project. Vandermeer listened attentively. There was method, after all, in his patron's madness. He wished to do some hurt to his nephew for the sheer sake of evildoing. So far as the intention went, he was seriously trying to carry out his malevolent principles. It was not all moonshine. Vandermeer thought quickly. He was the craftiest of the three and that, perhaps, was why Quixtus had instinctively chosen him for the first adventure. He saw profit in humoring the misanthrope, though he smiled inwardly at the simplicity of his idea.

"There's nothing particularly diabolical in telling a young fellow with a brilliant career that you're going to cut him out of your will."

"Isn't there?" said Quixtus, with an air of disappointment. "What, then, would you suggest?"

"First," answered Vandermeer, "what do you think would be a fair price for a suggestion?" He regarded him with greedy eyes. "Would twenty pounds be out of the way?"

"I'll give you twenty pounds," said Quixtus.

Vandermeer drew in his breath quickly, as a man does who wins a bet at long odds.

"There are all sorts of things you can do. The obvious one would be to stop his allowance. But I take it you want something more artistic and subtle. Wait—let me think ——" He covered his eyes with his hand for a moment. "Look. How will this do? It strikes me as infernally wicked. You say he is devoted to his art. Well, make him give it up ——"

"Excellent! Excellent!" cried Quixtus. "But how?"

"Can you get him into any business office in the City?"

"Yes—yes. My friend Griffiths, of the Anthropological Society, is secretary of the Star Assurance Company. A word from me would get the boy into the office."

"Good. Then tell him that, unless he accepts this position within a month and promises never to touch a paintbrush again, he will not receive a penny from you, either during your lifetime or after your death. In this way you will bring him up against an infernal temptation, and whichever way he decides he'll be wretched. I call that a pretty scheme."

"It's an inspiration of genius," exclaimed Quixtus excitedly. "I'll write the check now." He sat down at his desk and pulled out his checkbook. "And you will go at once to my nephew—I'll give you a card of introduction—and acquaint him with my decision."

"What?" cried Vandermeer.

Quixtus calmly repeated the last sentence. Vandermeer's face went a shade paler. He wrung his hands, which were naturally damp, until they grew as bloodless as putty. He had never done any wanton harm in his life. All the meanness and sharp dealing he had practiced were but a poor devil's shifts to fill an empty belly. Quixtus' behest covered him with dismay. It was unexpected. It is one thing to suggest a theory of wickedness to a crazy and unpractical patron and another to be commanded to put it, oneself, into execution. It was less moonshine than ever.

"Don't you want to do it?" asked Quixtus, unwittingly balancing temptation, in the form of a fat checkbook, in his hand.

Vandermeer fell. What wolf-eyed son of Hagar would have resisted? "I think," said he, with a catch in his throat, "that, if the suggestion alone is worth twenty pounds, the carrying out of it is worth, say, ten more?"

"Very well," said Quixtus; "but," he added drily, "the next time I hope you'll give an estimate to cover the whole operation."

The second of the three to receive a summons from the master was Billiter.

"You know something about horse-racing," remarked Quixtus.

"What I don't isn't worth knowing. I've chucked away a fortune in acquiring the knowledge."

"I want you to accompany me to race-meetings and show me the wickedness of the turf," said Quixtus.

"So that's my little job, is it?"

"That's your little job."

"I think I can give you a run for your money," remarked Billiter, a pale sunshine of intelligence overspreading his puffy features. "But ——" He paused.

"But what?"

"I can't go racing with you in this kit."

"I will provide you," said Quixtus, "with whatever costume you think is necessary for the purpose."

Billiter went his way exulting and spent the remainder of the afternoon in tracking a man down from his office in Soho, his house in Peckham, several taverns on the Surrey side of the river, to a quiet café in Regent Street. The man was a red-faced, thick-necked, hard, fishy-eyed villain, with a mouth like the slit of a letter-box, and went by the name—which he wore inscribed on his hat at race-meetings—of Old Joe Jenks. Billiter drew him into a corner and whispered gleeful tidings into his ear. After which Old Joe Jenks drew Billiter to a table and filled him up with the most seductive drinks the café could provide.

Before the lessons on horse-racing under Billiter's auspices began—for gorgeous raiment, appropriate to Sandown and Kempton, like Rome, is not built in a day—Quixtus sent for the remaining evil genius.

"What have you to suggest?" he asked, after some preliminary and explanatory conversation.

A humorous twinkle came into Huckaby's eye, and a smile played round his lips beneath the straggling brushwood of hair.

"I have a great idea," he said.

"What is it?"

"Break a woman's heart," said Huckaby.

Quixtus reflected gravely. It would indeed be a charming, enticing piece of wickedness.

"I shouldn't have to marry her?" he asked in some concern.

"Heaven forbid!"

"I like it," said Quixtus, leaning back in his chair and smoothing his scrappy mustache with his lean fingers. "I like it very much. The only difficulty is: Where can I find the woman whose heart I can break?"

"Take a tour abroad," said Huckaby. "On the Continent of Europe there are thousands of English women only waiting to have their hearts broken."

"That may be true," said Quixtus; "but how shall I obtain the necessary introduction?"

"I," cried Huckaby, raising a bony hand that protruded through a very frayed and dirty shirtcuff—"I, Eustace

Huckaby, will reassume my air of academical distinction and will accompany you into the *pays du tendre*, and introduce you to any woman you like. In other words, my dear Quixtus, although I may not look like a Lothario at the present moment, I have had considerable experience in amatory adventures—and I'm sure you would find my assistance valuable."

Quixtus reflected again. Aware of his limitations, he recognized the futility of going alone on a heartbreaking expedition among strange, even though expectant, females. But would Huckaby be an ideal companion? Huckaby was self-assertive, not to say impudent, in manner; and Huckaby had certain shocking habits. On the other hand, perhaps the impudence was the very quality needed in the quest; and as for the habits —— He decided.

"Very well. I accept your proposal—on one condition. What that is you doubtless can guess."

"I can," said Huckaby. "I give you my word of honor that you will never see me otherwise than sober." An undertaking that would not preclude him from taking a bottle of whisky to bed whenever he felt so inclined.

"We had better start at once," said Huckaby, after some necessary discussion of the question of wardrobe.

"I must wait," replied Quixtus, "until I've attended some race-meetings with Billiter."

Huckaby frowned. He was not aware that to Billiter had already been assigned a sphere of action.

"I don't want to say anything unfriendly; but if I were you I shouldn't trust Billiter too implicitly. He's a ——" He paused; being sober and serious, he rejected the scarlet epithet which, when used in allusion to his friends, had given color to his gayer speech. "He's a man who knows too much of the game."

"My dear Huckaby," said Quixtus, "I shall never trust another human being as long as I live."

That evening, somewhat wondering that he had heard no news of Tommy or of Vandermeer, he unlocked the iron safe in his museum and took out his will. He lit a candle and set it by the hearth. Now was the time to destroy the benevolent document. He put it near the flame; then drew it back. A new thought occurred to him. To practice on his nephew the same trick that his uncle had played upon him was unintelligent plagiarism. He felt a sudden disdain for the merely mimetic in wickedness.

"I will be original," said he. "Yes, original." He repeated the word as a formula both of consolation and incentive; and, blowing out the candle, he put the will back into the safe.

VIII

"LORD have mercy upon us!" cried Clementina.

The pious ejaculation was in the nature of a reply to Miss Etta Concannon, the fragile slip of a girl whose portrait she had painted and in whose cornflower-blue eyes she had caught the haunting fear. There was no fear, however, in the eyes today. They were bright, direct and abnormally serious. She had just announced her intention of becoming a hospital nurse. Whereupon Clementina had cried: "Lord have mercy upon us!"

Now it must be stated that Etta Concannon had bestowed on an embarrassed Clementina her young and ardent affection—secretly, during the sittings for the portrait which Clementina had been commissioned to paint as a wedding present, and openly, when the sittings were ended and she called upon Clementina as a friend. In the first flush of this avowed adoration she would send shy little notes asking whether she might come to the studio to tea. As she lived quite close by, the missives were dispatched by hand. Clementina, disturbed in the midst of her painting, would tear a ragged corner from the first bit of paper her eyes fell upon—notepaper, brown paper, cartridge paper; once it was sandpaper—scribble "Yes" on it and send it out to the waiting messenger. At last she was driven to desperation.

"My good child," she said, "can't you drop in to tea without putting me to this elaborate correspondence?"

Etta Concannon thought she could and thenceforward came to tea unheralded; and eventually such were her powers of seduction that she enticed Clementina to her own little den in her father's house in Cheyne Walk—a fairy den, all watercolor and gossamer, very much like herself—in which Clementina gave the impression of an ogress who had blundered in by mistake. It was on this visit that Clementina repudiated the name of Miss Wing. She hated and loathed it. On Etta's lips it suggested a prim, starched governess—the conventional French caricature of the English old maid, with long teeth and sharp elbows. She might be an old maid, but she wasn't a prim governess. Everybody called her Clementina. Upon which, to her professed discomfort, Etta threw her arms round her neck and kissed her and called her a darling. Why Clementina wasted her time over this chit of a girl she was at a loss to conjecture. She was of about as much use in the world as a rainbow. Yet, for some fool reason—her own expression—Clementina encouraged her and felt less grim in her company. The odd part of their intercourse was that the one thing they did not talk about was the bullet-headed, bull-necked young man to whom Etta was engaged—not until one day when, in response to the following epistle, Clementina hastened to her.

"*My dearest, dearest Clementina:* Do come to me. I am in abject misery. The very worst has happened. I would come to you, but I'm not fit to be seen.

"Your own unhappy ETTA."

"My poor child!" cried Clementina as she entered the bower and beheld a very dim and watery fairy sobbing on a couch. "Who has been doing this to you?"

"It's R-Raymond," said Etta chokingly.

To her astonishment, Clementina found herself sitting on the couch with her arms round the girl. Now and then she did the most idiotic things without knowing in the least why she did them. In this position she listened to Etta's heartrending story. It was much involved, here and there incoherent, told with singular disregard of chronological sequence. When properly pieced together and shorn of irrelevance this is what it amounted to:

Certain doings of the bullet-headed young man, doings not at all creditable—mean and brutal doings, indeed—had reached the ears of Etta's father. Now Etta's father was a retired admiral and Etta the beloved child of his old age. The report of Captain Hilyard's doings had wounded him in his weakest spot. In a fine fury he telephonically commanded the alleged wrongdoer to wait upon him without delay. Captain Hilyard obeyed. The scene of the interview was a private room in the service club to which Admiral Concannon belonged. Admiral Concannon went straight to the point—it is an uncomfortable characteristic of British admirals. The bullet-headed young man not being able to deny the charges brought against him, Admiral Concannon expressed himself in such terms as are only polished to their brightest perfection on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. The young man showed resentment—amazing impudence, according to the admiral—whereupon the admiral consigned him to the devil and charged him never to let him—the admiral—catch him—the bullet-headed young man—lifting his scoundrelly eyes again to an innocent young girl.

Admiral Concannon came home and told his daughter as much of the tale of turpitude as was meet for her ears. Captain Hilyard repaired forthwith in unrighteous wrath to his quarters and packed off Etta's letters, with a covering note in which he insinuated that he was not sorry to have seen the last of her amiable family. It had all happened that day. Hence the tears.

"I thought you wrote me that the worst had happened," said Clementina.

"Well, hasn't it?"

"No!" cried Clementina. "It's the very best thing that ever happened to you in all your born days."

In the course of a week Clementina brought the sorrowing damsel round to her own way of thinking.

"Do you know," said Etta, "I used to be rather afraid of him?"

"Any fool could see that," said Clementina.

"Did you guess?" This with wideopen cornflower eyes.

"Look at your portrait and you'll see," said Clementina, mindful of the avalanche of memories that the portrait and a rough-and-ready criticism by Tommy Burgrave of the bullet-headed young man had started on its overwhelming career. "Have you ever looked at it?"

"Of course I have."

"To look at a thing and to see it," remarked Clementina, "are two entirely different propositions. For instance, you looked at that young man, but you didn't see him. Yet your soul saw him and was afraid. Your father too—I can't understand what he was about when he consented to the engagement."

"Captain Hilyard's father and he were old messmates," said Etta.

"Old messmakers, you mean," snapped Clementina. "And what made you accept him?"

Etta looked mournful. "I don't know."

"The next time you engage yourself to a young man, just be sure that you do know. I suppose this other one said, 'Dilly, dilly; come and be killed': and you went, like the foolish little geese in the nursery rhyme."

"They were ducks, dear," laughed Etta, taking Clementina's grim face between her dainty hands. "Ducks—like you."

Clementina suffered the caress with a wry mouth.

"I think you're getting better," she said. "And I'm

(Continued on Page 52)

Clementina Looked at Her for Full Ten Seconds With the Eyes of a Moses on Mount Nebo

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Will the Oil Trust Be Good?

THE lower court decreed that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey dissolve within thirty days and enjoined it from voting the stock of the subsidiary companies that comprise the Oil Trust and from receiving dividends from the subsidiary companies. It enjoined the subsidiary companies and their stockholders from forming any new combination in restraint of trade, and it enjoined the New Jersey company, the subsidiary companies and various individual stockholders from further carrying on interstate commerce.

The Supreme Court says the New Jersey company must dissolve within six months and enjoins it from voting the stock of or receiving dividends from the subsidiary companies; but it says the New Jersey company, up to the time of its dissolution, and the subsidiary companies thereafter, may still carry on interstate commerce. It also says unequivocally that the subsidiary companies and their stockholders, after the dissolution of the present combine, may enter into further combinations with one another, provided those combinations do not unduly or unreasonably restrain trade.

The decree of the lower court aimed at complete destruction of the Oil Trust. The more humane decree of the Supreme Court seems to offer ample opportunity of prolonged life through reformation and conversion. The vilest trust—that will repent and reform—may return while the court's light of reason holds out to burn. And this, naturally, we heartily approve. We want trusts if they will be good.

Chicago as Cinderella

CHICAGO contains a great deal of ready money and many enterprising men. Broadly speaking, anybody in good standing at any time can find capital there—except the city of Chicago itself, which can never find a dollar of capital to save its soul. A typical balance sheet for a recent year shows that for the purpose of running the town, aside from the schools and libraries, Chicago managed to raise about two million dollars from the personal-property tax which is her only resource for making wealth, except in the form of real estate, contribute to the maintenance of the municipality. Wealth there is not indebted to the city for a special privilege, such as a street-car franchise. And, for the purpose of running the town, saloon licenses contributed rather more than the tax on real estate.

There are many ample fortunes in the city, and a great many munificent citizens. Any reputable enterprise can always raise funds there for a purpose that is clearly beneficent; but the city itself is classed as a disreputable enterprise. It can get funds enough only to keep soul and body together.

The downtown district contains some bridges of painful ugliness. Certain of them must be renewed. The commissioner of public works says the new bridges must be plain and substantial. The mayor sighs over designs submitted by artists and points to the obvious fact that the city has no money for that sort of thing—a good, solid chunk of metal is about the best it can do. The artists must apply to a railroad company that is building a thirty-million-dollar station; to the banks, mercantile houses and individuals that have abundant funds for architecture, sculpture and painting.

Of course Chicago is by no means the only American city that plays Cinderella at its own feast—that continually creates wealth in profusion, yet never has a cent above board and lodging to bless itself with. A great many American cities do the same thing. Perhaps they are afraid it would be socialistic to take whatever they can spend beneficially out of the unearned increment of land values, for example; or perhaps the local government has pretty uniformly been of such character that the people will not trust it with more than board and lodging.

The Nervous Tariff Leaguers

WHEAT of the same grade is sometimes higher in Winnipeg than in Minneapolis, sometimes lower. The instances where it was lower have been carefully dug out and incorporated in the Congressional Record as arguments why American farmers should oppose reciprocity with Canada.

During May, this year and last year and many other years, wheat of the same grade at Chicago was about ten cents a bushel higher for the May delivery than for the July delivery. Nearly every year some enterprising bull clique runs a deal in May and exacts a tribute of ten cents a bushel or so from the wheat trade. Farmers then have little wheat to sell, having disposed of most of their crop of the summer before. They get almost no benefit from the manipulated price; but the country keeps on eating wheat at about the same monthly rate, and anybody who wants to buy wheat has to pay the clique's figure.

Now, no tariff-protected trusts have any interest in opposing this annual raid upon the wheat market. So no petition, memorials and resolutions against it, purporting to emanate from American wheat growers, reach Congress. But tariff beneficiaries are mightily interested in opposing Canadian reciprocity. The secretary and treasurer of the American Protective Tariff League recently wrote:

"Once the American farmer finds that protection is not for him, the end of protection will quickly come. Ten million votes are cast by American farmers. Kindly write or wire your Senator or Representative in Congress in opposition to the treaty."

A Flaw in the Aldrich Plan

THE most obvious defect of the Aldrich central bank plan was that it excluded state banks except as they might reorganize under Federal law. State banks are not only more numerous than national banks, but, including loan and trust companies chartered under state laws, they hold a greater aggregate of deposits. To exclude them, therefore, would be to shut out more than half the country's banking power, while the chief recommendation of the plan should be that it aimed to consolidate practically the total banking power. That any great number of state banks would reorganize under national law seemed improbable.

In a recent speech at New York Mr. Aldrich frankly owned this defect and proposed to amend the plan so as to include state banks, under reasonable conditions, without reorganization.

Thus an important defect is removed. Meanwhile a committee of the American Bankers' Association has sought to inject a fresh defect by recommending that the governor and deputy governors of the central association, instead of being appointed and subject to removal by the President of the United States, as Senator Aldrich proposed, be elected by the directors of the association—that is, by the bankers. The Government's participation in the management of the central association was too small in the first place. To reduce it still further, as the committee proposes, is out of the question. Undoubtedly Congress, when the Aldrich plan comes before it, will strengthen the Government's representation in the management instead of weakening it.

Live and Let Live

THE Supreme Court decision in the Standard Oil case is a step in advance, yet leaves much to be desired.

The Sherman act says: "Every combination in restraint of trade is illegal." The court holds that Congress meant to say, "Every combination in undue restraint of trade is illegal." No doubt, as Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion points out, this amounts to an amendment of the law rather than merely an interpretation, and constitutes a legislative act on the part of the court; but the country is quite used to legislation from the bench, and the important fact is that many combinations that restrain competition at many points may, under this decision, be perfectly legal. What condemned the Oil Trust in the mind of the court appears to have been its more ruthless practices in the way of rebating and strangling competitors. A combination of equal size that had exhibited a rather more Christian spirit might pass unscathed. It seems very probable that the Steel Corporation, for example, would get a favorable decision from the court.

The court, however, lays down no rule by which anybody except itself can possibly determine with certainty whether a given combination is in due or "undue" restraint of trade. That must inevitably be a matter of opinion. The court says the law must be interpreted "in the light of reason"; but different people reason differently.

The effect of this decision is very much the same as though President Roosevelt's plan for dealing with the trusts had been adopted by Congress. Roosevelt proposed that "good" trusts be permitted to incorporate under a Federal act and receive full protection of the laws, while "bad" trusts be prosecuted—the President and his advisers being the judges as to whether a given trust was good or bad. The Standard Oil decision, with its "undue" restraints of competition and its "light of reason" clearly recognizes good and bad trusts, but in any given case the court itself must be the judge as to whether a trust is good or bad.

This has the advantage over Roosevelt's plan of securing an umpire whose impartiality will not be questioned; but it has the obvious disadvantage that no combination can certainly know whether it is good or bad until it has been haled into court and heard the judgment of the final tribunal.

This is not an admirable condition; but careful reading of the Oil Trust decision raises a presumption that the Supreme Court's light of reason will shed a mellow and economically intelligent beam for all combinations in restraint of interstate competition that behave themselves with reasonable decency. The Sherman act's threat of wholesale reorganization involving an important part of the business of the country is now definitely removed. What was settled in fact long ago is now settled in law namely, that the trusts are to remain with us.

A Study of Idleness

FOR a number of years the New York State Department of Labor has gathered statistics as to unemployment among members of labor unions embracing at present about four hundred thousand men. A ten-year table shows that, with three hundred and eight working days in the year, the reporting workmen were idle more than one-quarter of the year in 1897, when the great industrial depression that followed the panic of 1893 was drawing to a close.

With better times, the proportion of idleness steadily decreased until, in 1901, the workmen lost on an average only forty-eight days, or not quite sixteen per cent of the total working time. With the boom that culminated in the panic of 1907, unemployment again decreased, amounting to less than ten per cent of the total working time in 1906; but the panic of the following year caused a sudden and great increase in unemployment.

Only a small part of this idleness was caused by sickness or other bodily disability. In two years about a quarter of it was caused by labor disputes; but by far the most important of all causes was just plain "lack of work."

A scheme that prevented or minimized our periodic industrial depressions following financial panics would be far better for wage-earners than the tentative British plan of state-aided insurance against unemployment. That such a scheme can be devised we have no doubt.

Wages and Cost of Production

WAGES for farmhands in the states west of the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains are fifty per cent higher than in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin; but a report published by the Department of Agriculture in May—the result of an investigation by more than five thousand correspondents—shows that the total cost of producing wheat in the Western states is only fifty-two cents a bushel, while in the Central states above named it is seventy-two cents a bushel. Moreover, in the Western states, the average yield an acre is over twenty-four bushels, while in the Central states it is under nineteen bushels. With a cost of production forty per cent higher and an average yield an acre nearly twenty-five per cent lower, any standpat logician might easily demonstrate that the Central states would be wiped out of existence as wheat raisers by the Western states unless they were protected by a stiff duty. Since April fourth, in fact, the Congressional Record has contained a ton of argument, based upon statistics far less convincing, that agriculture in this country will be destroyed by free competition with Canada. As a matter of fact the same report by the Department of Agriculture shows that wheat lands in these sadly handicapped Central states are the most valuable in the country, rising above a hundred and twelve dollars an acre in Illinois and averaging over eighty-five dollars for all five states, while in the Western states the average value is under fifty-nine dollars an acre.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Vested Eloquence

VESTS—to use the vernacular—have always been important in big politics, one way or the other. Waistcoats never, but vests frequently. So have other sartorial embellishments, like socks, for example—or the lack of them.

Tim Woodruff either did or did not become a great leader because of these insignia—I have forgotten which; but memory fondly clings to that salmon-colored one, with here and there a dainty gladiolus peeping modestly out from its broad expanse. And there was a chap from Cincinnati, named Shattuc, who was elected to the House of Representatives two or three times because he had—and wore—a crimson creation with green roosters embroidered on it. Likewise, history and vests repeat themselves; so here we are gazing raptly at another epochal proposition enswathed in a valorous and vesuvian vest.

Turn an inquiring eye slightly to the right and you may observe the vest. It will be a matter of sincere and lasting regret that the exigencies of the occasion forbid the reproduction of the colors that gem that vest in bold and bewildering array. Suffice it to say, it is some vest—a pearly white concoction, with ensanguined stripes and here and there a flick of emerald. A vest to incite a statesman to utterance, say I—and so it did. Not a vest to be worn for platitudes, for mealy-mouthed discussion of living issues; but a badge for courageous speech—an urgent reason for advanced and virile thought.

No man could wear that vest and be other than in the forefront of the van. No heart that beat beneath those vermeil stripes could beat aught but the long and thunderous roll that summons to the fray. No paltering there, no pussy-footing, no presentation of puny and pallid postulates. Instead, brave pronouncement from a brave man; brave truths bravely spoken; in the immortal words the late Colonel John Hampden grabbed from Horace: *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*—meaning, of course, that any man who wears a vest like this never can go back. His face must be continually toward the morning.

Any Man Who Wears a Vest Like This Never Can Go Back

And, speaking about faces—if not too enthralled with the glories of the vest, however inadequately presented in the picture—look up a bit and take cognizance of that face. Did you ever see a face more fitted to be turned toward the morning? A face round and full, a face calm and nonconjectural, a face unseamed by study and untouched by care. The face of a prophet, the face of a seer—the face of Benjamin K. Focht, of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, who, rising in the House of Representatives simultaneously with his vest, rose to point out to the world at large the ultimate fortune of this great Republic; and pointed it out, by heck, so that all who had run—which included almost the entire membership of the House—might read presently in the Congressional Record, if so be they cared to.

We who have wandered hand in hand with Destiny have, no doubt, dreamed dreams of empire; but no dreamer of dreams is Benjamin K. Focht, of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Inspired by his vest, he has shown us just where we shall get off; just what our larger fate shall be; just the size of the extremest star to which our final wagon shall be hitched. No prudent prognosticator he, with saving "ifs" and "buts" and qualifying phrases, with which such speeches usually abound. The whole works for Benjamin K. Focht—the entire shooting match; and all presented with that assurance that the vest entailed.

Iridescent Dreams of Empire

THEY were debating the farmers' free list—if you call pulling long and dolorous speeches for home consumption debating—and the gentleman from Illinois, Mr. Fuller, had sawed the air for thirty minutes. Then arose Benjamin K. Focht; and he, with the serene certainty that is ineffably mirrored in that face, spoke sturdily for another thirty minutes and did not require that his remarks should be held for revision. He spoke from the vest out—undaunted, unafraid and unrevised. With broad tolerance he said: "Though I have descended from a race of preachers back in the days of the Reformation, and might quote Scripture and also tell you why Canada did not become a part of this Republic originally, I will refrain from introducing religious matters here, when your forefathers eliminated this subject from the Declaration of Independence and from the Constitution."

Having thus allayed all fears and refrained from dragging in religion—at some cost, no doubt, to his natural impulse—he continued: "There are enough people"—in Canada, he meant—"ready and willing to come over any day; and that can be done without any conquest. It will be purely a commercial conquest. The fusion and amalgamation and complete assimilation of the great Anglo-Saxon race, the real Teuton, who must dominate the world, I say here—whether President Taft believes it or whether he likes it—that ultimately it will happen. It could happen as well tomorrow as in a hundred years. The fusion would be complete and serenely accomplished. . . . But, Mr. Chairman, dismiss Canada. That is easy at any time."

Having thus disposed of Canada, Mr. Focht, responding to the urging of the vest, turned to the south—turned to Mexico. He grabbed Mexico with as much ease as he absorbed Canada. "You can see what is going on on the border of a land where there is no sovereignty," he said; "where the sovereignty rests in one man—and he is old and trembling and ready to quit. With him passing from earth or earthly power, the state also passes. Now, what are we going to do if we are the policemen of the Western Hemisphere? That is the way to look at it—and our Southern friends surely will not object. It will be much easier than in 1847; in fact, there will be no resistance whatever in that direction."

He paused to let his words sink in. It would be easy to take Canada, but much easier to acquire Mexico. All that need be done, said the prophetic Focht, is to crook a finger or whistle, and in will come Mexico tumbling to the Union. "From all indications the American soldier will soon stack arms on the plains of Mexico," he said. "If he does not it will be a close call. I would not think that the President would object. We have been absorbing everything not wanted in southern Europe for years and years, have we not? And we have taken what nobody wanted in the Pacific—another white man's burden. We added a little more down there in the West Indies. Why could we not occupy something worth having and where we can be of some good to humanity?"

He asked this question and looked around, the vest reflecting in blazing emphasis his views. "I am not a soldier of fortune," he said. "I do not expect to be at the head of the army; but we are called upon to discuss occasionally paramount questions and I believe this will be a mighty interesting one before Congress adjourns." And then a strange phenomenon. The vest grew darker and more subdued. The crimson stripes became incarnadine and then, glowing faintly and still more faint, finally merged into a deep, dull, lifeless, almost ashy red—and he passed on from prophecy to protection—but he had spoken—he and the vest. And it seems too bad he didn't revise that speech and stick in Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and a few more—but probably he was pressed for time.

When Benjamin K. Focht told of his preacher ancestors of the Reformation he modestly refrained from mentioning that they were fighting preachers. He has a strain of martial blood, for we read in his biography that he has been an officer in the Pennsylvania National Guard; and, though he disclaimed any intention of leading the army, the thought presses that, with Benjamin K. Focht to lead, and that vest for gonfalon, even if Canada and Mexico should refuse to come so quickly as he thinks they would, they inevitably would fail long to resist the glories of that vest and the splendor of his assault.

The time is coming, as he says, and surely he will lead. With Benjamin K. Focht to captain the army on land and Richmond P. Hobson to man the ships at sea we could conquer not only Canada and Mexico—if they were hesitant and needed conquering—but we could grab the whole dad-binged hemisphere.

This, of course, goes a bit further into the subject than did Focht; but, as he truly said, we are called upon occasionally to discuss paramount questions; and if we are going to be paramount why not be paramount?

Uncle's Ball

A YOUNG man who had been out West to seek his fortune and hadn't found it finally returned home. He had been compelled to pawn his clothes and everything he had, but had succeeded in rescuing one suit from his uncle after the remittance from home came to his rescue.

However, he had forgotten to take the pawntickets off the clothes. His fond mother was helping him unpack his trunk and came upon a coat with the pawnticket pinned on it. "John, what is that?" she asked.

"Oh," he said, "I went to a dance once and forgot to take off the ticket they gave me when I checked my coat."

In a few moments the mother dug up the trousers that went with the coat, decorated with a pawnticket also.

"John," she inquired sternly, "what kind of a dance was that?"

An Expensive Stone

A GERMAN restaurant keeper in New York spent fifty thousand dollars in improving his place of business. He was surveying the improvements when Herb J. Meyer, the theatrical man, came in. "Vell, Herb, how is it?" the proprietor asked. "How you like de blace?"

"Fine!" said Meyer. "Great! If you never make a dollar it will be a monument for you."

Later another friend came in. "By George, Fred!" he said. "You ought to make a barrel of money here! You certainly have a fine place."

"Vell," the proprietor replied complacently, "it's ahust like Herb Meyer said: even if I don't make a cent dis blace vill always be a tombstone for me."

A Democratic Derby

WHEN Andrew Mack, the actor, was traveling in Ireland he was approached by a beggar in Dublin, who held out a much-battered Derby hat and whined: "Plase, sor, drop a sixpence in this American hat."

"American hat?" asked Mack. "Why do you call it an American hat?"

"Sure," said the beggar, "there's no crown in it!"

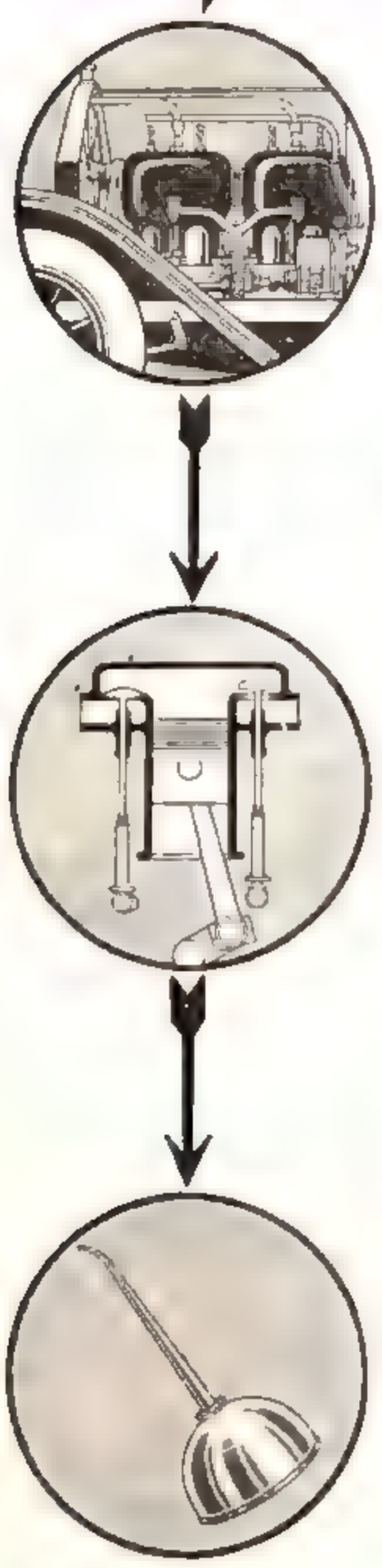
A Second Shylock

A GOOD many years ago Marse Henry Watterson and Colonel John R. Fellows, wandering about Washington in search of a little relaxation, came upon a senatorial poker game. They both wanted in, but this was a game for big money and they were told to keep away.

However, Marse Henry and the Colonel were bound to get their relaxation and they organized a two-handed game and played until nine o'clock the next morning.

Then they quit for breakfast. As they entered the hotel dining room Marse Henry said: "John, as I figure it, you owe me a million dollars. Now, John, I'll call it square if you will buy the breakfast."

"Henry," replied Fellows, "you are a regular Shylock. The discount isn't big enough."



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The Senator's Secretary

IT SEEMED pitiful crool for the Insurgents in the Senate, or some of them, to refuse to throw up their hats and cheer for Doctor Gallinger, who aspired to be president pro tem. of the Senate. The doctor is such a genial, kindly old party when it comes to dealing with the Progressive element in the Senate that it certainly did arouse sympathy for him when his ambition was frosted—if, indeed, not nipped in the bud.

The president pro tem. of the Senate is the person, chosen from the majority, who presides over the Senate when the regular presiding officer, the Vice-President, wants to go to a ball game or down the river, or is tired of sitting up there listening to Senators elaborately discussing propositions that are about as interesting to him as reading a treatise on the recurrence of bee diseases in this country—probably not so much, if so be he keeps a bee. When the country is deprived of the services of a Vice-President, either by death—as has happened—or by elevation to the Presidency—as has happened, also—the president pro tem. becomes the regular presiding officer, and thereby scores heavily on the constitutional occupant of the chair, because he has a vote on every pending measure, while the Vice-President has no vote, except in the case of a tie.

Many distinguished men have been presidents pro tempore of the Senate. George F. Edmunds was once, and so were John J. Ingalls and Isham G. Harris, to get down to our times; and Senator Frye, of Maine, has held the place since 1896. Now that Senator Frye is old and ill, he wants to retire and the Republican majority had the job of selecting his successor. Nominally there is a Republican majority in the Senate, but really there is no more of a Republican majority than Doctor Gallinger has hair. The doctor's hair is evanescent—if such a term can be used; and so is the Republican majority. It is no majority at all. It is a nebulous, indeterminable, indifferent, inconclusive affair that means nothing and is nothing, from the fact that there are at least thirteen Republican Senators who refuse to take the word of the thirty-seven regulars as law.

The regulars went into caucus, at a suitable time after Mr. Frye had said he desired to retire, and selected Doctor Gallinger for the place. It was a fitting tribute to the doctor. For years and years he has stood on the floor of the Senate and been as regular as regulars can be made. Likewise, being regular himself, he has never failed indulgently to tell the irregulars what chumps they are and have been to follow after any other leader than the regularly ordained leader—namely, Aldrich—and to espouse any politics not regularly ordained by said leader. The doctor, although a man of fair temper, has allowed himself to become peevish over this phase of senatorial conduct; and, though usually radiating good nature, has at times meted out such punishment as he could mete and has expressed the conviction that if he could go further he would.

A Man Misunderstood

The doctor has been calm about it, though, and dispassionate in most cases. He entertains no notions about the Insurgents outside of the erring-brother-let-them-go-in-peace brand, except that he thinks any Senator claiming to be a Republican, who does not do as the organization wishes, is a traitor, a treasonable person, a villain and a plotter against the state—and a few other little knickknacks like that. The doctor would be reasonably kind to the Progressives—that is, he wouldn't do much more to them, if he had the power, than mayhap expel them from the Senate and put them to work on the roads. He is no incendiary or radical, you understand. Not a bit of it. It would be sufficient, he thinks, to deprive these Progressive Senators of the right to vote, of their property, and to jail them for five or six years each. He would go no further than that, even if he could, as he has often announced, thus showing his kindly and gentle and considerate nature.

Thus, it was certainly bitter—bitter, ungrateful and inconsiderate—for the Insurgent Senators not to fall in line behind the doctor and give him this coveted honor unanimously and with such éclat as the circumstances might demand. He had been mighty kind to the Insurgents when making up the committee assignments, had the doctor, in his capacity as chairman of the Committee on Committees. He gave each and every Progressive just as many places as he had to, pleasantly handed them such berths as they forced him to, and was so genial and sympathetic about it all that the occasion was one of general rejoicing and all joined in praise of the warm-hearted and benevolent gentleman from New Hampshire.

However, the Insurgents seemed to cherish some animosity. This was strange, in view of all the circumstances; for the doctor had been so courteous to them in debate, had received their suggestions in such a kindly manner, had spoken of their policies with such appreciation and tolerance. Not given to extravagances of speech, the doctor rarely allowed himself to go further than to say "Rot!" when various propositions were made, and never—no matter what the stress of debate might have been—exceeded the benignant conclusion that it was all traitorous, unconstitutional and idiotic. The doctor has no hard feelings against the Insurgents. He simply considers them ill-informed, ill-advised, demagogical, dishonest and anarchistic—that is all. He never allowed himself to go further than that, no matter what his real feelings may have been, as he is very tactful and not opinionated at all.

The Lonely Ex-Senators

Certain of the Insurgent Senators seemed unreasonable. They would not vote for the doctor. They said they would prefer to have no president pro tem. at all than to have Gallinger in the chair. Though they thought, merely, that if an occasion arose, with the doctor in the chair, when the Insurgents and the regulars clashed, the doctor would not give the regulars any more than ninety per cent the better of it, still, they held off, being, as I have said, unreasonable, but human, for all that—and the doctor didn't get the job. The only moral to this tale seems to be that, no matter how gentle, good and gracious a statesman may be, he is continually mistaken and unappreciated. Nor can the doctor understand why it was the Progressives did not give three loud, ringing cheers for him. Men like the doctor never do understand.

The doctor's predicament, when he first aspired—and no matter what may happen to him between the writing and printing of this—only proves again that men who are in public position are never happy when they are in public life and never happy when they are out of it. Take a Senator, for example, who goes out of the Senate, whether he has to or decides to. They all put a bold face on it and say they wouldn't go back if they could; but they miss it all horribly. No matter if they make much more money; no matter if they are more comfortable and freed from the cares and harassments and aspersions and wrong constructions their office entailed—they would like to be back.

I have known many of them, some of whom went to New York and some to other places to practice law, or to do this and that; and I have never known one who did not say he was far happier than when he was in the Senate and who did not confess privately that he wished he were back. It is a reasonable proposition. A Senator is a big man. When he has a debate or makes a speech, or does something, the newspapers print it. He is in the news, of it, and helping make it. He may be assailed, but that doesn't matter. Always, unless the case is extreme, there will be somebody to defend him. He is a person of consequence, a man who is doing things, who is helping conduct the affairs of a great country. It is very pleasant, on the whole, no matter what the discomforts and aggravations may be.

Then he quits, or is quitted; and he goes somewhere to practice law or engage in business, or what-not. He is out of public view. He misses the associations. He misses the broad swing of public life. He is merely a lawyer, engaged on one particular thing for one particular object and espousing some cause of one particular set of men. He may get more money—indeed he does get more money; but he is out of the picture and he is not happy. That is

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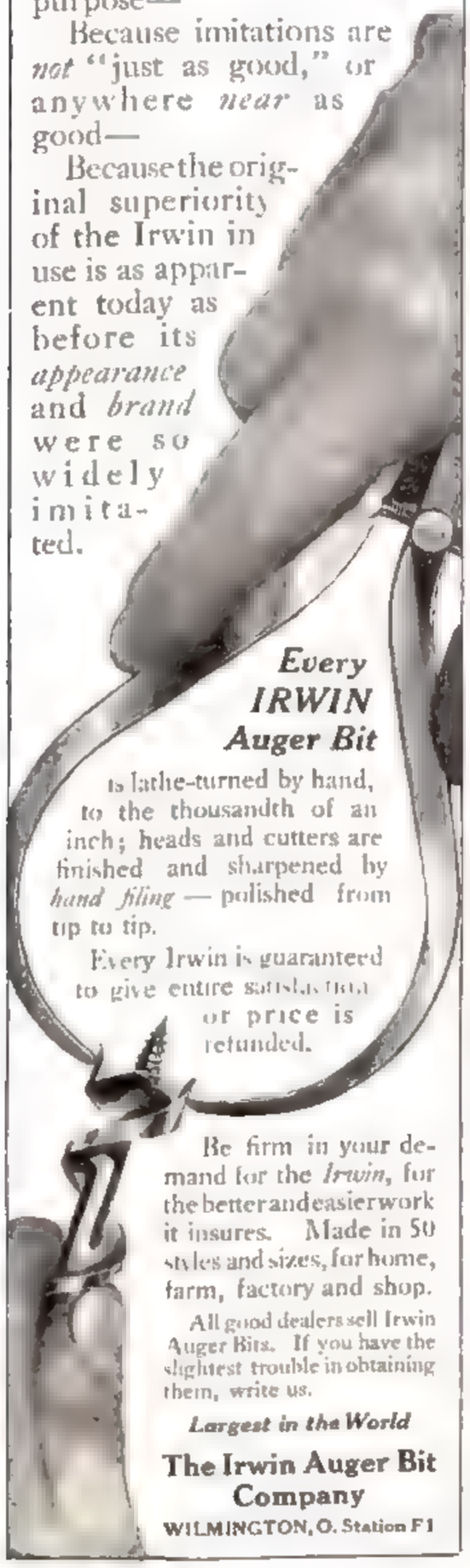

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why they all come back to Washington, time and again. That is why they all confess that, no matter how great the rewards may be, they miss it all and miss it tremendously. If they got back they would find themselves just as ardent in wishing themselves out of it as they were before they retired. And they all say they wouldn't go back if they could—that is one of the stock fictions of the age.

It is the same with a Cabinet official, but in another way. The Cabinet official is but a sublimated clerk anyhow; but he doesn't know that until after he has taken the job. It makes no difference how eminent a man may be in his position how much money he is making; how comfortable he may be in his home—if a President comes along and offers him a Cabinet place he usually takes it. Many men haven't, but usually men do. It seems so powerful to be a Cabinet Member; to be Secretary of one of the great departments; to be of the President's official family; to have a part in the affairs of the Republic; to help settle grave questions; to be in and of it all, instead of merely looking on.

So they fall. They accept and come to Washington with high ideals; with ambitions; with resolves to inaugurate, to reform, to expedite, to create. And what do they find? In two weeks they discover they have been fooled by their own conceptions of the places they are in. They find themselves battling with a system that has been perfected and developed by more than a hundred years of experience. They find themselves tied by precedent, hampered by convention, restricted by regulations, in the power of Congress for appropriations and at the beck and call of the President, who, of course, is their chief. They find they have no particular powers; that they are considered as mere incidents by the subordinates who go to make up the machine they are expected to operate; and always they are face to face with that remorseless system that grinds on slowly, but always grinds—and it isn't long before they are discouraged and disgusted.

The Fate of Cabinet Officers

For an example, take a civilian who is made Secretary of War or Secretary of the Navy. The men at the heads of the various important subdivisions in these arms of the service of the Government are men who have been trained at Annapolis and West Point. They are in the army or the navy for life. A Secretary of War or a Secretary of the Navy is merely a person with some temporary authority, totally unskilled in army or navy affairs, and with a tenure of office that may be four years and generally is much less. When he passes out another will pass in, but the army and the navy officers will be there always. They are permanent. They are in the service for keeps and they have the technical knowledge and the experience. No Secretary of War and no Secretary of the Navy can dispense with them. He has to have them to operate his machine; and they stay, or some others just like them come in—and there is the civilian, thinking he is running a great executive department of the Government, but in reality doing mostly what some very suave, very crafty, very skillful officers want him to do.

It is a hopeless proposition, so far as initiative is concerned. And it is so not only in the War and Navy Departments, but it is so in every department except, perhaps, the Department of Agriculture, where the Secretary is permanent himself. Mr. Roosevelt had six Secretaries of the Navy while he was President—a period of seven years. Imagine how much any one or all of those Secretaries had to do in reality with the Navy, when the various divisions of their department were in the control of men who had been in the navy since they were cadets and would remain until they died!

Administration, in such circumstances, simply means administration as these men told the Secretaries to administer—not on any personal lines. The circumstances forbid that, just as the circumstances forbid it elsewhere.

A new Cabinet Member may come in and dismiss various department heads. That makes no difference. The component parts of the system cannot be dismissed. The system remains. They can't beat it. They can't make a dent in it. That is why Cabinet officers resign so frequently, and that is why they amount to so little in reality when they are in office.

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Doctor Woodpecker, Tree Surgeon—By Enos A. Mills

ALTHOUGH the eagle has the emblematic place of honor in the United States, the downy woodpecker is distinguished as the most useful bird citizen. Of the seven hundred and sixty-six kinds of birds in America, his services are most helpful to man. He destroys destructive forest insects. Long ago Nature selected the woodpecker to be the caretaker the physician and surgeon of the tree world. This is a stupendous task. Forests are extensive and are formed of hundreds of species of trees. The American woodpeckers have the supervision of uncounted acres that are forested with more than six hundred kinds of trees.

With the exception of the California big tree, each tree species is preyed upon by scores, and many species by hundreds, of injurious and deadly insects. Four hundred kinds of insects are known to prey upon the oak and a complete count may show a thousand kinds. Many of these insects multiply with amazing rapidity, and at all times countless numbers of these aggressive pests form warrior armies with which the woodpecker must constantly contend.

In this incessant struggle with insects the woodpecker has helpful assistance from sixty other bird families. Though the woodpecker gives general attention to hundreds of kinds of insects, he specializes on those which injure the trees internally—which require a surgical operation to obtain. He is a distinguished specialist; the tools for tree surgery are intrusted to his keeping and with these he each year performs innumerable successful surgical operations upon our friends the trees.

Woodpeckers are as widely distributed as forests—just how many to the square mile no one knows. Some localities are blessed with a goodly number, made up by representatives from three or four of our twenty-four woodpecker families. Forest, shade and orchard trees receive their impartial attention. The annual saving from their service is enormous; although this cannot be estimated, it can hardly be overstated.

One Doctor's Busy Day

A single borer may kill a tree -so, too, may a few beetles; while a small number of weevils will injure and stunt a tree so that it is left an easy victim for other insects. Borers, beetles and weevils are among the worst enemies of trees. They multiply with astounding rapidity and annually kill millions of scattered trees. Annually, too, there are numerous outbreaks of beetles, whose depredations extend over hundreds and occasionally over thousands of acres.

Caterpillars, moths and saw-flies are exceedingly injurious tree pests, but they damage the outer parts of the tree. Both they and their eggs are easily accessible to many kinds of birds, including the woodpeckers; but borers, beetles and weevils live and deposit their eggs in the very vitals of the tree. In the tree's vitals, protected with a heavy barrier of wood or bark, they are secure from the beaks and claws of all birds except Doctor Woodpecker, the chief surgeon of the forest.

About the only opportunity that other birds have to feed upon borers and beetles is during the brief time they occupy in emerging from the tree that they have killed, in their flight to some live tree, and during their brief exposure while boring into it.

Beetles live and move in swarms, and, according to their numbers, concentrate their attack upon a single tree or upon many trees. Most beetles are one of a dozen species of *Dendroctonus*, which means "tree killer." Left in undisturbed possession of a tree, many mother beetles may have half a million descendants in a single season.

Fortunately for the forest, Doctor Woodpecker, during his ceaseless round of inspection and service, generally discovers infested trees. If one woodpecker is not equal to the situation many are concentrated at this insect-breeding place. With this place they remain until the last dweller in darkness is reached and devoured. Thus most beetle outbreaks are prevented.

Now and then all the conditions are favorable for the beetles, or the woodpecker may be persecuted and lose some of his family; so that, despite his utmost efforts, he fails to make the rounds of his forest—and the result is an outbreak of insects, with wide depredations. So important are these birds that the shooting of a single one may allow insects to multiply and waste acres of forest.

During the periods in which the insects are held in check the woodpecker ranges through the forest, inspecting tree after tree. Many times, during their tireless rounds of search and inspection, I have followed them for hours. On one occasion in the mountains of Colorado I followed a Batchelder woodpecker through a spruce forest all day long. Both of us had a busy day. He inspected eight hundred and twenty-seven trees, most of which were spruce or lodgepole pine. Although he moved quickly, he was intensely concentrated, was systematic and apparently did the inspection carefully. The forest was a healthy one and harbored only straggling insects. Now and then he picked up an isolated insect from a limb or took an egg cluster from a break in the bark on a trunk. Only two pecking operations were required.

On another occasion I watched a hairy woodpecker spend more than three days upon one treetrunk; this he pecked full of holes and from its vitals dragged more than a gross of devouring grubs. In this case the beetle colony was not only totally destroyed but the tree survived.

Surgery Without Scars

Woodpecker holes commonly are shallow, except in dead trees. Most of the burrowing or boring insects which infest living trees work in the outermost sapwood, just beneath the bark, or in the inner bark. Hence the doctor does not need to cut deeply. In most cases his peckings in the wood are so shallow that no scar or record is found. Hence a tree might be operated on by him in a dozen places one season, and a number of times during other seasons, and still not show a scar when split or sawed into pieces. Most of his peckings simply penetrate the bark, and on living trees this epidermis scales off; thus in a short time all traces of his feast-getting are obliterated.

I have, however, in dissecting and in studying fallen trees, found a number of deep holes in their trunks which woodpeckers had made years before the trees came to their death. In one instance, in the Story of a Thousand-Year Pine, elsewhere described, a deep oblong hole was pecked in a pine nearly eight hundred years before it died. The hole filled with pitch and was overgrown with bark and wood.

Woodpeckers commonly nest in a dead limb or trunk a number of feet from the ground. Here, in the heart of things, they excavate a moderately roomy nest. It is common for many woodpeckers to peck out a deep hole in a dead tree for individual shelter during the winter. Generally neither nest nor hole is used longer than a season.

These abandoned holes are welcomed as shelters and nesting places by many birds that prefer wooden-walled homes and shelters but cannot construct such places. Chickadees and bluebirds often nest in them. Screech-owls frequently philosophize within these retreats. On bitter cold nights these holes shelter and save birds of many species. One autumn day, while watching beneath a pine, fifteen brown nuthatches issued from a woodpecker's hole in a dead limb. Just what they were doing inside I cannot imagine; the extraordinary number that had gathered therein made the incident so unusual that for a long time I hesitated to tell it. However, early one autumn, Frank M. Chapman climbed up the mountainside to see me; and, while resting on the way up, he beheld twenty-seven nuthatches emerge from a hole in a pine.

By tapping against dead treetrunks I have often roused Mother Woodpecker from her nest. Thrusting out her head from a hole far above, she peered down with one eye and from her nest comically

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tilted her head to discover the cause of the disturbance. With long nose and head tilted to one side, she had both a storky and a philosophical appearance. The woodpecker, more than any bird of my acquaintance, at times actually appears to need a pair of spectacles upon his nose in order fully to complete his attitude and expression of wisdom.

Downy woodpecker, the smallest member of twenty-four distinguished families, is the honored one. He is a confiding little fellow and I have often accompanied him on his daily rounds. He does not confine his attacks to the concealed enemies of trees, but preys freely upon caterpillars and other enemies which feast upon their leaves and bloom.

He appears most content close to the haunts of man and spends much of his time caring for orchards or in cleaning shade trees. One morning in Missouri a Downy alighted against the base of an apple tree within a few feet of where I was standing. He arrived with an undulating flight and swept in sideways toward the trunk, as though thrown. Spat! he struck. For a moment he stuck motionless, then commenced to sidle around and up the trunk. Every now and then he tapped with his bill or else stopped to peer into a bark cavity. He devoured an insect egg cluster, a spider and a beetle of some kind before ascending to the first limb.

Just below the point of a limb's attachment he edged about, giving the treetrunk a rattling patter of taps with his bill. He was feeling for something with sound. Presently a spot sounded to his satisfaction. Adjusting himself, he rained blows with his pickax bill upon this, tilting his head and directing the blows with an apparently automatic action, now and then giving a side-swipe with his bill—probably to tear off a splinter or throw off a chip. In six minutes a fat grub was exposed. Then he enlarged the hole and slightly deepened it vertically. Pausing, he momentarily thrust his head into the hole and his bill into a cavity beyond. With a backward tug he pulled his head out, then his bill and at last his extended tongue with a grub impaled upon its barbed point. This grub was dragged from the bottom of a crooked gallery at a point more than three inches beyond the bottom of the pecked hole. A useful breadgetting tool, this tongue of his—a flexible, extendable spear.

Four Hours' Work

In another tree he uncovered a feast of ants and their eggs. Once a grasshopper alighted against another treetrunk up which he was climbing. Downy seized him instantly. In one treetop he consumed an entire tent caterpillar colony.

In four hours he examined the trunks, larger limbs and many of the smaller ones of one hundred and thirty-eight apple trees. In this time he made twenty-two excavations, five of which were large ones.

Among the insects devoured were beetles, ants, their eggs and their aphids, a grasshopper, a moth or two, and a colony of caterpillars.

I followed him closely and frequently was within a few feet of him. Often I saw his eyes, or rather one eye at a time; and a number of times I imagined him about to look round and, with merry laugh, fly away, for he frequently acted like a happy child who is closely watching you while all the time merrily pretending not to see you. Yet, in all those four hours, he did not do a single thing which showed that he knew of my nearness or even of my existence!

Examining each tree in turn, he moved down a long row and at the end flew without the slightest pause to the first tree in the next row. From here he examined a line of trees diagonally across the orchard to the farther corner. Here he followed along the outside row until he flew away. The line of his inspection, from the time I first saw him until he flew away, formed a big letter N.

During a windstorm in a pine forest a dead tree fell near me and a flying limb knocked a Downy, stunned, to the earth by my feet. On reviving in my hands he showed but little excitement, and when my hands opened he pushed himself off as though to dive to the earth; but he skimmed and swung upward, landing against a treetrunk about twenty feet distant. Up this he commenced to skate and sidle, exploring away as though nothing had happened and I were only a stump.

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IVER JOHNSON

Exchanging Bonds

By ROGER W. BABSON

A Trick Sometimes Played Upon Small Investors

IT MAY be all right to swap marbles or jackknives and there may be nothing dangerous in trading horses, but when it comes to trading bonds, stocks and other securities upon which one's family is absolutely dependent, it is another matter. During the past few months, while my first series of articles in this weekly was running, I received a large number of letters asking questions, making complaints and suggesting subjects for further articles. It has been decided, therefore, to begin with this number another series of twelve or more articles, in which I shall discuss general subjects such as have been suggested to me by the letters I have received. In this first article I shall consider the practice of swapping securities, which has recently become quite common.

Personally, I am in a rather delicate position when I attempt to discuss this subject, for in my talks to bond salesmen I have always advised them to ask an investor who said he had no money whether he had any securities that he would trade. One of the principal uses of a "composite circular" of bond offerings is to enable dealers to dispose of any bonds that they take in trade; or, to state it another way, to enable them to take in trade any one of the fifteen thousand different bond issues held by investors, and to find some kind of a market for anything in the line of a bond or stock certificate that might be offered to them. It never occurred to me, however, that such advice would be abused, or would result in saddling investors with poorer securities than they originally held.

The process that I have recommended to bond salesmen is as follows: If, when out on the road, they encounter a man who has no money to invest and yet is interested in the bonds they are offering, they shall ask him whether he does not own some inactive bonds with which he is not fully satisfied that he would like to exchange for high-grade bonds the security of which is beyond question. This is a method that bond salesmen may use when business is dull and money is scarce, whereby they can both perform a distinct service to their clients and turn in an honest penny for their firm. Many of the high-grade firms do a large amount of this trading, thus making two commissions—to both of which they are well entitled.

Justifiable Swapping

Only a few days ago a reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST sent me a letter from a well-known firm. In this letter the firm stated that it had discovered, from a list of published stockholders, that said reader was the holder of twenty-five shares of stock in a certain industrial company. It went on to say that, owing to the present depression in business, it fully believed that this stock would decline in price and its dividends would possibly be reduced. The firm recommended that the reader sell the common stock of this well-known industrial company, which had already had a phenomenal rise, and reinvest the money in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company 3½ per cent convertible bonds, due October, 1915, selling at about 96, which would yield about 4½ per cent interest. The letter argued that, although the Pennsylvania bonds do not yield quite so much as the stock in question, these bonds are absolutely safe. The common stock of the industrial company, on the other hand, although it might some day be very valuable, would probably decline in price in the meantime. Therefore, considering the security, permanent yield and immediate opportunity of appreciation, it would, in the opinion of the firm, be much better for the reader to make the exchange.

Now such an argument is wholly justifiable, and the firm that writes such a letter is performing a distinct service to the community. Fortunate is this country for having such firms, and fortunate are the investors who deal with them and receive such communications from time to time. Of course, often these firms suggest that on such trades a little money must be paid by the investor, in order to secure an equal amount of better bonds; but this is wholly justifiable. Bonds are the same as clothes, or furniture, or any other commodity. Although you do not always receive what you pay for, yet you never receive more than you pay for; and in order to exchange one bond for another, *which either yields the same and is more secure, or yields more and has the same security*, the purchaser must pay something to boot, provided the maturity and marketability of the bonds are the same.

Of course, certain good men do not agree with me in this argument. The other day I advised a very able man, who was considering a trade, to pay something to boot. He replied by telling a story of his father, who continually traded horses, paying a little to boot each time, only to end with neither horses nor money. Said he: "I am willing to trade; but I will never pay anything to boot. I must either trade even, or else the other party must pay me something to boot." Such a position one need not discuss; but I might state that the only securities I personally hold today which cannot within a few minutes be sold for what I paid for them, or more, were purchased upon this man's advice!

His father's case may have been one where, in order to obtain better horses by continually paying something to boot, he reached a point when he had neither money nor horses; but I think such a case is exceptional. *Most people reach a point where they have neither money nor horses by continually trading a good article for an inferior article for the sake of getting something to boot.*

Good Bonds for Bad

One of the best illustrations of this came before me a few days ago. It is the case of a young lawyer, who was left by his father considerable property that was very largely personal. It consisted of the highest grade bonds, such as municipal bonds of leading cities like New York, Philadelphia and Boston, yielding about four per cent, and mortgage bonds of large railroad systems like the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Illinois Central, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and others, yielding nearly four and one-half per cent. Like many other young men who have never been obliged to earn any money, he found his expenses continually increasing, and soon reached a point where he wanted a greater income. Instead of studying fundamental conditions and changing his investments in accordance therewith, confining them always to the highest grade securities either bonds or short-term notes he began to trade his four-per-cent bonds for bonds that yielded him four and one-half per cent. These he traded for bonds that yielded him five per cent; and the latter he again traded for bonds that yielded him five and one-half per cent. Finally he traded these once more for bonds that yielded him six per cent. Each time he got poorer security and unconsciously paid a large commission to the bond house for making the exchange. The result is that today this young man has none of his good securities, and a large proportion of those that he owns are in default. Therefore, not only has he greatly deteriorated the security behind his father's investments and unconsciously reduced their market value nearly forty per cent, but, owing to the defaulted bonds, he actually receives a smaller yield today than he did when this money was invested in only the highest grade securities yielding about four per cent.

Such instances, however, do not trouble me so much as cases where innocent investors, who are not trained in business, are urged to trade good securities that they have owned for years, for speculative or uncertain stocks and bonds that salesmen tell them are "fully as good if not better."

Last night, at a class dinner, I sat next to a bond salesman who told me the following story. "On my last trip to Maine," said the salesman, "I called upon one of my customers, and she asked me about some district irrigation bonds that have

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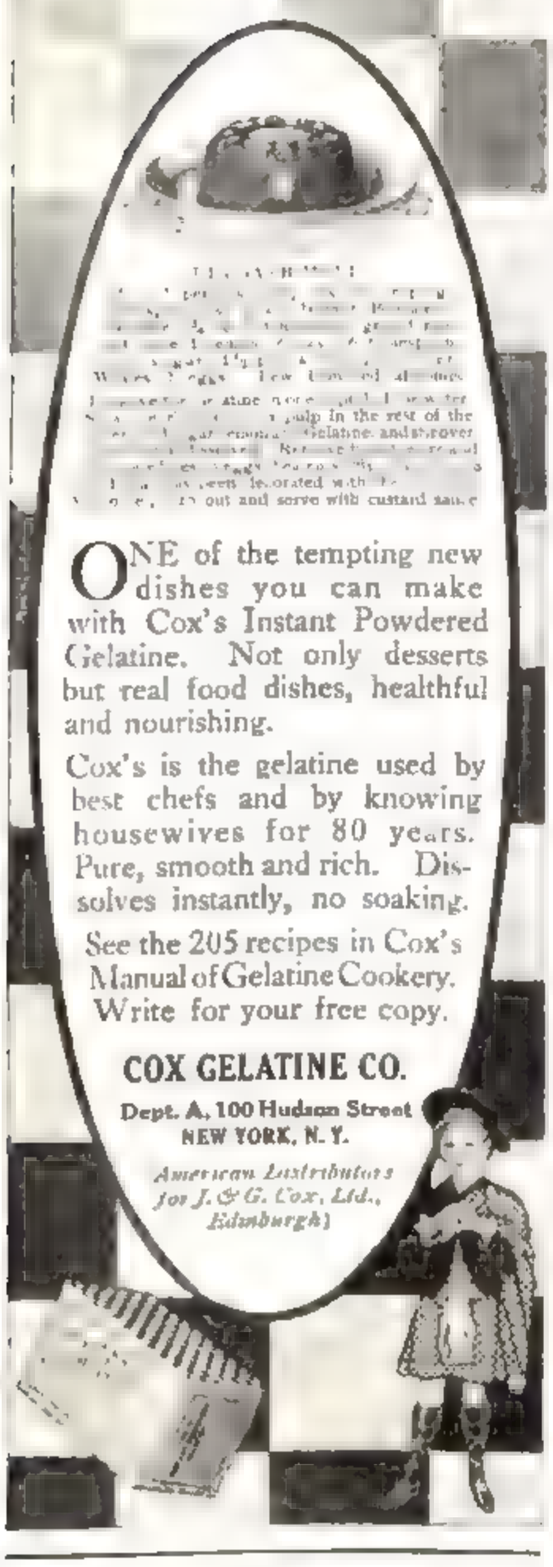

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been issued on a certain property in the West. They are bonds that were offered at par to yield six per cent. Of course I told her frankly that they are nothing that she would be interested in, knowing that she desires to confine her investments exclusively to municipal bonds and prefers not to buy even high-grade corporation bonds. 'But,' said she, 'I have already bought five one-thousand-dollar bonds. You remember certain bonds'—she gave the name—'which I purchased of you a while ago at par and interest? Well, this house offered to purchase these from me at 107 and interest. Believing that these new bonds were good municipal bonds and yielded about two per cent more than those I held, of course I was interested. I told the bond salesman, however, that I should like to wait and look the matter up; but he stated that he could not give me time to do this, because he had only a few of the bonds and there were two people in town who would take them if I did not. As the house advertises in some of the leading papers, I thought that it must be absolutely honorable, and therefore made the trade.' Now what do you think of that?" my friend asked me.

A Thirty-Five Point Loss

He went on to tell me that he had explained to the lady that it is almost impossible to obtain a straight municipal bond to yield six per cent and interest, and that her irrigation district bonds were not municipal bonds, although one might think so from reading the circulars. In short, although they are secured by a lien on a certain portion of land supplied by an irrigation system, and although the interest may be collected by a certain tax on this land, yet practically her bonds resembled a real-estate mortgage subject to the regular municipal taxes on the property. He explained that she had purchased an irrigation district bond and not a municipal bond, as she thought, but that there was no way by which she could hold the bond house or the bond salesman legally liable, as the circular offering the bonds stated nothing untrue. He told her that the only thing for her to do was to sell these irrigation bonds as soon as possible, take her loss and forget the episode.

She asked my friend to attend to the matter for her and he immediately endeavored to sell the irrigation bonds. He then found that, although it was within two weeks of the time she purchased them at par, the best he could sell them for was 65—or $650 each. Upon taking up the matter with the bond house that had made the sale, he was told that this house would be obliged to lose ten per cent on the municipal bonds that they had purchased of the woman. The house had paid the salesman five per cent and the advertising expenses had amounted to ten per cent; so that instead of receiving par for its irrigation bonds it received really only 75 net for them. Moreover, it had paid 65 for the irrigation bonds, leaving a net profit to the house of only ten per cent. Therefore, it could not afford to take back the irrigation bonds for more than 65, although only two weeks had elapsed since the sale.

Now what can be done relative to such matters? Surely I do not know. The bond house did not make an abnormally large profit and the case was not misrepresented to the widow; but, in my opinion, the thing was absolutely wrong from start to finish. First, the irrigation company should not have been formed; secondly, a bond house should not purchase any bonds that sell for only 65; thirdly, the bond salesman should have told the woman that she was not buying a municipal bond, instead of being content to let her assume anything; *and finally, the woman should have had sense enough to know that she could not exchange a four-per-cent bond for a six-per-cent bond and get some money to boot, without giving up a good part of her security.* But this is not all of the story. My friend tells me that since then five thousand dollars of such municipal bonds as were purchased of this woman have recently been purchased by his firm of a broker at about ninety-seven; and upon looking up the bonds' numbers he found them to be the same municipal bonds that he had sold the woman some time previous and that she had traded for the irrigation bonds!

This is only one illustration of a host that I might give. In a previous article I referred to some bonds, secured by a first mortgage on an Ohio property, which were purchased by a civil engineer at par, and are now practically worthless. These bonds were not really purchased by the civil engineer for cash but were taken in trade for five good bonds that he had held for some years. The latter were five telephone bonds that he had purchased at par and that yielded five per cent. A bond salesman came to him and offered him 105 and interest for these telephone bonds if he would buy the other bonds at par. In other words, to get on his old bonds a bonus of only two hundred and fifty dollars this man lost five thousand dollars.

And so it goes. From all parts of the country and from all classes of people I am continually receiving letters telling me of losses; and in most instances the trouble has been due to trading. When a man has his cash and makes his first investment, he usually shows care and forethought but about once in so often he seems to have an uncontrollable desire to trade. Ninety-nine times out of one hundred he gets "the rough end of the stick." Therefore I say to readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST: Be content with trying to beat a man at your own game and do not try to beat a bond salesman at his.

The above is not the only way the small investor gets into trouble by exchanging securities. I know of a certain promoter in Boston who sold stocks in a large number of companies and received as his profit a goodly proportion of each stock. Only one of these companies amounted to anything; but certain circumstances developed whereby he saw clearly that the stock of this one company would some day be very valuable. He was offered a large sum of money by certain interests if he could get back a majority of this one stock. In order to do this he first arranged to have the company stop paying dividends. This any corporation can readily do, as it is always advisable for a corporation to have a good surplus. No one can justly complain if a corporation desires to be ultra conservative and use its profits for extending its plant rather than to borrow money therefor. As dividends were suspended the demand for the stock lessened and the price declined. The stock was so distributed among small investors, however, that none of them had enough interest to cause them any worry and but few took the trouble to sell. And, when he sent an agent to ask them to sell, many of them immediately became suspicious and wondered why he should wish to buy if the stock was of as little value as the agent claimed.

The Promoter's Bait

The promoter, therefore, conceived a scheme whereby he inaugurated an underwriting company. He offered the holders of all of the different stocks that he had previously sold an opportunity of returning them to him and taking in exchange the stock of the new holding company. His argument was very plausible. He stated that probably a number of the stocks were valuable and a number were not, but that it was impossible to tell which were valuable and which were not. Therefore, he argued, if the holders would place all their stocks together in the treasury of this holding company and take new stock in the holding company in exchange therefor, all would probably make a handsome profit and at least all would receive the same treatment. He explained further that the holding company had the privilege of exchanging stocks and of purchasing additional stock if it so desired, from time to time. This, he said, would still further enhance the value of the holding company's stock. As under this scheme he offered to take back all the stock he had previously sold, instead of the stock of only one company, the suspicions of the holders of the stock of this one company were not aroused and most of them innocently turned in all their holdings.

A reasonable time after these holdings had been turned in and the entire deal had been consummated, the promoter—who incidentally controlled the holding company—had the holding company part with these valuable shares to a firm in which he held a large interest. This firm, in turn, exchanged them for shares for which a large sum of money was later received—but this money never reached the treasury of the underwriting company. If any of the stockholders of the underwriting company had been willing to spend a large sum of money fighting the case they doubtless could have obtained some of the money

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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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The Knickerbocker Spraybrush is a big summer seller because it has many superior merits and is widely advertised. This advertising will send your best customers to your store and when you explain that this modern scientific bath brush gives overhead shower, thorough shampoo and massage all in one they will willingly pay the reasonable price. The

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is an indispensable, hygienic necessity in every bath room It makes the bath strictly sanitary, twice as beneficial—halves the work—doubles the pleasure—saves time and water. Your bath is ready the instant you step into the tub. Ideal for quick morning shower—also for gradually increasing cold shower. Recommended by leading physicians. *A true luxury on a warm day.*

The Spraybrush is better than the best overhead shower at only a fraction of the cost. Makes the indoor bath as beneficial, invigorating and delightful as the vigorous splash at the seaside. Fresh running water—any temperature desired—flows through hundreds of hollow rubber teeth—teeth staunch enough to healthfully massage the flesh, yet with the velvet touch that both soothes and satisfies. Will not mat. Flexible to every curve of limb or muscle.

For shampooing alone the Spraybrush *will pay for itself* in every family in two months. Its rubber teeth—like finger tips penetrate the thickest growth of hair, thoroughly massage the scalp and the constantly flowing water rinses all dirt and dandruff out.

While bathing with the Spraybrush the bather does not sit in the tub using the same water over and over, absorbing body impurities back into the pores. The outlet may be left open and all waste matter is instantly carried away.

Made of the most durable India rubber—guaranteed for one year—will keep in condition five years—parts may be replaced—the most economical and sanitary bath brush. No Plumbing expense—fits any faucet—has double faucet connection. Will not splash floor or walls. Prices, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00 according to size and style.

To the Dealer:

If you have not already stocked Spraybrushes for your summer trade order them at once from your jobber. Display Spraybrushes prominently in your windows. They will sell readily and every sale will bring you more purchasers. Send for illustrated catalog and price list. See our advertisements in succeeding issues.

THE PROGRESS COMPANY

401 Progress Building· Chicago, Illinois

received from these valuable shares, although the promoter worked under the advice of able legal talent. The shares, however, were so scattered among small investors, each of whom had only a few hundred dollars invested therein, that the matter has been dropped and nothing has been done. A few original holders in the one valuable company, however, who for some reason or other did not exchange their stock, now have an investment that they can sell at a large profit; while those who exchanged for the holding company stock have practically nothing. Although, as I remember, the holding company did pay a dividend for a year or two—a time long enough to make impossible any criminal proceedings—it pays no dividend at present and probably never will.

As to Defaulted Bonds

There has come to my attention another instance in which a firm of so-called "investment dealers" makes a practice of obtaining the lists of holders of defaulted bond issues. It goes to these people, who are already frightened, and urges them to exchange their defaulted bonds for worthless oil or mining stock. For instance, a short time ago one firm obtained a list of the holders of the bonds of a well-known railroad company. The bonds of this company were at the time in default and their price had fallen to about 40. As these bonds were well secured, it was commonly acknowledged among all students of the situation that, ninety-nine chances out of one hundred, they would soon be paying their interest again and be selling much higher. In fact, these bonds now sell in the vicinity of 80. The above firm, however, sent an agent to the various holders, filling them full of gloom and offering in exchange for each one-thousand-dollar bond ten shares of stock in a mining company, which, though not just then paying interest, would, they said, "very shortly pay a good dividend and should sell considerably above par." Of course this is a very plausible argument; and it can readily be seen how many of the holders of these defaulted bonds exchanged them for the oil stock, in the belief that "a coming property is better than a dead one." As a result, these bondholders, instead of recouping their loss by making the exchange, have practically lost their all; whereas, if they had held the bonds they would now be able to obtain as much as they originally paid for them, if not more, and would have received full interest for the defaulted period.

Of course many letters received from readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST refer to exchanging stocks in local companies about which I have no knowledge, and in such cases it is impossible for me correctly to advise. To all such inquiries, however, I say: "If you have the two bank accounts that I have so strongly advised in previous articles, you should feel free to go to the officers of these banks and frankly ask their advice. If these officers advise you to make the exchange, then it is probably best for you to do so; but if they advise you not to, then you should not do so." Of course there are instances where the bank officials will not feel willing to take the responsibility. In such cases it is well to sell the securities and then reinvest in other strictly high-grade securities that the officials recommend.

Although many other illustrations might be given, I herewith submit two characteristic letters and my answers thereto, which are self-explanatory:

INQUIRY:

"I have had a certain broker call on me several times, urging me to sell the Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Company First Refunding 4's, due April, 1951, which I hold, but which are now in default and which sell at about 40 flat. Do you advise selling them or exchanging them for some of the other good railroad bonds which he offers?

"He also offers me some very good bonds with which I am well acquainted, for my —— St. Ry. Co. four-per-cent bonds. Have you any advice relative to this exchange?"

MY REPLY:

"In reply to your letter, will state that I think it would be a great mistake for you to sell the Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Company Refunding 4's at present prices. Although they may sell lower before the reorganization is completed, yet I believe that they, or the securities which you will receive in place of them, are bound to sell much higher.

"Regarding the four-per-cent street railway bonds to which you refer, you may be interested to know that there is a bill before the —— Legislature which may make these bonds a legal investment for savings banks of said state; and if this bill is passed said bonds should sell at very much higher prices. Possibly the bond salesman has this bill in mind."

INQUIRY:

"I take the liberty of asking your advice in regard to a proposed exchange of bonds belonging to an estate of which I am trustee.

"Referring to earlier statement, I informed you that the estate holds four-per-cent bonds of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company. We are asked to exchange these at the present time for American Telephone & Telegraph Company Collateral Trust four-per-cent bonds, through the house of ——, which claims that these telephone bonds are legal for Massachusetts savings banks, and exchange can be made with about six per cent margin in our favor.

"Where such a margin is offered I understand there must be a reason for it, but am unable to find any unfavorable expression in regard to the A. T. & T. Co. Kindly let me know if you recommend this exchange, which as you will notice carries the same rate of interest in both cases."

MY REPLY:

"The American Telephone & Telegraph Collateral Trust 4's should be absolutely good, and you are fully justified in making the change, although, owing to the different maturities, there is not so much difference in the ultimate yield of the two bonds as you would naturally think.

"Another reason why the telephone bonds sell for less money is because there are many more of them on the market than there are of the Boston & Maine bonds; moreover, additional telephone bonds may be issued within a short time.

"The bond house which you mention, however, is absolutely honorable, and if the Boston office advises this by letter you had better follow the advice."

Seeking Advice From Your Banks

From the above illustrations one must not be led to think that many bond dealers or brokerage houses resort to unscrupulous practices. There is probably no class of business that is operated by men with a higher standard of integrity than those in the bond business. Therefore, I wish plainly to state that the above illustrations apply to only a few firms and individuals. It is difficult to say what is the best rule to follow in distinguishing between honest and dishonest firms. As a general rule I should advise a person to inquire of his local banks. If you have good deposits in your local banks they will be very glad to guide and protect you, knowing as they do that a loss to you will ultimately come out of their deposits.

Therefore, when approached to make an exchange of securities by a house or individual of whose integrity you are not absolutely certain, it is well to inquire of your local banks. If they advise you to make the exchange, it is usually well to follow their advice; otherwise it is best either not to make the exchange or else to tell the firm or individual who approaches you that you do not care to exchange your securities for those that he holds, but that you will sell them for cash. After getting his offer you can have your local bank obtain bids from two or three other sources, and then sell to the highest bidder. When you have received this cash you can wait until fundamental business conditions indicate that prices are at their lowest point, and then conservatively invest it, as you would your original savings, in well-known, high-grade, seasoned securities.

A TRYST ON SPONGECAKE

Concluded from Page 11

"I have your friend in a bag, ma'am," Pindar explained. "I was afraid he would fight, ma'am. He was safer that way."

"What does this old man know?" she asked the prisoner in a trembling voice. The moonlight shone upon the golden mass of her hair; her eyes were bright, her lips were parted; she did not show her years.

The man in the sack uttered an oath. "He knows everything," said he.

"Yes," Pindar went on. "That's true. An' besides, I have the package. The man you are goin' to marry is in the bag. I have the letters—an' it's a nice night."

"What do you want for the package?" asked Miss Freytag. "I know you, Pindar. I didn't know you or anybody else lived on this Key; but I know your record smuggler, wrecker and filibuster." She spoke in a straightforward, businesslike way. "What is it you want money?"

"No," said old Rowe. "I don't want money. I just want to explain that, in spite of my record, I'm still a justice of the peace."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll marry you an' this Government clerk right here. Then I'll hand the papers over to man an' wife an' off you go!"

"Let him do it, Olga!" exclaimed the young man.

"That is ridiculous, Albert!" said the woman, glaring at Rowe. "Come! We are wasting time. I must go. Name your price, Pindar and be reasonable!"

"Well, ma'am," said Rowe, "you are a very clever woman. I'm only one of the dull Americans vulgar, you call 'em now, I hear. But this time the joke is on you, ma'am. No husband no papers!"

"You are mad!" cried Olga.

"No, I am't," the old man protested; "but a woman of your age ought to be ashamed to trifle with the affections of a poor young feller like this. Either you ought to marry him right now or give him up altogether. I don't care much about the papers one way or the other, but women who are real clever are rare. I like to set my wits against theirs, ma'am."

Olga bit the corners of her red lips. "You mean if I tell this man the truth that you'll give me the package?"

"Yep," said Pindar, looking at her over his glasses "if you can tell him the truth."

The silent man in the sack tried to rise; he fell back after vain efforts. The blonde woman laughed uneasily.

"Very well," she said. "You have caught us both very nicely, Pindar. You once refused to kiss me and I knew then that you had possibilities. You are not so dull, my old friend. Well, then, Albert." She turned toward the prisoner and hesitated. It was very still. All three could hear the launch bumping against the little pier and the fish jumping out in the channel.

"Well, then, Albert," she repeated, "I'm sorry. This old rascal has driven me into a corner. He is shrewd. The fact of the matter is that I don't love you as I did. We had better say goodby. My love for you is dead."

The sack collapsed. Pindar kicked at the white coral sand with the toe of his boot.

"The package, please!" Olga said sharply.

"Ma'am," said old Rowe, "the truth ain't in you. Maybe that's a character of clever women as they call 'em. You say you've stopped being fond of this poor critter. Fiddlesticks! What did a woman like you ever care about him? Ain't you ashamed?"

"Come, come!" said Olga. As she spoke her hand played with the folds of her dress.

"Well, ma'am, you didn't tell the truth. That was the bargain. You was to tell this feller you never cared two pins about him—not so much as for other men you've wrapped round your finger. You was to tell the truth an' you haven't done it." With these words Pindar picked up the sealed package.

"Stop!" she said in a low, malevolent voice. "Pindar, look at me now!"

The old man turned. He found himself facing the mouth of a polished revolver that gleamed like a jewel in the moonlight.

"It's my turn!" the woman explained. "No bad moves, please! I'd shoot. You know me!"

"Umph!" grunted Pindar.

"We will settle this little question of cleverness," said she. "You've sneered at me enough. You say I think American men are dull and vulgar. Well, I do! There are two of you. That puppy of a Government clerk allows himself to be tied up like a chicken. He's disgusted me from the first. And here you are at the mercy of a woman you and your refusal of money. Pah! Now, put those papers on the corner of this table. I'll shoot. You know it. Put them down!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Rowe sheepishly.

The woman picked up the package. She laughed musically and as if for theatrical effect. "I leave you, Albert, to study the problem of being at least half a man," she said, stepping backward. "And you, Pindar, to think about clever women. Good night, my jumping-jacks!"

"Dead men's fingers!" whispered Rowe as he watched her retreat, with the revolver in her hand. Having reached the shadows of the cocoanut palms, she turned and ran quickly along the little pier to the waiting launch; her white gown in the first gray of morning gave her the appearance of a ghost fleeing from the break of day. She jumped aboard. The propeller of her craft whirred until a trail of whipped moonlight was left behind.

"Umph!" said Pindar, following the escape with his squinted eyes. "There goes a bright and beautiful and plain-talking woman."

Slowly, methodically and without a word he released the other man. He took the sack off carefully as one would lift the snuffer of a candle. Wharton's head was bent forward on his chest; he seemed as limp as a pricked balloon. After a few moments he arose, stumbled off and threw himself down on the coral gravel.

Pindar tipped back his old derby hat, lit his pipe and stared thoughtfully at the other, as one would watch an incubating egg. The rose of dawn pushed the moonlight across the little keys toward the Gulf. Finally the sea was shining like a plate of brass. Pindar yawned noisily.

The sound seemed to awaken the prostrate body; the young man arose and stared at the old wrecker who smoked his pipe so calmly.

"Well?" said Pindar. "What are you goin' to do?"

"I'm going back," said the clerk.

"Sail back?"

"Yes."

"They'll arrest you, son."

"I know it."

"Unless you had the letters and told the whole story."

"I know I know!"

Pindar went into his shanty. He returned with a package under his arm. The other man looked at this package and gasped: "She hasn't got them!"

Pindar shook his head. "She got a sealed package, but it weren't this one, son. I saved this one so's you could take it back to Washington."

The young man swayed on weak legs.

"Got water on your boat?" asked Pindar.

"Yes."

"Take this package then, and go. You can't do it too quick, I reckon."

He followed his guest down to the pier, watched him hoist the sail and threw a bag of crackers into the cockpit. Through the glass in his spectacles he looked down into the clear water at the sponge-grown bottom and up at a white crane that flapped across the morning sky. The tropical sun was already beating down on the white sands; the water lay in shimmering stretches of beryl green and brilliant blues.

"Goodby!" said Wharton, without offering his hand. "You trust me?"

"Yep," said Pindar.

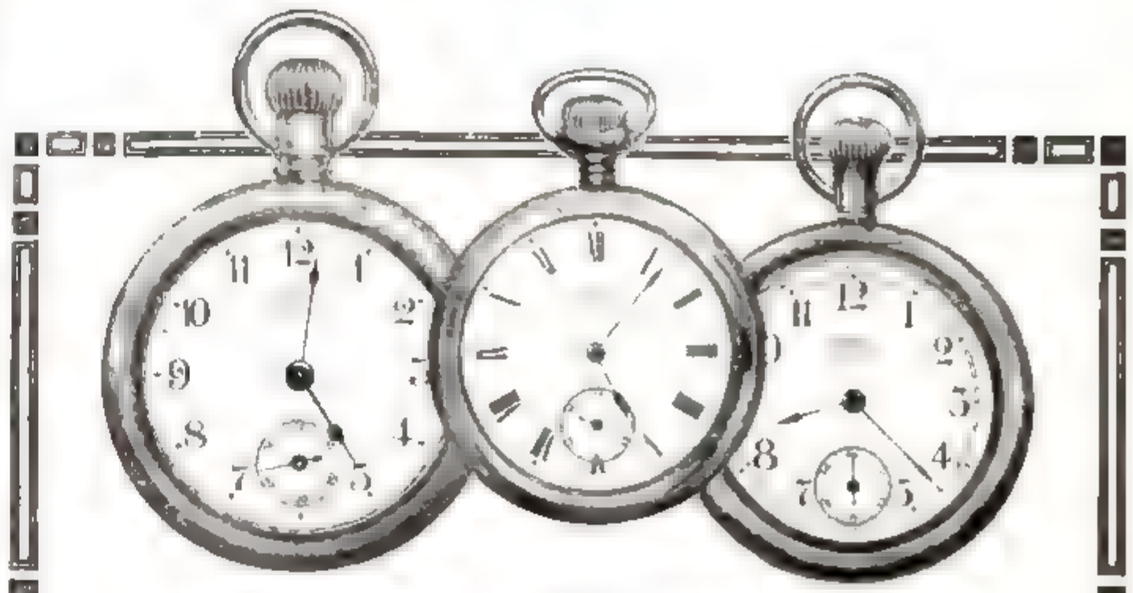
The other pushed his craft out into the channel and the favoring wind. He turned once to look at the old man, sitting with his legs hanging over the edge of the pier; his own sunken eyes showed like black blotches on a field of white.

"What was in the package you gave her?" he called across the stretch of water.

"A mail-order-house catalog, from Chicago!" said Pindar.

He swung his old legs like a schoolboy until the departing sailboat, northward among the alternating bars of sunlight and green shadows, was a flickering speck. Then he took off his spectacles, rubbed the red notch they had made on his nose and, throwing back his head, chuckled as if directing his mirth to the infinite depths of the heavens.

Ingersoll



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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 19)

jolly glad of it. To have one young idiot on my hands ill with congestion of the lungs and another ill with congestion of the heart—both at the same time—is more than I bargained for. I suppose you think I'm a sort of Sister of Charity. Why don't you do as your father tells you and go down to your Aunt What's-her-name in Somersetshire?"

Etta made a grimace. "Aunt Elmira would drive me crazy. You're much more wholesome for me. And as for father"—she tossed her pretty head—"he has to do what he's told."

So Etta remained in town, her convalescence synchronizing with that of Tommy Burgrave. Clementina began to find time to breathe and to make up arrears of work. As soon as Tommy was able to take his walks abroad, and Etta to seek distraction in the society of her acquaintances, Clementina shut herself up in her studio, forbidding the young people to come near her, and for a week painted the livelong day. At last, one morning two piteous letters were smuggled almost simultaneously into the studio.

". . . I haven't seen you for months and months. Do let me come to dinner tonight! . . . ETTA."

". . . Oh, darling, do come to tea this afternoon! . . . TOMMY."

"I shall go and paint in the Sahara!" cried Clementina; but she seized two dirty scraps of paper and scrawled on them:

"Lord, yes; child. Come to dinner."

"Lord, yes; child. I'll come to tea."

Having folded them crookedly, she dispatched them to her young friends.

It was during this visit of Clementina to the fairy bower in Cheyne Walk that Etta informed her of her intention of becoming a hospital nurse.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" cried Clementina.

"I don't see why I shouldn't," said Etta.

"The idea is preposterous!" replied Clementina. "What need have you to work for your living?"

"I want to do something useful in the world."

"You'll do much better by remaining ornamental," said Clementina. "It's only when a woman is as ugly as sin and as poor as charity that she need be useful—that's to say, while she's unmarried. When she's married she has got as much as she can do to keep her husband and children in order. A girl like you, with plenty of money and the devil's own prettiness, has got to stay at home and fulfill her destiny."

Etta, sitting on the window-seat, looked at the Thames, seen in patches of silver through the fresh greenery of the Embankment trees.

"I know what you're thinking of, dear," she said, with the indulgent solemnity of the reverend mother of a convent; "but I shall never marry."

"Rubbish!" said Clementina.

"I've made up my mind—quite made up my mind."

Clementina sighed. Youth is so solemn, so futile, so like the youth of all the generations that have passed away. The child was suffering from one of the natural sequelæ of a ruptured engagement. Once, maidens in her predicament got them into nunneries and became nuns—and that was the end of them. Whether they regretted their rash act or not, who can say? Nowadays they rush into philanthropic or political activity, contriving happy evenings for costermongers or unhappy afternoons for Cabinet ministers. The impulse driving them to a nunnery, Whitechapel or Caxton Hall has always been merely a reaction of sex; and the duration of the period of reaction is proportionate to the degree of brokenness of the heart.

As soon as the heart is mended, sex has her triumphant way again and leaps in response to the eternal foolishness that the maiden blushes to read in the eyes of a comely creature in trousers. This Clementina knew, as all those—and only those—whose youth is behind them know it; and so, when Etta, with an air of cold finality, said that she had made up her mind Clementina sighed. It was so ludicrously pathetic. Etta's heart had not even been broken; it had not sustained the wee-est, tiniest fracture; it had been roughly

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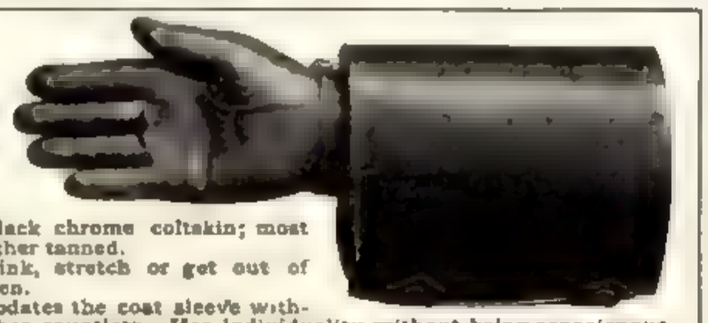

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With the Summer coming, too,
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handled that was all. In a month's time she would no more yearn to become a hospital nurse than to follow the profession of a chimney-sweep. In a month's time she would be flirting with merry, whole-hearted outrageousness. In a month's time, if the true prince came along, she might be in love—really in love. What a wonderful gift to a man would be the love of this fragrant wisp of womanhood!

"I've quite made up my mind, dear," she repeated.

"Then there's nothing more to be said," replied Clementina.

A shade of disappointment spread over the girl's face, like a little cloud over a May morning. She jumped from the window-seat and slid to a stool by Clementina's chair.

"But there's lots to be said—lots! It's a tremendously important decision in life."

"Tremendous," said Clementina.

"It means that I'll die an old maid."

"Like me," said Clementina.

"If I'm like you I won't care a bit!"

"Lord save us!" said Clementina. The girl actually took it for granted that she enjoyed being an old maid.

"I'll have a little house in the country all covered with honeysuckle, and a pony trap and a dog and a cat, and you'll come and stay with me."

"I thought you were going to be a hospital nurse," said Clementina.

"So I am; but I'll live in the house when I'm off duty."

Clementina rolled a cigarette. Etta knelt bolt-upright and offered a lighted match. Now when a lissom-figured girl kneels bolt-upright, with a shapely head thrown ever so little back, and stretches out her arm, there are few things more adorable in this world of beauty. Clementina looked at her for full ten seconds with the eyes of a Moses on Mount Nebo, supposing—a bewildering hypothesis—that Moses had been an artist and a woman; and then, disregarding cigarette and lighted match, she laid her hands on the girl's shoulders and shook her gently so that she sank back on her heels and the match went out.

"Oh, you dear, delightful, silly, silly child!"

She arose abruptly and went to the mantelpiece and lit the cigarette for herself. Etta laughed in blushing confusion.

"But, darling, nurses do have times off now and then."

"I wasn't thinking about nurses at all," said Clementina.

"Then what were you thinking of?" asked Etta, still sitting on her heels and craning her head around.

"Never mind," said Clementina. "But what will you want an old frump like me in your house for?"

"To listen to my troubles," said the girl.

Clementina walked home through the soft May sunshine, a smile twinkling in her little beady eyes and the corners of her lips twisted into an expression of deep melancholy. If she had been ten years younger there would have been no smile in her eyes. If she had been ten years older a corroborative smile would have played about her lips; but at thirty-five a woman in Clementina's plight often does not know whether to laugh or to cry—and if she is a woman with a sense of humor she does both at once. The eternal promise, the eternal message, vibrated through the air. The woman of five-and-thirty heard it instinctively and rejected it intellectually. She hurried her pace and gripped her umbrella—Clementina always carried a great, untidy, bulging umbrella—as if to assure herself that it would rain tomorrow from leaden skies. But the day laughed at her, and the gardens that she passed flaunted lilac and laburnum and pink may and springtide and youth before her; and buttercups looked up at her with a mocking air of innocence. Forget-me-nots in window boxes leaned forward and whispered: "See how fresh and young we are!" A very young plane tree looked impudently green—in its dainty fragility it suggested Etta.

"Drat the child!" said Clementina; and she walked along, shutting her eyes to the immature impertinences of the spring. But outside the window of a fruiterer's in the Royal Hospital Road she stopped short, with a little inward gasp. A bunch of parrot-tulips—great, riotous gold things, splashed all over with their crimson heart's blood—flared like the sunset flames of a tropical summer. As a hungry tomtit flies straight to a shred of meat, she went in and bought them.

THE NAME

FITFORM

Wins Our Great $500.00 Name Contest

Twelve Successful Contestants Are Awarded $41.67 Each

IN The Saturday Evening Post of March 18th, and later issues, we requested suggestions of a name or brand for the Young Men's Clothes we make, and offered $500.00 in cash for the one we might adopt. A condition of the contest was that all names be sent us through a retail clothing store. We promised to select some name from among those suggested, and stated that the prize would be equally divided if winning name should be suggested by more than one person. The contest ended May 6th.

Thousands upon thousands of lists poured in upon us. They came from every state, from Canada, Alaska, South America, Mexico and Europe. So great was the interest in our offer that we received a total of 106383 names. These came to us through 2609 different retail stores.

The selection of one name from so great a number was a herculean task. We must be fair and impartial. So, without reference to who sent names, we first went through all the lists and selected about 1000 names that appeared most suitable. We then crossed off the less desirable. After long consideration we settled upon the word FITFORM, and finally went through all the lists again for the names of the individuals suggesting it. These, with the merchants through whom names were sent, are as follows:

Miss Kate Burke, Summit Ave. . . Redlands, Cal.
Through Reid & Findlay, Redlands, Cal.
Mr. D. D. Collins . . . . . Coulterville, Ill.
Through Peoples Clothing Store, Coulterville, Ill.
Mr. M. E. Douglass . . . . . Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Through J. W. Stansing, Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Mr. J. M. Jacob, 719 South Third St. E., Salt Lake City, Utah
Through W. L. Nicol, 210 Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah
Mr. J. Thomas Lane . . . . . Cascade, Iowa
Mr. Wilfred J. Lane . . . . . Cascade, Iowa
Through J. P. Lane & Son, Cascade, Iowa
Mrs. Mattie McGee, R. F. D. No. 3 . . . Salina, Kan.
Through The Hub, Salina, Kan.
Mr. Urban Murphy, 2234 North 12th St. . . Toledo, Ohio
Through E. L. Thornberry Co., Toledo, Ohio
Miss Katherine Prendergast, 408 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Through Aberwald & Drake Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Mr. Ray D. Reed, 418 South Arno St., Albuquerque, N. M.
Through M. Mandell, Albuquerque, N. M.
Mr. F. W. Watson, 2714 Downing St. . Denver, Colo.
Through J. S. Dreyfuss & Co., Denver, Colo.
Miss Opal Woods, age 14 years . . Timewell, Ill.
Through W. F. & H. G. Taylor, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

In view of the magnitude of the contest, the above are most fortunate. We congratulate each one, and express our sincere thanks for the thought and effort expended. But we are equally grateful to the thousands who undoubtedly worked just as hard, yet were not so fortunate as to win.

FITFORM CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

The name expresses the most important feature of good clothes. It applies particularly to those we make because they are designed for young men, made to fit all young men, add character and distinction to the young man's form. The name suggests superior workmanship and value, for it requires the best tailoring and first-class materials to make clothes fit perfectly and hold their shape. You do not want a garment at any price that does not fit. In FITFORM CLOTHES you get a make that fits correctly, perfectly, properly always; you get stylish, reliable clothes; typical young men's clothes.

We will hereafter put the name FITFORM on the label that goes into every young men's suit and overcoat we make, and use it in all our advertisements. Ask your dealer for FITFORM CLOTHES.

Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Chicago

When you buy a Safety Razor, remember that it's the BLADE that counts

Set of Seven for 35 cents

GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES

When you buy a **Gem Junior Safety Razor** you not only get the **best** "Safety" but 7 genuine **Damaskeene Blades**—the finest that money can buy or skill can produce.

And that's just what you need for a good, clean, smooth, velvety shave—*real quality* in the blade—in the part that does the hard work.

The **Gem Damaskeene Blade** has a smooth, keen, cutting edge which it retains indefinitely. You can strop it the same as a regular barber's razor.

SHAVE SMOOTH—NEVER PULL

The GEM DAMASKEENE BLADE fits the GEM JUNIOR, GEM DE LUXE, Superior, Star and Ever Ready Safety Razors, but will give greatest satisfaction in a GEM JUNIOR frame.

Gem Damaskeene Blades are made of the finest crucible steel obtainable and by our secret Damaskeene process of tempering we have at last developed a blade that will really hold its edge.

At leading dealers—if your dealer does not sell the **GEM JUNIOR RAZOR $1.00** and **DAMASKEENE BLADES** we will tell you who does.

GEM CUTLERY CO., 34 Reade Street, New York

CHICAGO—115 So. Dearborn Street. MONTREAL—Kings Hall, 591 St. Catherine Street, W.

30 Years in Business. We Are the Original Modern Safety Razor Makers.

Are You Building?

Then let us send you copy of our new booklet—which tells all about the proper method of *finishing floors and interior woodwork.*

Johnson's Wood Dye

makes inexpensive soft woods just as artistic and beautiful as hard woods. Tell us the kind of wood you will use and we will mail you *panels of those woods* artistically finished—together *with our 25c booklet*—all free and postpaid.

In answering this ad ask for book SEP 6B.

S. C. Johnson & Son
Racine, Wis.
The Wood Finishing Authorities

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal. Cannot spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 25 cents.

HAROLD SOMERS
150 DeKalb Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

No More Long Delays From Crippled Tires

Abolish breakdowns that are due to tires, by always carrying the Goodyear handy, quick-repair devices. Then tire worries and long halts till aid reaches you become forgotten history.

"How will I get the car home?" Answer that question before you leave the garage by supplying yourself with these *valuable, inexpensive Goodyear accessories*—the simplest, easiest, quickest, most effective way to conquer tire troubles and worries.

Goodyear Protection Patches are for use when the cut is clear through the casing. An outside boot fits firmly over the casing and laces over the rim with a thong. An inside patch, snugly fitted inside the casing, protects the inner tube and the tire's fabric.

If it's a rim-cut, simply fit a handy *Goodyear Rim-Cut Patch* inside the casing—and the journey is resumed.

Goodyear Quick-Repair Gum will quickly heal a cut in the tread or inner tube.

The easiest, quickest, surest way to patch inner tubes is with the *Goodyear Security Cure Repair Outfit.* The patches require no cement.

Our Inside Tire Protectors, Inner Tube Rugs, Lever Handle Grips, Sifter Top Talc Tubes and other accessories are motoring *necessities.* Sound satisfaction is to be had from the Goodyear accessories, for they are the *best* that money can produce—yet their cost to motorists is *insignificant.*

Phone your dealer or garage man now for a supply—it's a big move toward thoroughly enjoying your trips. Be sure you get *Goodyear Accessories*—no others can do the work so quickly or so effectively. Write today for valuable free leaflets of instruction, to

(288)

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Seneca St., Akron, O.

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

ASK FOR FREE 1911 CATALOG

REGULAR PRICE $27.50 **$16.50**

Model 24 Six-shot Repeater

Perfect—hammerless—non-clogging action—Instantaneous sight—hinged breech block—all working parts covered—snow and dirt cannot get in—solid steel wall between shell and shooter. Taken down in 10 seconds without tools. 26 to 32 inch **genuine imported Nitro-steel barrel** with full length top rib—American black walnut stock—fine finish. Bore, gauge and drop of stock optional. No extra charge for any features named. Sent with privilege of examination if desired. Send for free 1911 catalogue describing full line of repeating shot guns, doubles, etc. Drop a card now.

THE UNION ARMS COMPANY, 513 Auburndale, Toledo, O., U. S. A.

When she reached her house in Romney Place she peeped for the last—and the hundredth—time into the open mouth of the twisted white-paper cornet.

"They'll make a nice bit of color on the dinner table for Tommy," she said to herself.

O Clementina! O woman! What, in the name of Astarte, had the gold and crimson reprobates to do with Tommy?

She let herself in with her key, traversed her Sheraton drawing room and opened the door leading on to the studio gallery. Tommy was below, walking up and down like a young wild beast in a cage. His usually tidy hair was ruffled, as though frenzied fingers had disturbed its calm. Clementina called out:

"You asked if you could come to dinner. Six o'clock isn't dinnertime."

"I know," he cried up at her. "I've been here for an hour."

She went down the spiral staircase and confronted him.

"What have you been doing to your hair? It's like Ferdinand's in The Tempest. And"—noticing a new chaotic note of violence in the customary peaceful chaos of the studio—"why have you been kicking my cushions about?"

"My uncle has gone stick, stark, staring, raving, lunatic mad!" said Tommy.

He turned on his heel and strode to the other end of the studio. Clementina threw the parrot-tulips on a chair and drew off her left-hand old cotton glove, which she cast on the tulips. Then for a while, during Tommy's retreat and approach, she gazed thoughtfully at the thumb tip which protruded from the right-hand glove.

"I'm not at all surprised," she said when Tommy joined her.

"How else can you account for it?" cried Tommy, flinging his arms wide.

"Account for what?"

"What he has done. Listen! A week ago he came to see me, as jolly as could be. You were there ——"

"About as jolly as a slug," said Clementina.

"Anyway, he was all right. I told the dear old chap I had unaccountably exceeded my allowance—and he sent me a check next day, just as he always does. This afternoon a card is brought up to me—my uncle's card. Written on it in his handwriting: 'To introduce Mr. Theodore Vandermeer.'"

"What name?" asked Clementina, pricking her ears.

"Vandermeer."

"Go on."

"I tell the servant to show him in—and in comes a dilapidated red-headed devil looking like a mangy fox ——"

"That's the man."

"Do you know him?"

"All right. Go on."

"——who squirms and wriggles and beats about the bush—and at last tells me that he is commissioned by my uncle to inform me that, unless I give up painting and go into some infernal City office within a month, he'll stop my allowance and cut me out of his will."

Clementina worked the thumb tip through the hole in the right-hand glove until the entire thumb was visible.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Tommy waved his arms. "I must try to see my uncle and ask him what's the meaning of it. Of course, I've no claim on him—but he's a rich man and fond of me and all that; and when my poor mother died he sort of adopted me and gave me to understand that I needn't worry. So I haven't worried. And when I took up with painting he encouraged me all he knew. It's damnable!" He paused and strode three or four paces up the studio and three or four back, as though to work off the dangerous excess of damnability in the situation. "It isn't as if I were an idle waster, going to the devil. I've worked jolly hard, haven't I? I've put my back into it and now I'm beginning to do something. Only last week I was telling him about the New Gallery picture—he seemed quite pleased—and now without a minute's warning he sends this foxy-faced jackal to tell me to go into an office. It's—it's—Heaven knows what it isn't!"

"I believe," said Clementina, looking at her thumb, "that there are quite worthy young men in City offices."

"I would sooner go into a stokehole!" cried Tommy. "Oh, it's phantasmagorical!"

He sat down moodily on the platform of the throne and buried his head in his hands.

Phoenix Silk Hose

THERE is no "near silk" about Phoenix silk hose. They are genuine silk of the best quality—the soft, shimmery kind you'd expect in only the costliest hosiery. Yet we guarantee the wearing qualities.

50c

Guaranteed—*No Holes—3 Months*

A written guaranty is in every $2 box of four pairs—no holes, three months, or new hose free. That guaranty of wear tells the story of perfect manufacture. Twelve correct colors to choose from in Phoenix Guaranteed Silk Hose. If your dealer can't fill your order, we will on receipt of price.

Women's Box of 4 pairs $3.00 **75c**

Covered by the same guaranty of wear—four pairs, no holes, three months. Nine tasteful colors to choose from.

Phoenix Knitting Works 231 Broadway MILWAUKEE

Makers of the Famous Phoenix Muffler and Phoenix Registered Hose

We will start one man in each town in business

These are the requirements: A young man is wanted in each community, who is ambitious, of good standing, with an aptitude for business, who is willing to rent a small, well-located store, and devote his entire time to this work.

This is a practical business proposition and will appeal to the merchant who wishes to add another line, as well as to the young man desiring to start in business for himself.

What we will do for you: We will supply you with an ample stock of the best Phonographs and records (everlasting and unbreakable) on easy terms.

The Phonograph business during 1910 reached the stupendous total of Sixty Million Dollars and has only just commenced to grow. At present there is only one phonograph to every fifteen homes!

A business in this line in any town or city with our co-operation can be made very valuable.

WRITE US

If you think you are the right man write for full particulars.

The Bishop-Babcock-Becker Co.

1013 Oregon Ave., N. E. Cleveland, Ohio

References: Dun, Bradstreet, or any Commercial Agency.

"Yankee" Tools

The Handy Man's Screw Driver

—four screw drivers in one; a blade to fit *any* screw slot in this famous

Yankee No. 65

If you've got a big screw to drive, use the ⅜-inch blade; a little screw, the ⅛-inch blade, or the ¼-inch, or the ⅝. Then you won't "burr" that slot, "scuff" your job or tear the skin off your fingers.

The right and left hand ratchet movements of the "Yankee No. 65" make driving and drawing screws a simple matter. The handle moves back with your hand without turning back the blade! Or you can make it rigid. All three movements adjusted by a slide.

Mechanics favor the "Yankee No. 65" because it is complete and compact. Extra blades are carried in magazine handle.

Your dealer can supply you.

With 4-inch shank, Entire length 6¾ inches. **95c**

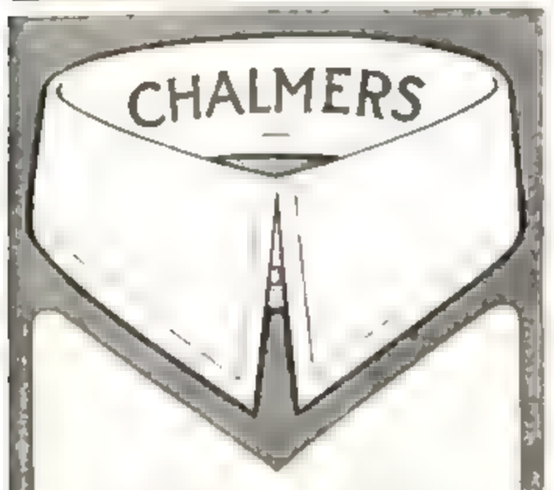
With 6-inch shank, Entire length 11¾ inches. **$1.10**

The grooved end of the shank is strengthened by a web of metal. Blades securely held by a "Yankee" device, yet easily slipped in and out with the fingers.

Everyone who works with tools—mechanic or householder—should have the "Yankee" Tool Book. Illustrates and describes each of the 4 sizes of "Yankee" time and labor savers. Write for it.

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia

Frisbie Collars



MOST summer collars surrender style to comfort.

The "Chalmers" preserves both. It's a *high-low* shape. Handmade and four-ply.

For Sale by Most Good Dealers.

15 Cents. Two For 25 Cents

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

Frisbie, Coon & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

"Cheer up," said Clementina. "The world hasn't come to an end yet and we haven't had dinner."

She opened a door at the back of the studio that communicated with the kitchen regions and calling out for Eliza was answered by a distant voice.

"Go to the wine merchant's and fetch a bottle of champagne for dinner."

"Yes, ma'am," said the voice coming nearer. "What kind of champagne?"

"I don't know," said Clementina; "but tell him to send the best bottle he has got."

"What a good sort you are!" said Tommy.

Neither was alarmed by the prospective quality of this vaguely selected vintage. How holy is simplicity! It enables men and women to face and pass through terrors without recognizing them.

Clementina took off her hat and right-hand glove and rolled a cigarette. Tommy burst out again:

"Why didn't he send for me and tell me so himself? Why didn't he write? Why did he charter this seedy, ugly scoundrel? I asked the wretch. He said my uncle thought that such a delicate communication had better be made through a third party. But what's my uncle doing—associating with such riffraff? Why didn't he choose a gentleman? This chap looks as if he'd murder you for twopence."

The young are apt to exaggerate the defects of those who have not gained their esteem. As a matter of fact, acknowledged afterward by Tommy, Vandermeer had accomplished his unpleasant mission with considerable tact and delicacy. Tommy was an upstanding young Saxon, with a bright blue eye—and there was a steep flight of stairs leading down from his studio.

"Once I fed him on ham and beef round the corner," said Clementina.

"The devil you did!" said Tommy.

Clementina related the episode and her subsequent conversation with Quixtus.

"I give it up!" said Tommy. "I knew that my uncle was greatly upset by the trial; and I have been thinking that perhaps it has rather unhinged his mind—and that was why he took up with such a scarecrow. But he has apparently been a friend of his for years. It shows you how little we know of our fellow creatures," he moralized. "If there ever was a chap I thought I knew inside and out it was my Uncle Ephraim." Then pity smote him. "If he's really off his head it's tragic. He was the best and dearest and kindest-hearted fellow in the world."

"Did you ask the man whether your uncle had gone mad?"

"Of course I did—in so many words. The man seemed to look on it as an astonishing suggestion. He said my uncle had long disapproved of my taking up painting as a profession and now had arrived at the conviction that the best thing for me was a commercial career—a commercial career!"

So do thrones and dominations, I imagine, speak of the mundane avocations of a mere angel.

"If you refuse you'll be giving up three hundred a year now and Heaven knows how much afterward," said Clementina.

"And if I accept I'll be giving up my self-respect, my art, my dreams—every damned thing that makes for life—Life with the biggest of capital L's. By George, no! If my uncle won't listen to reason I'll not listen to unreason, and there's an end of it. I'll pull through somehow."

"Good," said Clementina, who had remained remarkably silent. "I was waiting to hear you say that. If you had hesitated I should have told you to go home and dine by yourself. A little starvation and struggle and fringe to your trousers will be the making of you. As for your uncle, if he's crazy he's crazy—and there's an end of it, as you say. Let's talk no more about it. What made you beg to come to dinner this evening?" she asked, with a resumption of her aggressive manner.

"'The desire of the moth for the star,'" he laughed.

She responded in her grim way and bade him amuse himself while she went upstairs to wash her face and hands. Clementina did wash her face, literally scrubbing it with soap and toweling it vigorously afterward, thereby accomplishing, as her feminine acquaintances asserted, the ruin of her skin. She arose and went to the foot of the stairs. Tommy's eye fell on the parrot-tulips in their white cornet.

"What are you going to do with these gaudy things?"

Clementina had forgotten them. The curious impulse of the blood that had led

Reciprocity Helps Buffalo

The approach of Reciprocity has brought a remarkable wave of prosperity to the city of Buffalo.

Eleven hundred and forty-six members were added to the Chamber of Commerce in three days. Nine factories are now moving to Buffalo from other cities. The Federal Government is spending $7,000,000 to improve the Buffalo Harbor. The State Legislature is deepening the Erie Canal at a cost of $101,000,000. New buildings, to the value of $10,000,000, are now under way inside the city limits.

What Does This Mean To You?

It means that Buffalo is today *The Best Manufacturing and Trading Center in the United States.* There are chances just now—big chances for big men, in the city of Buffalo. The right man, with the right goods, can establish an international business by moving to Buffalo *at this time.* You may have missed other chances in your life—don't miss this one. Write today for details and new *Fact-Book* of Buffalo free.

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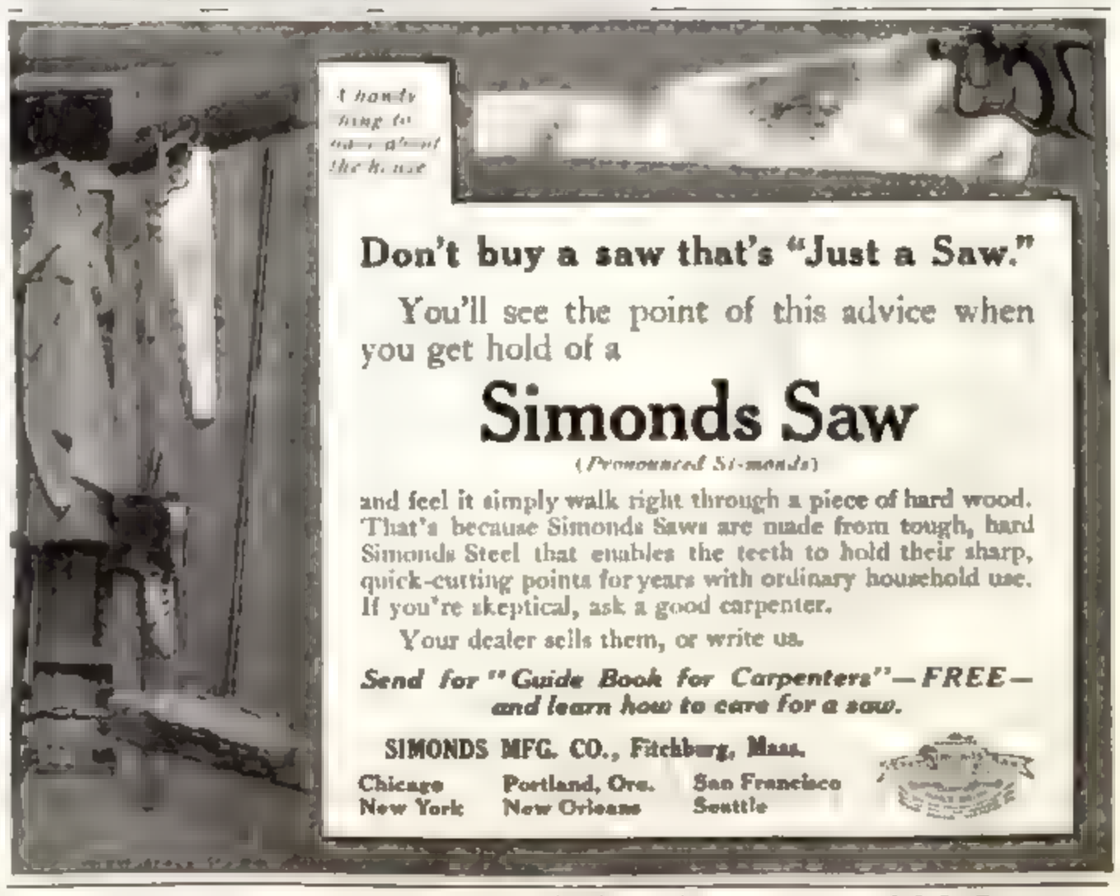
→ ***Be one of our million visitors this summer*** ←



Don't buy a saw that's "Just a Saw."

You'll see the point of this advice when you get hold of a

Simonds Saw

(Pronounced Si-monds)

and feel it simply walk right through a piece of hard wood. That's because Simonds Saws are made from tough, hard Simonds Steel that enables the teeth to hold their sharp, quick-cutting points for years with ordinary household use. If you're skeptical, ask a good carpenter.

Your dealer sells them, or write us.

Send for "Guide Book for Carpenters"—FREE—and learn how to care for a saw.

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Photographic FILMS DEVELOPED 10c PER ROLL, ALL SIZES. Velox prints, Brownies 2c; 3½x1½, 3½x4½, 4c; 4x5, 5A, 5c; 8x10 enlargements, mounted, 50c. We do amateur work only. Our experience promises best results, quick service.
WOOD & COMPANY Box 266 Chicago, Ill.

Fine Rugs woven from **Old Carpet**
DENWORTH RUG MILL
3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Civilization—from Signal Fire to Telephone

THE telephone gives the widest range to personal communication. Civilization has been extended by means of communication.

The measure of the progress of mankind is the difference between the signal fire of the Indian and the telephone service of to-day.

Each telephone user has a personal interest in the growth of the whole telephone system.

He is directly benefited by every extension of his own possibilities.

He is indirectly benefited by the extension of the same possibilities to others, just as he is benefited by the extension of the use of his own language.

Any increase in the number of telephones increases the usefulness of each telephone connected with this system.

The Bell System is designed to provide Universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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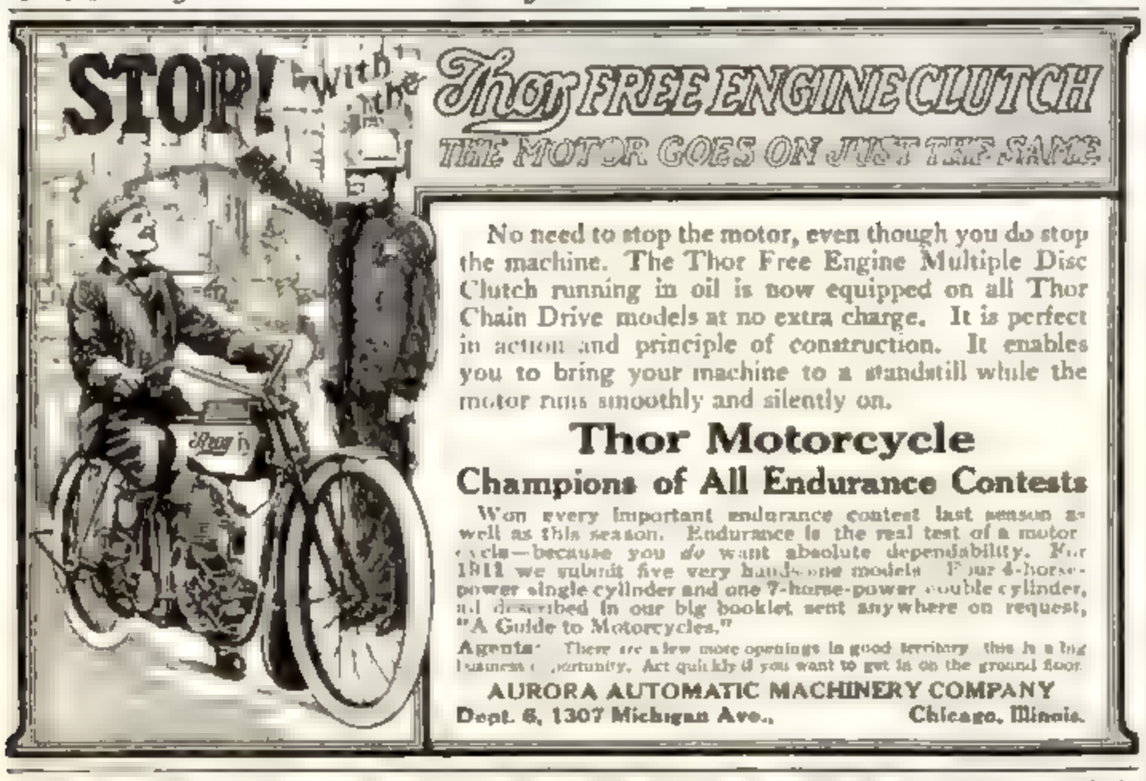
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



No need to stop the motor, even though you do stop the machine. The Thor Free Engine Multiple Disc Clutch running in oil is now equipped on all Thor Chain Drive models at no extra charge. It is perfect in action and principle of construction. It enables you to bring your machine to a standstill while the motor runs smoothly and silently on.

Thor Motorcycle

Champions of All Endurance Contests

Won every important endurance contest last season as well as this season. Endurance is the real test of a motor cycle—because you *do* want absolute dependability. For 1911 we submit five very handsome models. Four 4-horse-power single cylinder and one 7-horse-power double cylinder, all described in our big booklet sent anywhere on request, "A Guide to Motorcycles."

Agents: There are a few more openings in good territory this is a big business opportunity. Act quickly if you want to get in on the ground floor.

AURORA AUTOMATIC MACHINERY COMPANY
Dept. 6, 1307 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

10 CENTS A DAY buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory in Kittanning, Pa. **$65 now—later the price will be $100.** One of the most remarkable typewriters in the world; not excelled by any machine at any price. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. **One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Given Away** for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your FREE OFFER."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Dept. 29, Union Bank Building *Established 20 years* PITTSBURGH, PA.

to their purchase had been spent. Tommy's news had puzzled her and had taken her mind off foolishness. She glanced at them somewhat ashamedly.

"Stick them in water, of course," she replied. "You don't suppose I'm going to wear them?"

"Why not?" cried Tommy; and snatching out a great gold and crimson bloom he held it against her black hair and swarthy brow. "By Jove! You look stunning!"

Clementina, in a tone of some asperity, told him not to be a fool, and mounted the stairs with unaccountably burning cheeks.

At dinner, Tommy, inspired by more than three-fourths of the wine merchant's best bottle of champagne, talked glowingly of his prospects in the event of his uncle's craziness not being a transitory disorder. After all, the world was his oyster and he knew the trick of opening it. Most people jabbed their fingers through trying to prize it open at the wrong end. The wise man, said he, in the tone of an infant Solomon, was he who not only made a mock of misfortune but bent it to his own use as an instrument for the attainment of happiness.

When challenged Tommy confessed that he had got this gem of sapience out of a book. But it was jolly true, wasn't it? Really he was looking forward to poverty. He was sick of silk hats and patent-leather boots and the young women he met at tea parties. Nature beat the lot. Nature for him! Thoreau—"The boy's going as cracked as his uncle!" cried Clementina—Thoreau, he insisted, had found out the truth. He would give up his studio, take a laborer's cottage in the country at two shillings a week, live on lentils, paint immortal though perhaps not instantaneously remunerative landscapes by day, and by night do all sorts of things with his pencil for the sake of a livelihood. He knew of a beautiful cottage—two rooms and a kitchen near Hagbourne, in Berkshire. The place was a forest of cherry trees. Nothing more breathlessly beautiful on the earth than the whole of a countryside quivering with cherry blossoms—except the same countryside when it was a purple mist of cherries! Geoffrey King had the cottage last summer. There was a bit of a garden that he could cultivate cherry trees in it, of course; also flowers and vegetables. He would supply Clementina with pansies and potatoes all the year round. There was a pigsty too—useful in case he wanted to run a pig. When Clementina was tired of London she could come to the cottage and he would sleep in the pigsty.

For the second time that day she asked: "What will you want an old frump like me in the house for?"

"To look at my pictures," said Tommy.

Clementina sniffed. "I thought as much," she said. "Really, the callous selfishness of old age is saintlike altruism compared with the fresh, spontaneous egotism of youth."

Tommy, accustomed to her sharp sayings, only laughed boyishly. How was he to guess the history of the parrot-tulips? He was mildly surprised, however, when she decided to spend the evening not in the studio but in the stiff Sheraton drawing room. He protested. It was so much jollier in the studio. She asked why.

"This place has no character, no personality. It looks like a show drawing room in the front window of a furniture shop. It has nothing to do with you. It means nothing."

"That's just why I want to sit in it," said Clementina. "You can go to the studio if you like."

"That wouldn't be polite," said Tommy.

She shrugged her shoulders and sat down at the piano and played scrape of Mozart, Beethoven and Grieg—memories of girlhood—with the inexpert musician's uncertainty of touch. Tommy wandered restlessly about the room examining the Bartolozzis and the backs of the books in the glass-protected cases. At last he became conscious of strain. He leaned over the piano and waited until she had broken down hopelessly in a fragment of Peer Gynt.

"Have I said or done anything wrong, Clementina? If so I'm dreadfully sorry."

She shut the piano with a bang.

"You poor motherless babe!" she cried. "Whom would you go to with your troubles if you hadn't me?"

Tommy smiled vaguely.

"Deuce knows," said he.

"Then, let us go down to the studio and talk about them," said Clementina.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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They dispense with the annoyance of handling and changing foreign moneys, when traveling through different countries.

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Write to Bankers Trust Co., 7 Wall St., New York, for interesting booklet The Most Convenient Cheque and information as to where you can obtain the cheque in your vicinity.

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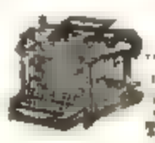

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The Locomobile for 1912

Fourteenth Annual Announcement

The "48" Six Cylinder — The "30" Four Cylinder

FOR 1912 the Locomobile will set a new standard of Luxury in motor cars.

Our success in the past resulted from our continued efforts to make the Locomobile the best built car in America.

Having attained this mechanical superiority our present aim is to make the Locomobile the most luxurious American Car—Quiet, Comfortable, Perfect in detail.

The Six Cylinder Locomobile, by virtue of its excellent performances in 1911, has established a new standard in Six Cylinder construction. Realizing the demand on the part of the present day motorist for increased comfort in automobiling, we have made careful study and investigation for the purpose of making this Car the last word in Luxury.

The improvements that we have made in this direction produce Ease and Comfort hitherto unknown in motoring. As an instance the rear seat cushions and high backs are each provided with upholstering *ten inches deep*—as soft and restful as the easiest library chair. Passengers are seated low in the car, which produces a feeling of security.

The combination of advantages offered only in the Locomobile Shaft Drive Six makes it—

A Perfect Machine—a Perfect Vehicle.

The Six Cylinder Type in its highest development.

Motor Design The motor [illegible] bore and stroke, the bore of 4½ inches, 70 horsepower is [illegible] exerts the utmost power obtainable from [illegible] cylinder without sacrificing reliability. Cylinders are designed specially for the Six and have large valves and quiet valve lifters.

Quietness Detail changes in the design of the rear axle [illegible] for greatly increased quietness in the Locomobile Six.

Moderate Weight The Locomobile Six, with possibly one exception, is the lightest seven passenger, six cylinder car. We have [illegible] and refinement by seven [illegible] and developments of the [illegible] power is provided for every fifty seven pound of weight.

Fuel Economy The Locomobile Six has frequently been driven twelve miles on a gallon of fuel. This is well in advance of ordinary six cylinder performance. A customer writes that he drove his Locomobile Six over the mountains from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, with seven passengers, [illegible] miles to a gallon of fuel. Another customer writes that he never has [illegible] over fourteen miles on a gallon of fuel. Such economy is due to our special carburetor design and to moderate weight.

Tire Economy Ordinarily a powerful Six [illegible] involved. The Locomobile Six has [illegible] tire wear. *The Speed Meter does not record more than an occasional instant of the car's speed when you would not think they had been at a high rate.* The Locomobile report is one of the first Sixes [illegible] Locomobile are constantly [illegible] balance of weight; also to the [illegible] when turning a corner [illegible] tires. The Locomobile tire record never [illegible] under any conditions of road or operation.

Strength of Construction Bronze [illegible] aluminum is used for the motor base and gear box [illegible] three times as strong—the aluminum ordinarily used for the purpose in other cars. The axles and steering gear are very strong and safe. The car throughout is built from carefully designed parts made in the Locomobile factories from metal specially selected for each part. The Locomobile has always been known for its safety and strength.

Riding Qualities The Locomobile Six has wonderful riding qualities—perfect comfort and *steadiness*. No swerving from side to side when traveling at speed. The superb riding qualities of our Six are largely due to the fact that power [illegible] springs. Thus they are free to act [illegible] and give maximum comfort when [illegible] rough roads. The three-quarter elliptic rear springs are [illegible] that they have full play. All springs are made of the finest spring steel that can be bought.

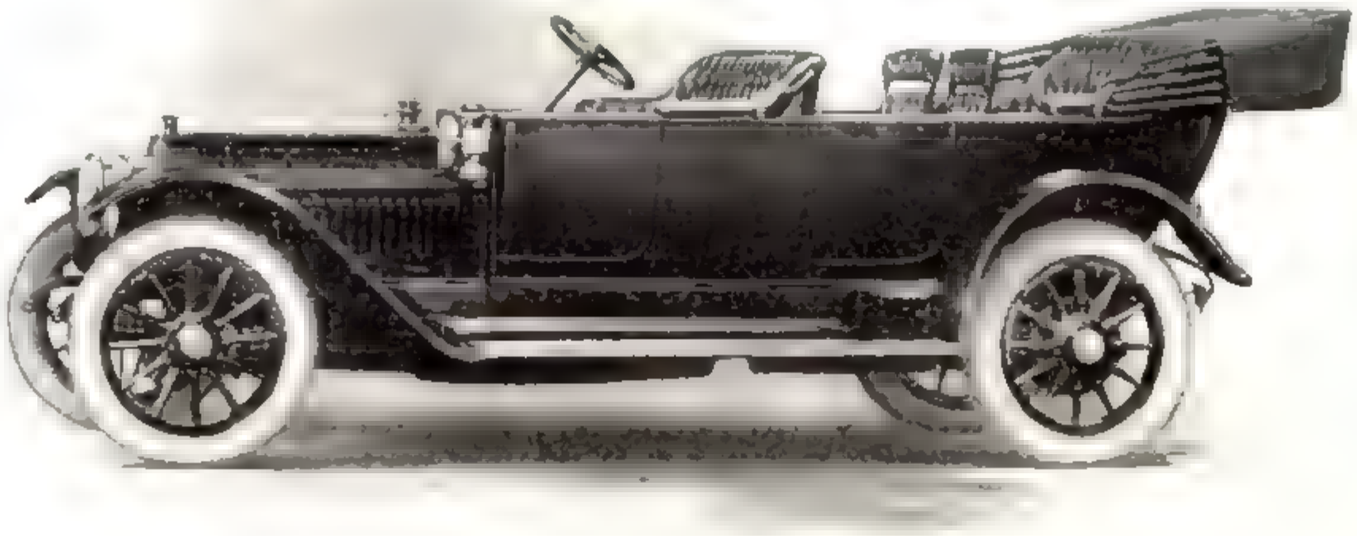
Rear Axle Construction The rear housing is provided with a hand hole, affording ease of inspection of the driving gears. Rear axle tubes are alloy steel, without brazing—a superior construction peculiar to the Locomobile.

Other Special Features *The Multiple Disc Clutch* is very simple and may be removed as a unit without disturbing anything else. A self contained *Oiling System* provides perfect motor lubrication. *Grease Cups* at all wearing parts [illegible] the chassis eliminate dirty oil cups and insure perfect lubrication. *The Transmission* provides four speeds and reverse and the construction is so durable that gear trouble is absolutely eliminated. *Universal Joints* run over 5000 miles without attention to lubrication. *The Bonnet is very short*, saving room and obviating the clumsy appearance of other Sixes. *Extra Tires* are carried at the rear. *Running Boards* are clear on both sides.

The "30" Locomobile, Four Cylinders

This reliable and [illegible] shaft drive car will be marketed for 1912 without change excepting increased attention to details of finish and equipment.

Price $3500



All 1912 Locomobile Models

are equipped with High Tension Ignition, Demountable Rims, and Top. The customer is given his choice of color. More complete information on application.

The "48" Locomobile, Six Cylinder Touring Car. Price $4800. Interchangeable Tires.

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And one Vacation-day upon the way

WHO wouldn't anticipate summertime in Colorado, where nature gives the biggest returns in scenery and health you can exchange for time and money?

Go to Colorado by way of the Rock Island Lines and have a lesson in travel-luxury.

Take the deservedly famous

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—from Chicago every day in the year—

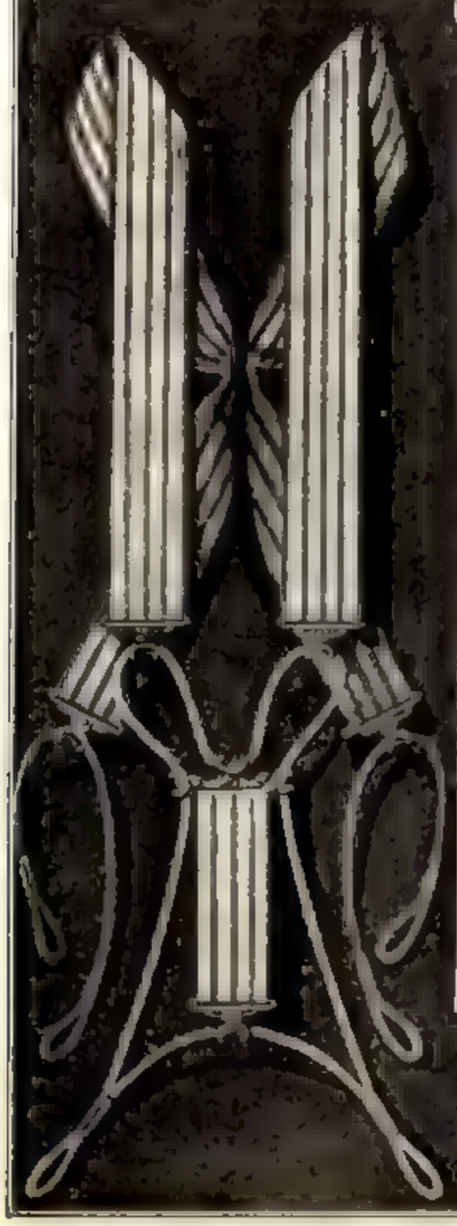
A combination of *how* to get there and *the* train to *take* you there will make the journey a day's vacation by itself.

Every convenience, comfort, care, luxury found in the best modern hotel or your favorite club. Then, when you step from the Rocky Mountain Limited at the foot of the Rockies just mentally classify this peerless train—that's all.

Other splendidly equipped fast trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

We have illustrated Colorado or Yellowstone Park vacation days for you. Let me send you the booklets. L. M. Allen, Passenger Traffic Manager, 9 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.

THE ORIGINAL SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS



The merit of best materials and perfect workmanship gives us the confidence to put on every pair of President Suspenders

THE SHIRLEY GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

It is that same merit together with the sliding cord construction that makes a man buy President Suspenders year after year. The merit that has steadily won and held customers during twelve years justifies the public's endorsement of our Guarantee.

INSIST ON THE SHIRLEY GUARANTEE WHEN YOU BUY SUSPENDERS

Price 50 cents from all dealers or from factory; light, medium or extra heavy; extra lengths for tall men.

1717 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

The C.A. Edgarton Mfg Co.
SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 16)

"Mrs. Blossom has decided not to see any more aldermen," said the Colonel, rising in all his stiff-backed majesty. "Speaking for her, I may say that she thanks you very much for the pledge of your support, in case she should need it. Are you ready, my dear?"

"Quite," she assured him in a tone which would have been breathless if she had not been possessed of such perfect control. It crossed her diplomatic mind that possibly she ought to thank McFarlan herself, but it crossed her more highly diplomatic mind that she had better not, and she took the Colonel's arm to go with genuine relief.

"I thought you was in a hurry for these ordinances," puzzled McFarlan; "but any time you get ready just send for me," and he still gazed.

Mr. McFarlan was talking into thin air and wondering over the manners of society folk, who were supposed to be all courtesy!

The Colonel's comment, as he conducted his wife down the broad stairway of the hotel, was kindly, brief and decisive.

"My dear," said he, patting her hand, "I am very glad that you have decided not to enter upon any more enterprises which would require you to seek the assistance of men other than myself."

Her first instinct was of defense.

"It is shameful," she complained, "that women cannot appeal to men for aid in a worthy cause without being made to know that they are women!" She felt a sudden rigidity in the Colonel's arm. At the foot of the stairs there was a tiny reception room, and, with a quick impulse, she guided him into it. "I don't mean that, Watt!" she declared with genuine earnestness. "I should have known better from the first. Love me; please!"

"But I do, my dear!" avowed the Colonel.

Her eyes had real expression now, as they looked pleadingly up into his. There were eleven people passing the door at that moment, yet Colonel Watterson Blossom, an aristocrat to his last red corpuscle and congenitally averse to emotional display, kissed his wife fervently in the plain sight of all, if they had chosen to look.

"Shall we drive home now?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" and she dimpled up at him adorably, the spark of mischief coming into her eyes. "If you don't mind, I think I shall call upon Mrs. Fleecer. I had better telephone her first, don't you think?"

**

THE faint but decisive odor of singed hair, mingled with the pungent alcohol of fresh perfume, accompanied Mrs. Fleecer into the reception parlor, where Mrs. Blossom had been resigned to wait even a calculated minute or two longer. There was a loose hairpin in Mrs. Fleecer's becoming coiffure, and the delicately applied powder had not been quite carefully enough removed from one of her well-arched eyebrows. Moreover, through the sheer fabric of her exquisite pale green teagown, with its dainty relief of pink, a lavender ribbon obtruded itself, making plain the fact that, though Mrs. Fleecer had deliberately kept Mrs. Blossom waiting, she still had not given herself time enough to make all the changes in her apparel that she would have preferred.

Mrs. Blossom, noting it all, was favorably impressed.

Even as Mrs. Fleecer advanced to welcome Mrs. Blossom she became telepathically aware of the lavender ribbon.

Mrs. Blossom somehow knew that Mrs. Fleecer had just discovered the clash.

Mrs. Fleecer divined that knowledge in Mrs. Blossom's mind, but she gave no sign.

Mrs. Blossom admired her!

"So pleased to see you again," Mrs. Fleecer, in her calmest and softest tones, greeted this caller from a higher world.

Again! Oh, yes. At the Governor's reception, where Mrs. Fleecer, on account of her husband, had endured a universal snubbing so gracefully that everybody really approved of her.

Mrs. Blossom loved her!

"How well you are looking!" she complimented. "How much you favor your cousin Horace, whom I met in Washington last season. What a strong family resemblance there is among all you Randalls."

Mrs. Fleecer, who had relinquished caste when Jim Fleecer had married her and brought her to this city, winced. It hurt to be reminded that she was a Randall, and yet it was pleasant to find that Mrs. Blossom had finally acknowledged it. What had occasioned this call?

"So many people have remarked it," she agreed. "The characteristic is so decided, and so familiar, since one can scarcely attend any function in Washington without meeting some of the Randalls."

"Quite true," acknowledged Mrs. Blossom, fascinated by the adroitness with which Mrs. Fleecer had insisted upon her social standing away from this city. Suddenly she laughed gayly. "What do you think?" she demanded. "Mr. Roberts Mr. Renly Roberts, you know called our City Beautiful movement a function."

So! That was it, eh? The City Beautiful movement.

Mrs. Fleecer also laughed.

"He's always joking," she commented.

"Not this time," returned Mrs. Blossom. "He is very seriously against our movement, just because he owns all the billboards in the city and we want to tear them down. Don't you hate them?"

"I wouldn't call them artistic," admitted Mrs. Fleecer, who was compelled to be careful in what she said concerning issues in which her husband might be interested.

"You are fond of art, aren't you? If you are I have a treat in store for you, if you'll accept it. You know Paul Stanhope, the wonderful English flower painter, is to be here on the nineteenth to open his exhibit at the Claypool Studios. I intend arranging a dinner in his honor, and there are so many of my most intimate friends whom I want to have meet him that I suppose I shall be compelled to engage the Gilder banquet hall. I should be so pleased to have you meet Mr. Stanhope."

Mrs. Fleecer almost gasped. To be invited to a dinner which would be attended by so many of Mrs. Blossom's intimate friends that the Hotel Gilder banquet hall would be required, was to be ushered into the very innermost circle, except for that small and decrepit set which still revolved about the sacred person of Mrs. Clara Pikyune.

"I should be charmed," she said, expressing her gratitude with a simple frankness which Mrs. Blossom liked.

"Mr. Stanhope has also consented to address the City Beautiful Association while he is here, and I should like to have you for my guest upon that occasion. Possibly we might be able to convert you to the movement," she added with a laugh. "I secured Mr. Fleecer's application for membership today, although I'm afraid I didn't convert him. You may have better success if we can persuade you to join us."

So this was the reason for the call! Well, Mrs. Fleecer was grateful to the City Beautiful movement.

"I seldom try to influence Mr. Fleecer," she answered with a smile.

*

AT THE dinner table that evening the Fleecers, independently, were in an exceptional good humor; but as Mr. Fleecer was not habitually communicative, and as Mrs. Fleecer had become a happy woman through patiently biding her time, they did not compare notes until they happened to catch each other's eyes at a time when both were smiling broadly.

"You must have had a pleasant day of it, Jim," ventured his wife.

"I've had a couple of good laughs," he admitted, and chuckled. "I'm getting popular with the Four Hundred. One of our grandest little society queens gave me a call."

"You'd better give her what she wants," she warned. "They are shrewder politicians than men sometimes; and I believe Mrs. Blossom to be the cleverest woman I ever met."

"Good Lord! Was she here too?" he exclaimed. "I wonder whether she hasn't brains after all."

"Jim, Jim!" she laughed. "How is it that a baby stare always fools a man? Why, she has three ideas while you are thinking once; then she says something foolish to make you think she isn't thinking."

That moment of masculine helplessness, which comes to all men, came to Jim Fleecer just then.

"She's a hustler anyhow," he acknowledged admiringly. "If she ever puts the

There is no better summer drink—rich, cool, refreshing. You need not deny yourself this treat, because ordinary coffee affects your nerves. There's refreshment without regret in

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

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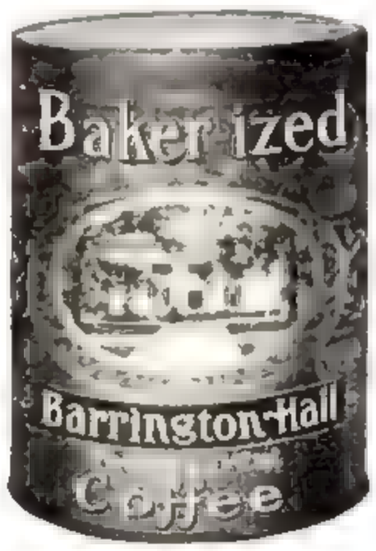

Opened by you

The coffee then passes through steel cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

Trial can free

Don't take our word for it—or the word of the thousands who drink it regularly without harm or nervousness.

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Try it yourself. A trial can free. A pound at your grocer's at 40 to 45 cents, according to locality. In sealed tins only.

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Please send me free sample enough to make ... cups of Barrington Hall Coffee at home. Also booklet telling about Coffee Wisdom. A 2-cent stamp enclosed in consideration. I give my grocer's name on the margin.

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Colonel into politics he'll win. She's a thoroughbred."

"I'm glad you like her," Mrs. Fleecer remarked, secretly rejoicing. "You know who Cordelia Blossom is, don't you?"

"To be sure I do," he told her confidently; "she's the wife of a man who controls one vote."

"She is the wife of Colonel Watterson Blossom, of the Virginia Blossoms," she corrected him. "Two members of his family have been governors, three have been United States senators, one was a Vice-President, another a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He is related to all the best families of the South. Mrs. Blossom was Cordelia Whichett, the belle of Baltimore when the Colonel married her. The Whichetts are connected with all the very best families of the North and East. She is a Daughter of the Revolution by straight descent, and will be the undisputed social leader of this city when Mrs. Clara Pikyune retires. That's what you say about a man when you drive him out of office, isn't it? Why, Jim, she can give me the same social standing here that I had at home."

He shook his head.

"My record's against it," he frankly admitted. He looked across at her thoughtfully. There was no complaint in her and no regret, but there was wistfulness; and all at once he understood, for the first time, the importance to her of the thing of which he had robbed her and could never buy back for her. He reached over and patted her upon the hand. Any one of the thousands of men whom Jim Fleecer kept permanently terrorized would have rubbed his eyes and looked twice at that unbelievable act of tenderness. "Just money won't do, will it, Tweedles? This society thing is a game just like politics, and it takes good cards to win at it."

She smiled, but waited. Her husband's train of thought was a very satisfactory one.

"I wish I could put you where you belong, Georgia," he regretted. "If you can figure out a way to win I'll back you with all the money and influence in the state. You'd be the boss of the gang!"

She laughed and returned his previous hand-pat.

"I am sure you would do your part," she said. "By the way, what did Mrs. Blossom want?"

He began chuckling again.

"Not very much," he replied. "She only wants to make every property owner plant poppies in his vacant lots, and to paint all the fences in the city pink, and to carpet the street crossings, and to tear down all the billboards and to put Renly Roberts out of business. He was over and told me about it. I've been having a good laugh ever since."

"He called her project a function," his wife explained. "That's the City Beautiful movement, Jim, and I've been just wishing and wishing that I could join it, though I wouldn't promise Mrs. Blossom to do so. I do think, though, to begin with, that the best way to start beautifying the city would be to drive Renly Roberts not only out of business but out of town. I never turn around to look at a parade until the first band has passed by."

"There are too many of Renly, that's a fact," he admitted. "I've often thought of reducing him to mere twins, or triplets at the most."

"You don't like him either," his wife delightedly discovered. "I hate him! He's a bachelor!"

"I must come home to dinner oftener," observed Fleecer, glancing about him with a smile of content. The companionship had been enjoyable.

"Please do," she quickly begged; "but you don't like Renly Roberts, do you?"

"Not excessively," he acknowledged. He had reason to believe that Roberts, who had been a convenient figurehead, not only was dishonest in the business that he had neglected but was keeping bad faith politically.

"Then why don't you tear down the billboards?"

"The merchants wouldn't like it."

"They would if the women did," his wife promptly retorted. "You should pay some attention to this City Beautiful movement, Jim. The women are crazy over it; and if they really want anything, you ought to know that they're going to get it."

"They don't get to vote," he defended.

"They don't want to," she rejoined. "When enough of them do, they will."

How about the Professor?

He knows. He's smoked a pipe for 20 years—from Heidelberg to Siwash—from clay hod to meerschaum—from cut plug to mattress stuffing. For knowing some things about pipe smokin', hand it to the Prof.

And what does he say about a week after I slip him a tin of Prince Albert to try? He says, says he: "My son, this tobacco that you in youthful exuberance call 'the joy smoke' is superlatively excellent. This is my fourth tin in a week and I feel that for the first time in my life I am enjoying a real pipe smoke."

Do you get that? "*Superlatively excellent.*" Say, that's the way I've always felt about P. A., but I feel in shorter words.

But take it from me in plain U. S. talk or from the Prof. in Highbrow, Prince Albert has the goods.

It can't bite your tongue. Produced by exclusive, patented process that takes out the bite, leaving coolness, fragrance, *satisfaction.*

Don't fall for substitutes.

10c tins, 5c bags, half-pound and pound humidors.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Adding the Fibre Needle to the Victor is like adding a new group of beautiful pipes to a church organ. It gives new range and variety, as well as beauty.

Some Victor Records sound best played with a Victor Steel Needle, others with a Victor Fibre Needle. With the Victor you can have *both*. You can adjust volume and tone to suit the record and the conditions. Practice soon develops the ability to use the different Victor Needles in bringing out the peculiar beauties of different records.

Learn how to use the changeable needles in playing the Victor, and you will find in it new charms and beauties.

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Victor Needle

produces the full tone as originally sung or played and is particularly suited for playing records in large rooms, halls, etc., and for dancing.

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produces a volume of tone about equivalent to what you would hear if seated in the third or fourth row of the dress circle at the opera house or theatre — a splendid needle for general home use.

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Victor Fibre Needle

is particularly suited to the discriminating music lover, and reproduces Victor Records with all their clarity and brilliancy in a delightly modulated tone. With this needle your records will last forever. Fibre Needles may be repointed eight to ten times and used as often as repointed.

For 50 cents and 22 cents for return registered postage, we will alter your sound-box so you can use Victor Fibre or Steel Needles at pleasure.

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New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

YALE 1911

All that you can buy in any machine ever made is service. YALE service underlies that complete satisfaction which marks the YALE rider everywhere you find him.

1911 4 H. P. YALE $200

With Bosch Magneto $235

1911 7 H. P. YALE TWIN $300

Long stroke motor, specially heat treated cylinder, ground to thousandth part of an inch, valves drop hammer forged from highest quality nickel steel, perfectly seated and of generous size. New positive grip control (patented) and offset cylinder.

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GENUINE Hand Woven PANAMA

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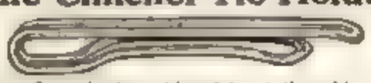

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Guaranteed Fabrics

particularly the blue twills and white outing serges.

Made only for merchant tailors, who fit them perfectly to your figure, emphasizing all their attractiveness of texture and pattern. You can never get *Shackamaxon* in ready-made clothing.

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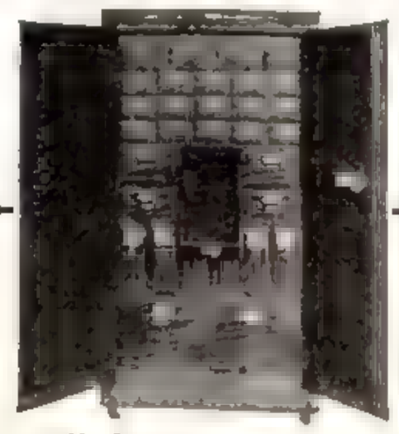

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Wet the hair thoroughly. Work up a generous lather with your hands. Then apply the lather, working it into the scalp with the finger tips.

This method used regularly and systematically is your best protection against hair troubles. The pure pine-tar and other hygienic and cleansing ingredients as combined in Packer's Tar Soap, are exactly what your hair and scalp need.

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The Packer Mfg. Co., Suite 86 C, 81 Fulton Street, New York

I should be compelled, I fear, to send my regrets in place of attending her dinner."

Jim Fleecer, looking across at his wife in slow comprehension, saw in her eyes the same baby stare of which Mrs. Blossom was so able a master.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed, dropping back in his chair to study her more at leisure. "Is that the way you do it, Chirrups? I thought politics was a smooth game, but you women make it look like Tiddledywinks. So that's how Mrs. Blossom gets her way. Say; she's a smart woman!"

"In spite of her baby stare?" laughed Mrs. Fleecer.

"You're all smart women," amended her husband. "I'm tickled to death, Puss. If I couldn't get you everything you wanted, I'm glad Mrs. Blossom could."

"Silly!" she chided him affectionately. "It is you who secure it for me after all."

Later, when the notorious embezzler, Renly Roberts, had fled the city after the exposure of his business methods consequent upon the passage of the anti-billboard ordinances, and after Mrs. Cordelia Blossom had been elected, with screaming enthusiasm, to the presidency of the Isis Club, and after Mrs. Clara Pikyune had been compelled to relinquish the reins of society leadership, and after Mrs. Jim Fleecer had become a social favorite, Colonel Watterson Blossom and his wife returned from an eastern trip and drove happily homeward behind the pet grays.

"How strange this street seems," suddenly observed Mrs. Blossom. "What have they been doing to it?"

"They have removed the billboards," said the Colonel.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed delightedly. "My City Beautiful movement! Wasn't it glorious? Besides all it did for me, it has given the poor hundreds of bright and pretty and cheerful and clean spots to look at. I am glad that came out of it, Watt, and that I helped to do it. I am so thankful to everybody else who helped. Everybody was nice to us, weren't they?"

The Colonel looked the landscape over with approbation.

"There's no doubt in my mind but that the change has enhanced property values," he announced with masculine satisfaction.

"I presume so," she returned carelessly, for her thoughts were now elsewhere. Presently she broke a long silence with: "I wonder how one would go about it to secure an office in the National Isis Federation? Some conspicuous personal achievement, I suppose; don't you think so?"

"No doubt," admitted the Colonel, smiling bravely.

(THE END)

A Fish to Fear

SUMMER visitors on the coast of Maine, especially in the neighborhood of Eastport, are advised to be cautious in wading at low tide among the rock-pools along the shore. If not on their guard they may be attacked and severely bitten by a wolf fish.

This, according to Dr. Theodore Gill, is one of the most remarkable of finny creatures. Though rarely exceeding three feet in length, it seems to be much more ferocious than the average shark, promptly attacking anybody whom it may suspect of trying to meddle with it.

Anatomically, its most striking feature is its large and powerful teeth, which must render it a dangerous antagonist in a fight with any other denizen of the ocean. Apparently, however, it does not feed on fishes, but prefers such delicacies as lobsters, crabs and whelks. In the stomach of one individual, caught at Eastport, four quarts of sea-urchins were found, most of them whole and with the spines on—an uncomfortable article of diet, one might imagine.

The Eskimos in Alaska catch the wolf-fish by baiting their hooks with grass roots—a habit of the fish in those waters being to tear sods of grass, that wash into the sea from the shore or cliff ledges, into pieces, as if to eat them. It seems likely, however, that they really do not eat the vegetable stuff but the crabs and mollusks lurking in it.

Large numbers of wolf-fishes are taken by fishermen on cod and haddock lines, but usually they are thrown away, notwithstanding the fact that they are exceedingly good to eat. Their appearance is the reverse of attractive and they have an offensive odor which renders them unmarketable.

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON

New York, May 3rd, 1910.
Messrs. I. Cozzens & Co.,
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Dear Sirs:—I am glad to learn who manufactured the splendid socks presented to me as I left New York to walk from Ocean to Ocean—3500 miles. It took me 77 days.

What astonished me is the PERFECT CONDITION of my feet. *They are free* from any callous flesh or blemish. For the first time in my life, during a long walk, *I have not had even a blister.*

Those socks were a revelation. I wore one pair on my 72d birthday, when I walked 72 miles in 24 hours—*and they are good and strong.*

I repeat, "I feel proud to have you use the name of 'Weston Heel & Toe Walking Sox' as a trade name *for the best sox I have ever worn, and will always wear them.* Faithfully Yours,
Edward Payson Weston.

Across the Continent —Afoot!

"On my 72nd birthday I walked 72 miles in 24 hours, with but one pair of sox. They kept my feet in perfect condition," writes Edward Payson Weston. A most severe test. Ordinary sox yield after 15 miles of rough walking.

From Ocean to Ocean—3500 miles—he wore one make—now named "Weston Heel & Toe Walking Sox." In 40 years he walked 100,000 miles. He can't wear poor hose; they break, cause blisters and—delay.

Weston Sox Have No Seam of Any Kind

"Heel & Toe" are *not thickly reinforced* with coarse yarn. Our knitting and best materials insure unbreakable strength without weight, a *texture that clings to the lines of the feet* without wrinkling, and having a soft, silky "feel."

Careful dressers wear them on all occasions. They're "some class" for low shoes and "cuff" trousers.

They're 35-cent sock value—appearance and wear—for 25 cents.

Send one dollar and dealer's name for four pairs of Weston Sox.

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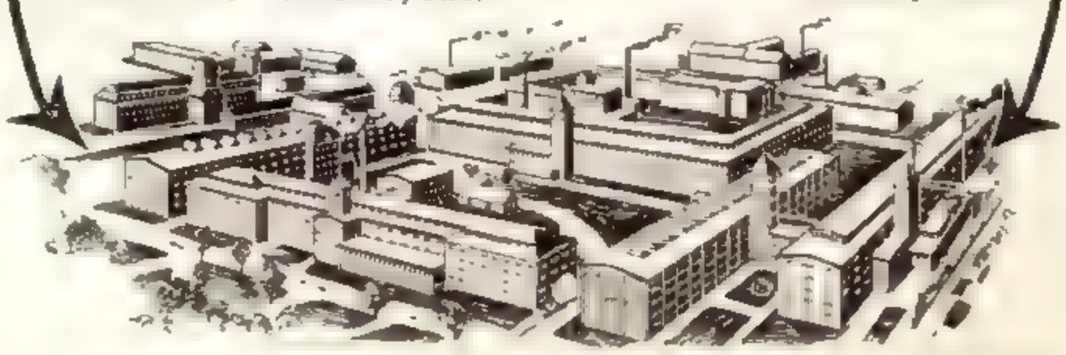

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A REPUBLIC OF CONSUMERS

(Concluded from Page 15)

There are a few enthusiastic members of the cooperative distributive societies who hope that the store will conquer the whole industrial world. Soon, they believe, all men will buy for themselves and will produce for themselves. Production and selling for profit will grow smaller and less important, until profitmaking will become a mere vestige. Industry will be socialized. The cooperative store will end in a coöperative commonwealth.

There are limits, however, to this development, and these limits are fixed and impassable. The coöperative store creates a democracy of consumers, but this democracy cannot be as wide as the nation or as wide as industry.

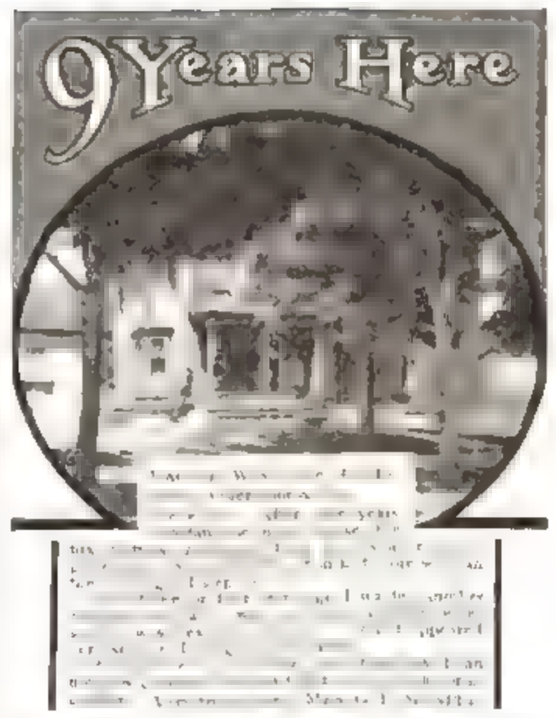
In the first place, the cooperative store does not attract all customers. There are vast numbers of wealthy and fastidious people who prefer variety to cheapness, and are willing to pay for bowing and scraping and wreathed smiles, and for a certain obsequiousness that is pleasantly lacking in coöperative stores. There are British agricultural laborers who are too isolated or too abject to maintain coöperative stores. There are other millions too poor to economize and too wretched to unite—men to whom a penny today is more than a shilling tomorrow. There are sweated, casual laborers, as well as drunkards, incapables and wastrels, without the material or moral resources necessary to coöperators. In the great cities, thousands of nomads are without neighbors or fixed abode. Although the British coöperative stores have relaxed their former strict rules against the giving of credit, and although they have conducted a long-continued campaign against drunkenness—and have always refused to sell alcoholic beverages—there still remain millions of people who do not aspire to coöperative trading, just as there are millions who will not condescend to it. In the vast republic of consumers, prince and pauper alike are invited to become citizens. Nevertheless, both prince and pauper remain outside the pale.

Coöperation in This Country

There are economic limits as well as social and psychological ones. Not all coöperative production by consumers is successful. The British cooperative stores cultivate some ten thousand acres of land, but the results have not been gratifying. Production on the very largest scale—the manufacture of steel, the building of steamships, the running of railways—is beyond the powers of these coöperators. The stores are successful at production only when they are meeting their own known demand for articles of common use.

Probably the coöperative store, wholesale as well as retail, will eventually find a place in the United States. It was tried in America too soon. It failed because, as a nation, we were still too mobile; because we were penny-foolish—and, perhaps, pound-wise; because we were more interested in making than in saving. Even today our conditions are vastly different from those of the English, Scotch and Welsh districts, in which the coöperative store has been so preëminently successful. Our country is wider, more varied, with more different racial stocks. Our population is more dispersed. We have more great cities and more large agricultural areas with sparse populations. We have fewer and weaker traditions and much less of the narrow, but useful, spirit of neighborliness. On the other hand, Americans show a genius for coming together into voluntary organizations. Our railroads, our telegraphs, our rural free delivery, our rural telephone, our expected parcels-post, are uniting us, despite our great distances, into a union far closer than any union that existed in England in 1844, when the Rochdale Pioneers opened their first cooperative shop. Agricultural coöperation has begun and will be carried out on a large scale. Distributive cooperation is equally possible. We may come to have in America a great number of retail coöperative societies united into one great national wholesale coöperative society as soon as the consumer, taught by the higher cost of living, begins to discover himself.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Walter E. Weyl on Coöperative Stores.



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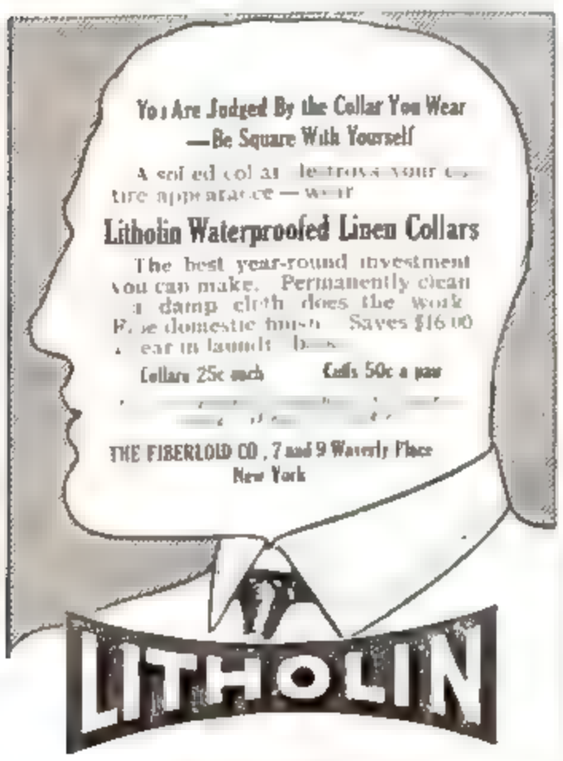
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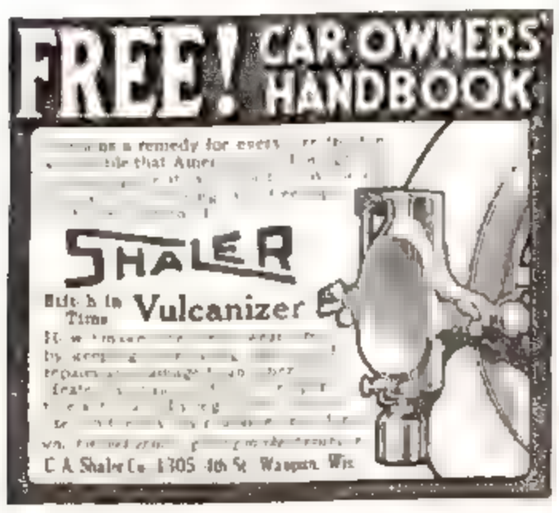

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Its use is an economy—the construction of Hotpoint is such that the minimum amount of current is required to give just the right heat continuously—the cost is much less than any other means of heating.

Comfort—during the hot summer weather, when little household duties become enormous tasks, then is the Hotpoint appreciated. Ironing becomes a pleasure because one can iron anywhere, on the porch, in the cool basement, wherever there is a light socket to which it may be connected.

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They are made in three domestic sizes, 3, 5, and 6 pounds and are absolutely **Guaranteed Two Years.**

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WE can't keep it by any better method. WELCH'S is promptly pasteurized and then hermetically sealed in glass. It keeps indefinitely—always fresh, pure and wholesome. No preservative is used.

We don't have to put anything into it to make it *taste* good—it's good.

If you have never tried WELCH'S, go to a soda fountain and ask for a glass. When you drink it, think of this fact. For years we have been advertising WELCH'S to *you*; There *must* be excellence, there *must* be purity, there *must* be wholesomeness in WELCH'S to have justified us in keeping right on year after year telling *you* about it.

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Juice of three lemons and one orange, one pint WELCH'S; one cup sugar; one quart water. If served from a punch bowl, add sliced oranges and pineapple. It's delicious.

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MRS. SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

(Continued from Page 7)

that the signals must be changed. "All right," she instructed; "when I give you a nudge, or a kick under the table, that means you're playing from the wrong hand, and when I cough you must at once stop talking." So, somewhat in confusion, perhaps, Mrs. Bassett had accepted both the kind invitation and its equally kind terms.

But to get back to Mr. Bassett.

"What I mean, Tillie," he said slowly, "is that it must be stupid for you just to keep house, and bake pies and cake, and spend so much time over the children. Now, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Er—why?" she faltered, almost uncomfortably.

Mr. Bassett knew no special reason. "Why, I was just wondering," he drawled hesitatingly, "what fun you got out of manicures and Indian clubs. Yes! and that doll next door!" he added, with a sudden vehemence.

A gasp left her and then she stared at him.

"Theodore Bassett!" said his wife icily. "Do you know what you're saying?"

If he did Mr. Bassett didn't say so. Instead, his answer was perhaps evasive. "You know if you want an auto at any time you can have it, Tillie! Yes," he added solemnly, "and we could own it outright not any fifty down and something a week until it's paid for."

"Why, what do you mean?" she demanded, again bewildered.

Mr. Bassett shrugged himself. "Oh, nothing—only the West Side's full of folks with autos and a Pomeranian—and no housemaid." Then he bobbed his head again with vehemence. "Yes; and I'll tell you something else, Tillie. I'm not going to have that woman telling you you're a dump and a dowd, and saying that you're wasting your life. Gad! I'd like to hear her say so once before me! I'd fix her! You're not a dump—and you're not a dowd!" snapped Mr. Bassett. "And if that fat doodle next door wants to string along a come-on, he'd better look elsewhere! Yes!" snapped Mr. Bassett, and thumped the table.

It was the first time in her life that Mrs. Bassett had seen him so incensed and bellicose; in fact, she failed to recall any other moment when he had pounded the dinner table. Tears started in her eyes then; but she checked them and bit her lip. "I'm astonished!" she cried. "Why, Theodore Bassett!—the idea! Mrs. Jasper has been kindness herself; and I do hope that tomorrow evening you'll be real sweet and nice to her."

"Tomorrow night?" echoed Mr. Bassett.

"Yes—at dinner and the theater, you know."

"Humph!" said Mr. Bassett, and arose abruptly. "If you think I'm going to dinner with those folks you're very much mistaken!"

Then he stamped out of the room—and a moment later she heard the front door slam with a bang. Accordingly, as it was the first time in his life that he'd spoken brutally to her, Mrs. Bassett went out into the kitchen and for the first time in her own life spoke sharply to the girl. Afterward she enjoyed a little cry.

It was just at this particular moment that the fat one in the flat adjoining removed his ear from the thin dividing wall. "Umph!" he remarked thoughtfully. "I can't make out exactly, but it sounds like he was giving her rats."

"Beating her, I wonder?" murmured Mrs. Jasper as she finished Fifi's hair with her back comb.

"Dunno, Madge—maybe. It was something about a dressmaker anyhow."

Upon this, a thought seemed to come suddenly into Mr. Jasper's mind. "Say, look a' here, Madge," he demanded heavily; "you ain't been running her up against Celestine, have you?—that dressmaker and the rest of your bunch?"

Mrs. Jasper smiled idly as she patted Fifi's hair ribbon into shape. "Oh, nothing out of the ordinary," she murmured lightly.

At her answer a tinge of ambient color spread itself over the fat one's collar, while his eye lowered murkily. "Yeh!—that's like you!" he snorted. "Always after your own rake-off, no matter how you nudge in and spoil things! . . . Say," he irately demanded, "who's running this works anyhow? I ain't going to have you dipping in here the way you did on Mrs. Slicer yeh!—and there's her man now, trading in another office—thousand-share lots, besides! Oh, you're the wise little bright eyes—you are!" rumbled Mr. Jasper. "Yeh!"—and with another snort, a shrug and a grunt as well, the fat one stamped across the room and flung himself crashing into the depths of Mrs. Jasper's best near-oak mission armchair.

There was a pause, then. After tenderly placing Fifi in his own little silk-lined bassinet, Mrs. Jasper momentarily massaged her eyelid before the pier glass and then turned indolently toward her still wheezing spouse. One saw now that her teeth were very nice and white. "Bosh, Jasper!" she murmured prettily. "And, for mercy's sake, stop making a noise!"

Though still grumbling a little, Mr. Jasper at once made the retort courteous. "Don't you give me none of your boshes!" he wheezed thickly. "I'm not agoing to stand for it!"

"For Heaven's sake!" she returned piously. "Do you want them to hear you next door?"

Afterward there was silence, during which Fifi returned to his bonbon. Of course Fifi is feminine; but then, Fifi was a Pomeranian. All Pomeranians are named Fifi anyway. If you don't believe it just walk out on Riverside Drive any morning when all the Mrs. Jaspers are giving Fifi the air.

Besides, the walk will be worth it. You'll be surprised; but some women have no Fifi—only children instead.

At six o'clock the following evening—quite as usual, in fact—Mr. Bassett came out of the subway and started down the side street. He walked slowly and there was in his face a solemnity, a depth of gravity, quite unusual to one by habit so brisk and cheerful; but, besides the burden in his face and manner, Mr. Bassett was also burdened by a large and awkward hatbox. Holding it with tender, special care, he journeyed solemnly onward toward his abode; and so great was his momentary preoccupation that at the corner he was very nearly run over by a lumbering furniture van.

"Hi! Wot yer at?" yelled the driver as Mr. Bassett emerged safely from under the horses' noses. Afterward the van-driver swore pleasantly and drove on.

There was nothing strange in this. Van-drivers invariably swear as they adventitiously drive over one. So, without heeding, Mr. Bassett entered the apartment house and bade the hallboy a good evening.

"Mrs. Bassett home?" he inquired anxiously.

"Oh, sure long ago!" was the answer.

As the apartment house was one of the best class, the hallboy was distinctively Circassian, rather than *café au lait* or of a tint negative. In addition, he wore his hair long in preparation for the ensuing warm months, when he tended a soda fountain. However, this was now the season when he may have been said to hibernate, smoking cigarettes whenever the janitor was in the cellar and periodically awakening to open the door and run you up on the elevator.

Tonight, however, the lad seemed charged with unusual energy—suppressed, perhaps, but not the less vital and impulsive.

As the electric elevator moaned upward, he enlivened its passage with a bright bar or two of ragtime, a chuckle or so, and then shuffled his feet on the rubber mat in a little extempore buck-and-wing dance.

"Oh, sure, she's home!" exclaimed the lad, and added genially, though perhaps somewhat strangely: "I guess all the other dames is too!"

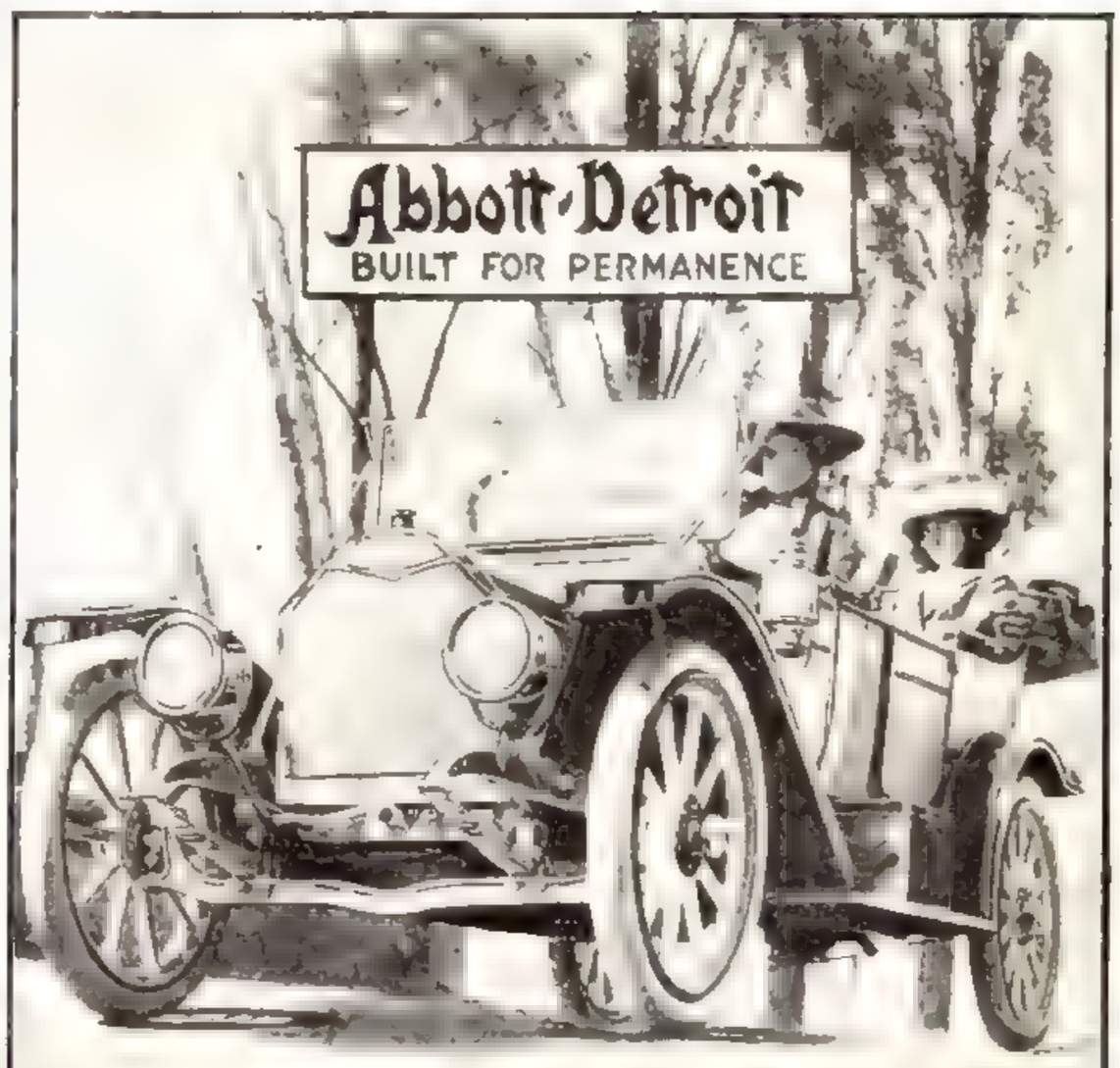
"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Bassett, amazed.

"Don't you know? . . . Oh, gee! I forgot!" the lad exclaimed. "The janitor said I wasn't to peep or he'd put the rollers under me."

Though none of this was in the least clear to Mr. Bassett, it still chilled him with a small, subconscious apprehension. Somewhat hastily he fished out his latch-key and nervously opened the door.

"Tillie!" he cried loudly. "I say, Tillie!"

"Well?" answered a voice.



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There was in the tone of this voice something at once so gravely hollow and portentous that Mr. Bassett not only started nervously but at the same time dropped his hatbox, which fell clattering to the floor. He no longer seemed to think either of the box or its delicate contents; and leaving it where it had fallen he sped along the hall.

At this juncture the person of Mrs. Bassett emerged at the kitchen doorway and solemnly confronted him.

"Well?" she again inquired.

In the stress of the moment it escaped Mr. Bassett that she not only had her sleeves rolled up but that she was dressed in an apron as well.

"What's happened? Are you all right?—you and the children?" he demanded hurriedly.

"Yes—why, of course," she answered, and added almost wistfully: "Aren't you going to kiss me, Theodore?"

Kiss her? Why, to be sure he was! Besides, he seemed to be almost relieved at the opportunity. In the embrace a great burden appeared to lift itself from Mr. Bassett's mind; and then his eye fell upon the abandoned hatbox. "Oh, here, now! I bet I've dinged it!" he exclaimed; and freeing himself hastily he recovered his treasure from the floor.

At the sight of it a deep breath left Mrs. Bassett's lips and again her face fell ominously. "What is that?" she asked listlessly.

The question brought suddenly into Mr. Bassett's face a little tide of color. "Why, it's a new silk hat," he answered, as lightly as he could—"for tonight's dinner, you know."

Perhaps Mrs. Bassett had never before had a hat for dinner. "For dinner! What dinner?" she inquired; whereupon Mr. Bassett again blushed, even more deeply than before.

"Why, the Jaspers', my dear. As I thought it would please you, I went and bought myself a new stovepipe hat. Yes," said Mr. Bassett, and beamed.

"The Jaspers, Theodore?" icily inquired Mrs. Bassett. "But we are not dining with the Jaspers."

Had one looked closely he would have seen that Mr. Bassett first wet his lips, that he then swallowed convulsively, and that afterward he stepped from one foot to the other as if his shoes hurt him. As a matter of fact, his shoes didn't hurt him in the least, but something else did. It was his conscience.

"Oh, Tillie," he said, and his voice was hollow; "you don't mean you said you wouldn't go!"

"Theodore Bassett!" she said impressively. "If you ever catch me dining with those Jaspers you'll be at perfect liberty to pack up your trunk, and the children, and take them straight to mother's."

"Why, Tillie! What in the world do you mean?"

In explanation, Mrs. Bassett first burst into tears; then, afterward, she threw herself into his arms.

For the bubble had burst. In train with the same metaphor, a bolt had fallen from out the blue and suddenly, effectively pricked it. At two o'clock to the minute the ladies had assembled for their usual hour at bridge. "Yes, dear," said Mrs. Bassett, raising her face from his necktie; "and the first thing that happened was a Mrs. Slicer. She has a French chef, you know." It also appeared that Mrs. Slicer, on being presented to Mrs. Bassett, had looked the newcomer over from head to foot. Then, without speech, she had turned and revealed to Mrs. Bassett the latest mode in back box plaits. "But that wasn't a piece to what Mrs. Archbold did," said the tearful historian of the day's events. "She looked me all over, too, and then asked if I was in town for the day. . . . Ooh!" said Mrs. Bassett.

However, these events were but preliminary to later, more startling occurrences. No sooner had the tables and cards been produced than there also appeared other not unusual appurtenances to a smart afternoon at cards. "Theodore, they had cocktails!—and they drank them! Then they smoked! And then they played for money!"

"No!" said Mr. Bassett, as if thunderstruck.

Though Mrs. Bassett had refrained from taking either the tobacco or the liquor, her head nevertheless had begun to spin quite dizzily. Conversation had been denied her, since every time she spoke Mrs. Jasper coughed; so she had studiously applied herself to playing the game. "And oh, Theodore! I'm black and blue all over, because every single time I played a card Mrs. Jasper kicked me under the table."

"Kicked you!" cried Mr. Bassett.

"Yes; that's a bridge signal, you know only I forgot which kick meant what," Mrs. Bassett tearfully explained.

Furthermore, when Mrs. Bassett had made it no trumps on an ace, one king and an unguarded jack, the kicks had grown so vigorous that she had entirely lost her head. "Yes, Theodore; I played the jack on Mrs Archbold's ace and you ought to have seen Mrs. Jasper—heard her, rather—when I'd explained I thought the jack was right bower. And then, Theodore—then, just as she was saying things, they came in and took away all the furniture!"

In the moment that followed Mr. Bassett's mouth fell open, while his eyes rounded themselves to the size and hue of two sizable green gages. "The furniture!" he exploded.

As fully as she could remember, Mrs. Bassett gave him the facts. There had come a ring at the bell and then an imperative double knock. Upon this there had somewhat ostentatiously entered three full-sized persons in overalls and blue-ticking aprons. Accompanying them was a more gentlemanly person in a silk hat, which the gentleman failed to remove.

"Howdy, Mrs. Jasper!" the gentleman had said, and then in the same gentlemanly way had addressed himself to the guests. "Begging pardon, ladies," he had observed suavely; "but we'll want them chairs ye're settin' on. Here, Bill!"—this to his chief assistant—"you and Jim put the trucks under that there pianny. Me and Heiney'll look out for the chairs and the sofy. Lively now!"

"They cleaned out nearly everything," said Mrs. Bassett, gulping a half-uttered sob; "and you just ought to have seen Mrs. Jasper! First she asked Mrs. Slicer to lend her enough; and then she tried to beg it of Mrs. Archbold and the others. All the time the men were taking the chairs and tables and piano out; but when they came to the cozy-corner I just couldn't stand it any longer."

"You! why, what could you do?" asked her husband, horrified.

"I sat on it!" said Mrs. Bassett.

However, this was not the only way in which Mrs. Bassett had actively declared her partisanship. She had dared the gentleman in the silk hat to lay so much as a finger on her; and she was still daring him to do so when all the other guests flowed out into the hall and departed, to be seen no more.

"So they didn't take the cozy-corner," said Mrs. Bassett, "or the bed, Mrs. Jasper's bureau, one rug and Mr. Jasper's easy chair. You see," she explained definitely, "I had enough money to pay for these; and I knew you wouldn't mind, either, if I saved something easy for him to sit in. You know how you like your own chair, Theodore."

"And Mrs. Jasper, Tillie?" he gasped. "What happened then?"

"Then? Why—oh, nothing. When I came away she was having a cocktail and puffing another Booblioopoulous—an Egyptian, you know . . . Well, I guess that's all," said Mrs. Bassett; "and now, if you'll lend me your handkerchief, I'll just get back to the kitchen."

Mr. Bassett lent her his handkerchief. Then he gravely regarded his watch. Afterward he caught Mrs. Bassett by the elbow.

"Here," he said, growling it almost roughly; "you get your dress and hat on. I'm going to take you to Sherry's and the theater. Come! Hurry up!" ordered Mr. Bassett, his tone very gruff.

"Me?—Sherry's?—the theater?" echoed Mrs. Bassett in surprise.

"Yes; hurry up, I tell you. . . . And tomorrow," said Mr. Bassett energetically, "you come downtown with me and we'll pick out a limousine. But you hurry up now or we'll be late for the theater. Come now!" he ordered, and gave her a gentle shove.

"Sherry's and the theater, eh? . . . Well, I guess not!" said Mrs. Bassett. "I've got a whole batch of cinnamons in the oven; and I ain't going to waste 'em for you or anybody else. Besides," she snorted decisively, "I've got all my time taken up tonight sewing the buttons on Willard Spence's pants."

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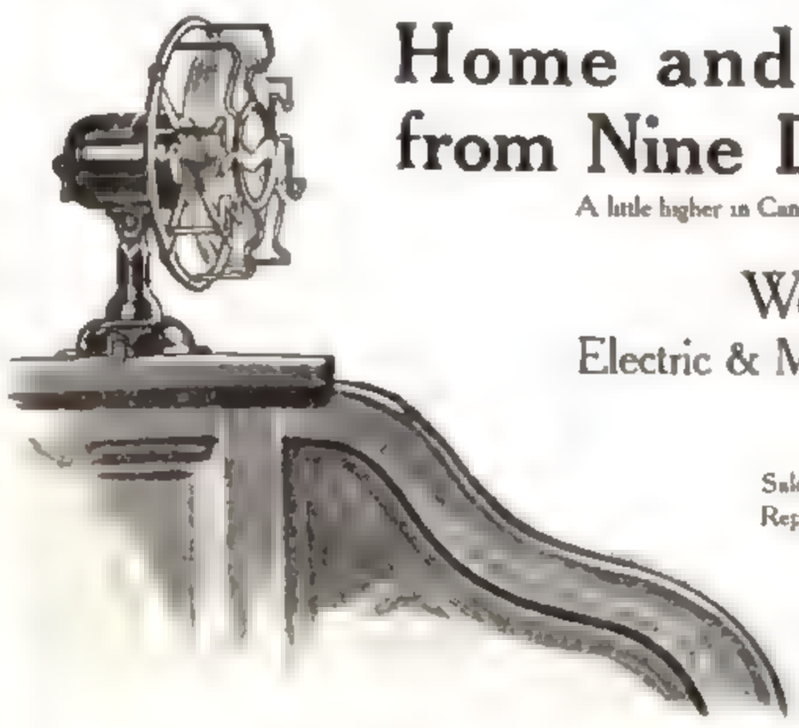

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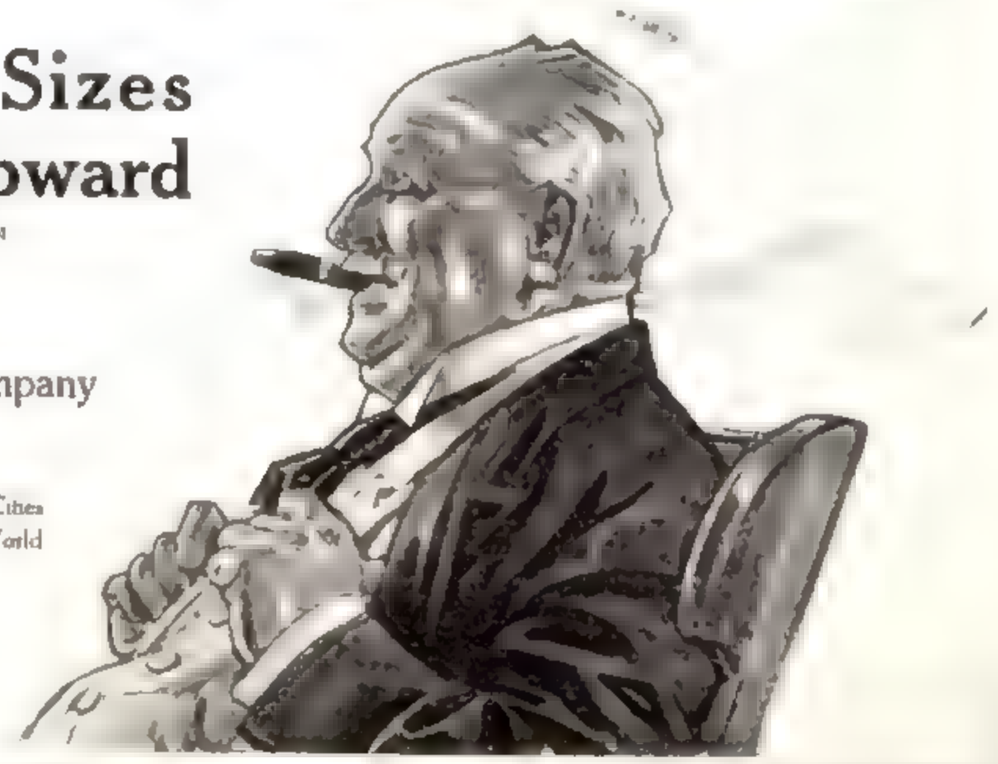

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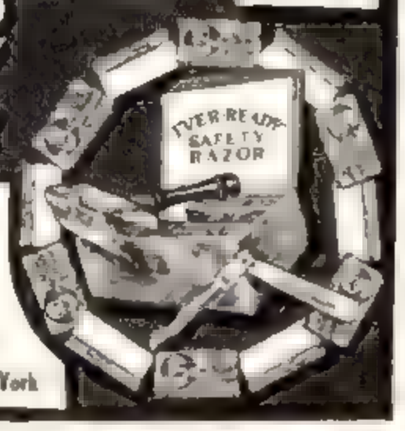

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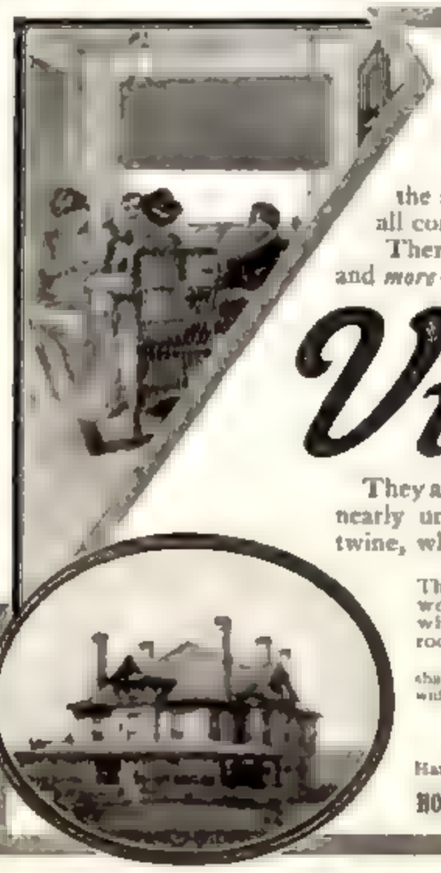

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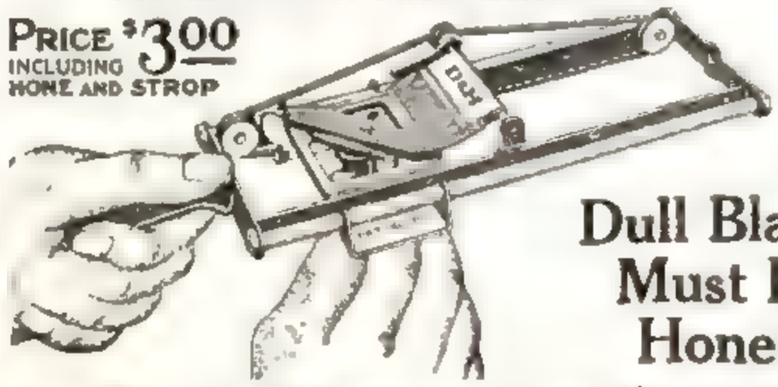

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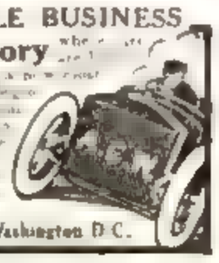

Automobile College of Washington Washington D.C.

The Lonely Man of the Senate

(Continued from Page 4)

the commission; to prevent railroads from withholding testimony before the hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission and then presenting this withheld testimony upon trials of appeals from the rulings of the commission; to empower the commission to fix maximum rates and differentials; to disqualify Federal judges from hearing and deciding cases when they own stock in or bonds of railroads, or ride on trains on free passes; to give the commission the benefit of new evidence offered in a trial court; to provide for the valuation of railroad property; to provide that the railroads of this country shall be equipped with block signals, and to provide for the protection of the rights of railroad employees to recover in case of injury, and to submit all questions of negligence to a jury.

They laid all these amendments on the table, one after the other. The hazing was continued even after the speech had been delivered. La Follette had no supporters and apparently no friends.

He introduced similar amendments for the bill incorporating the Lake Erie and Ohio Ship Canal, and these met with a similar fate. Then, on May 31 and June 1, 1906, he forced the Senate to act on his bill providing for the protection of railroad employees. This was called the coemployee bill and La Follette pushed it through the Senate without a rollcall.

The Old Guard Shirked

A parliamentary situation favored him in the closing days of the session of 1906 and La Follette took advantage of it to get the Senate to consider his bill for limiting the hours of service of railroad employees. He fought all one afternoon. The Old Guard did not want to take up the bill—for obvious reasons. La Follette got a vote on the question of taking up the bill and noted the point of no quorum when the vote was taken. This compelled the Senators who had walked out of the chamber to come back and establish the quorum; and these tactics, although it took a long time, finally got the bill before the Senate in the advantageous position of unfinished business and eventually compelled the fixing of a day for a vote. This was set at January 15, 1907, but the vote was postponed at that time. However, the bill was passed and is now a law.

By this time La Follette was getting support here and there from men who believed—in part, at least—as he did, but who had acted with the organization. He worked out various bills—especially the bill providing for a complete system for the operation of coal lands in the public domains under a license system, which he introduced—but which are still unacted upon. He had the bill passed prohibiting public officials from using telegraph franks and introduced a tariff commission bill, which followed the tariff commission bill introduced by Senator Beveridge. After much opposition, his bill to authorize the cutting of timber and the sale of lumber by the Indians on the Menominee Reservation, in Wisconsin, was passed. Though this bill was local, it laid down a new policy for the management of Indian reservations and has worked out satisfactorily in spite of lukewarm administration.

The Aldrich currency bill occupied much time in this session of Congress; and La Follette, reënforced by several more Republicans, fought for amendment of the measure. In his speech he showed a knowledge of currency affairs as remarkable as is his knowledge of railroad conditions. He made an analysis of industrial transportation and financial control of the country that was startling. It was in this speech he named the one hundred men who, he said, control industrial transportation and finance, reducing the control finally to two groups—one headed by J. Pierpont Morgan and the other by John D. Rockefeller. His filibuster against the bill, in which he was aided by Senators Stone and Gore, failed; but La Follette's speech stands as an extraordinary achievement, either mentally or physically. He spoke for eighteen hours consecutively.

By this time there were four or five men allied with La Follette—some all the time, some part of the time. The Progressive movement in the Senate had its first acceleration here, wherein the Senate was far behind the rest of the country. La Follette introduced a bill in the second session of the Sixtieth Congress providing a public utilities commission for the District of Columbia, and has reintroduced the bill since and expects ultimately to have it pass. With the little group of Progressives, he attacked some of the big appropriation bills for the purpose of showing the country how appropriations have increased since the Spanish War.

The real entrance of the Progressives as a compact and effective fighting force came in the Sixty-first Congress, when that body was called into special session by President Taft to revise the tariff. It was at this time that the country first learned that the Progressive movement in the Senate was more than a one-man affair and that it included such men as Dolliver, Clapp, Beveridge, and others of great ability and honesty and sincerity of purpose. They fought the tariff bill at many points, contending that the duty of the Senate was to revise the bill downward and genuinely, instead of merely to rewrite the tariff or, in fact, increase it in many instances, as was the apparent purpose of Senator Aldrich.

La Follette made his first important speech on the cotton schedule, although the force and courage of the Progressives had been shown by the earlier opposition to the lead schedule. Dolliver made his tremendous assault, using the textile schedules, also; and the speeches of Dolliver and La Follette brought the Old Guard up standing, and showed them that there was in reality a new movement in the Republican party and that their jokes had not been funny or well timed. La Follette's speech on the cotton schedule is a tariff treatise from the viewpoint of a protectionist who believes that the rate of duty should measure the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad. His speech showed a wonderful mastery of the detail of that complicated schedule, the result of that enormous capacity for work. Senator Aldrich had said the new cotton schedule did not raise the rates. La Follette challenged Aldrich to read the schedule, item by item. Aldrich refused; then La Follette read each item and demonstrated that in each case there was an increase in duty.

He next discussed the wool schedule—more complicated, if possible, than the cotton schedule; and in this speech he had a colloquy with Senator Warren, of Wyoming, whom Senator Dolliver described as "the greatest shepherd since the time of Abraham." La Follette said there are many people in the country who do not know how they are being preyed on by the special interests, and that there were men on that floor who did not know what interests they really were serving—albeit there were men who did. He said he had spent two years trying to make this very plain; and, when pressed by Warren for the results, he continued:

The Program of the Progressives

"When I came here I stood alone in this chamber. Now there are nearly a dozen men who stand with me. The results have been pretty good."

"Good!" sneered Warren.

"Yes," La Follette replied: "and they will be better, let me say to the Senator from Wyoming. The lines of those who, wittingly or unwittingly, serve the great interests will be further broken, not only in the Middle West and the Far West, where great progress has been made, but in the East as well."

In this speech La Follette went deeper into the question of the cost differences in production between this country and abroad than any person ever had done in a tariff speech in either Senate or House, and presented a new wool schedule which preserved the principle of protection but removed the compensatory duty that has kept up the cost of clothing in this country. This schedule was not adopted—naturally.

The Taft bill to amend the interstate commerce act was the principal business before the next session of Congress. La Follette used this bill as the text for a series of speeches in which he pointed out the attitude of the present Administration toward the trust problem and its failure to enforce existing law, using as a concrete example the Boston & Maine and New

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York, New Haven & Hartford merger, which he held was illegal. He showed the inadequacy of the bill as it came from the Attorney-General and pointed out that it would repeal the Sherman law eventually. He showed how the bill had been strengthened by the Progressives and took a leading part in the fight that resulted in the amendment of the bill.

La Follette underwent a serious surgical operation not long before the concluding session of the Sixty-first Congress and was not in fit physical condition to take an active part in the work of the session. However, he counseled and advised the Progressives at every step and was a strong supporter of Senator Beveridge in his great fight against Lorimer. He made a short speech against Lorimer at the close of the debate.

The opening of the present extraordinary session of the Sixty-second Congress found La Follette with twelve men ranged on his side—men who were steadfast enough to allow their names to be used publicly, who signed a resolution establishing their position. Progressivism, from being a movement somewhat scrambled and rather individual, became a compact, cohesive force. La Follette and his colleagues demanded and received one-fourth of the places on the Senate committees allotted to Republicans. They did not get all they wanted, and protested vigorously and publicly; but they got a most formidable representation. Their program for this session is not public as this is written, but it comprises an effort to unseat Lorimer, a plan to get genuine reciprocity instead of the ready-made treaty handed to Congress by the State Department. They hold that the Senate is capable of making a treaty of this kind and that such a treaty should be based on exact knowledge—that the basis must be right. They intend to remedy this defect if they can. On other subjects, especially the tariff, they will stand together.

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The utmost reproach they can bring is that he is a radical—and he admits it. Of course he is a radical. Every man who has attained any single advancement of popular government has been a radical. When they say he is radical they mean not that he is a clear-thinking progressivist but that he is the propagandist of incendiary doctrine. They do not apply the correct definition to their term. La Follette's doctrine, his aim and his creed are shown in these words, spoken by himself:

"Honest wealth needs no guaranty of security in this country. Property, rightfully acquired, does not beget fear—it fosters independence. Property that is the fruit of plunder feels insecure. It is timid. It is quick to cry for help. It is ever proclaiming the sacredness of vested rights. The thief can have no vested rights in stolen property. I resent the assumption that the great wealth of this country is only safe when the millionaires are on guard. Property rights are not the special charge of owners of great fortunes. The ample power of the Constitution is the everlasting bulwark of honest property rights."

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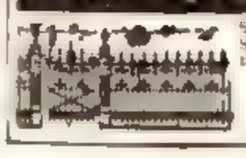

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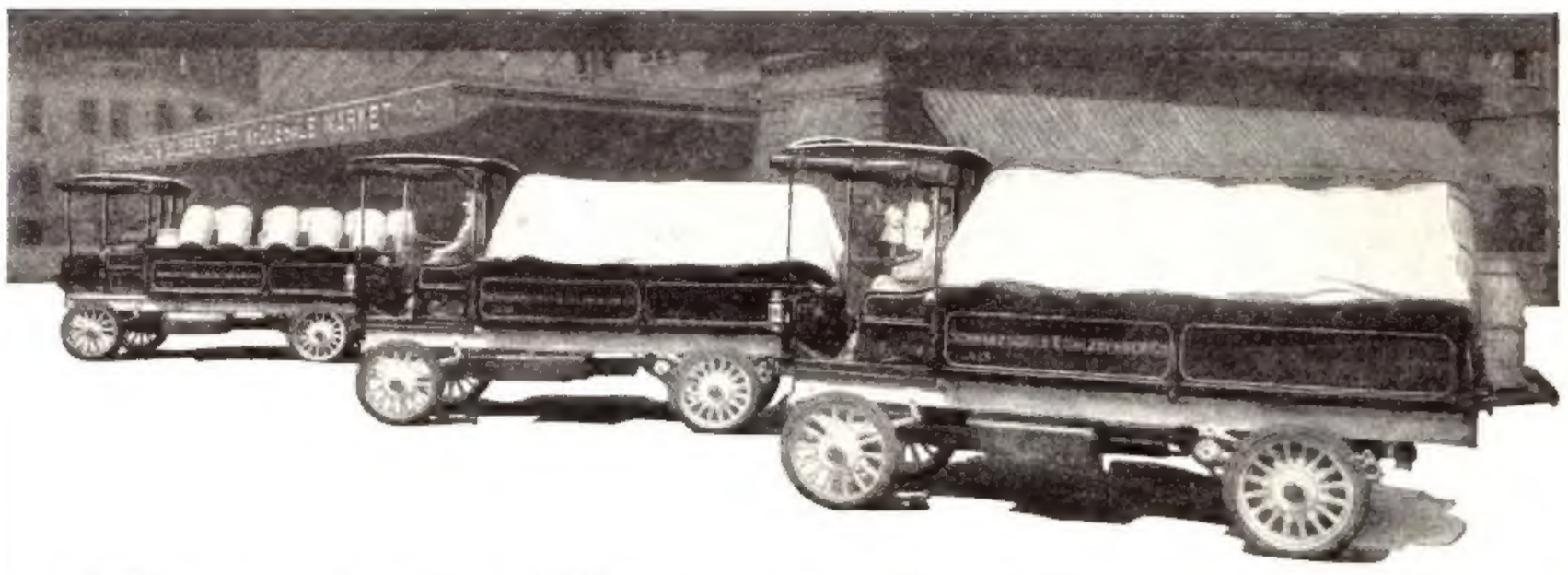

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FIRST MONDAY

(Concluded from Page 9)

Uncle Braz was half done enumerating his defects. This was not all accomplished in a continuous session by any means. Mr. Schoonover would wander away as though done with argument, and then return to point out fresh shortcomings. Or the dealer would seek him out. If another customer distracted the gray's owner Uncle Braz would stroll back and spoil all chances of sale completely by his silent disparagement.

All he did was to loaf near and look skeptical, but that was enough to dampen the ardor of the unversed and timid. Nobody seemed to want the gray in spite of his regal bearing.

"Look ahere," the trader cried at last; "I want to move along tomorrow and I'll swap even. What do you say?"

"No-o-o. I should say not. That's plumb ridiklous. Blackie, she's most a standard mare."

His antagonist devoted some minutes to delivery of an address on this type of standard mare and then applied himself for an hour to disposing of a mule and a sway-backed bay. At the end of that time he turned on Uncle Braz—who, curiously enough, was at his elbow—and blurted out: "The gray and ten dollars. Take it or leave it."

"She's yours," said Mr. Schoonover so quickly that the visitor was bereft of speech.

Without waste of words Uncle Braz led his purchase off to a livery stable, and the boy turned the mare over to her new owner. Sales and trades that had been hanging fire the livelong day were being abruptly closed on every side. Two horses were pitching with their riders amid a mad scramble of boys and women, and shrieks of delight and encouragement from the spectators who were safe on the sidewalk.

His string weeded out, the dealer heaved a sigh of satisfaction. She was undoubtedly a fine mare, and there was that about the right hind leg of the gray—he smiled placidly and told his son to throw a saddle on the black, for he would try her out on the way to camp.

Uncle Braz happened to return to the square just as the dealer was mounting and took up position in a doorway for purposes of observation.

The mare looked around at her purchaser and eyed him askance while one might count six. Her feelings seemed to be hurt, for she wore a wounded air. Then he prodded her with his heel and she instantly came alive. With a squeal, she humped her back and set out on a bee-line for the city drug-store. Straight over a low cart she pitched; three wagon teams wrenched loose and tore wildly toward open country. Men were diving under wheels and leaping for safety to the sidewalks. The dealer went pale, but sat tight. Everybody concluded she was bound for the farthest interior of the city drug-store and the proprietor tried frantically to recall a prayer. Then she suddenly changed her mind, lurched sideways and deposited the dealer in a banana wagon. After which she trotted peacefully homeward to the Schoonover barn.

"I'll have the law on you! I'll have the law on you, you ol' skin!" the dealer shrieked. He dusted himself and picked up his hat.

Uncle Braz appeared amazed and shocked.

"I'm surprised," he said, "I sure am. You shouldn't ought to ride when you cain't stick on. You seen how J. B. rode her: a child can ride that mare easy. You must have stuck her with a thorn or something, don't you reckon?"

With that he went home. The sun was declining and the dust hung low and thick over all the country roads, where the farm folk drove back to another month of toil. Uncle Braz took the gray with him. His wife was at the gate and was considerably exercised because a man had called for Blackie and had led her off. He had walked, explaining to Mrs. Schoonover that he did not wish to injure the mare's back.

"That's all right. I reckon I made seventy dollars today, Anniebelle," Uncle Braz said.

Well content with the wise ordering of events by Providence, he sat him down to supper.

Next day the gray went lame in the right hind leg.

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